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THE INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

LABOR AND THE RAILROADS

THE great social problems of the day, such as those that have arisen between capital and labor, the trusts and the people, the railroad employee and the railroad manager, are being treated and thought out by American public opinion with marked hesitation. But while this public opinion is drifting around in a sea of theories, corporations and labor unions know just what they want, and, for the most part, how to secure their desired concessions and privileges. In this way, all preconceived notions of the fitness of things, and of the social results to be expected from modern industrial methods, have been completely upset. Carried off their feet by well-directed and organized assaults, political economists and leaders of widely different schools of thought are now in danger of losing their bearings. In a word, the situation is fast resolving itself into a great social and industrial dilemma.

In a general way this dilemma may be defined as the difficulty that now confronts public opinion when it is called upon to choose, or in some way to draw the line, between the interests and demands of labor and the corporations, and the more important necessities and rights of society.

In this country, to a greater extent, perhaps, than in any other, public opinion should be termed popular opinion, consequently it is very human and natural in its characteristics. To-day it is radical,
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to-morrow conservative, but at all times it has its ear to the ground to catch lessons from history. While at times it may appear to be long-suffering and indifferent, it is, nevertheless, very slow to forgive an injury. This is the teaching of instinct, which is as noticeable in the behavior of a nation as in that of an individual. Just at present, for example, popular opinion cannot make up its mind to deal reasonably with corporations and managers. It has now to be educated to treat these people fairly. But the corporations cannot expect the public to arrive at the unassisted conclusion that their business, generally speaking, is now above board and legitimate. It thus becomes their duty to advertise and demonstrate these facts. Reconciliation is certain to follow frankness and publicity.

From the point of view of the student, the social improver, and the mere theorist, the industrial situation on railroads and elsewhere has, of late years, been thoroughly analyzed by competent specialists, and the literature in relation to it is practically endless. But just what the worker himself has to say about it, what his honest opinions and observations amount to as he works at his job, listens to the conversation of his fellows, and draws thoughtful conclusions from every-day practical data, is as yet an unwritten chapter in the history of industrial progress. For it must not be forgotten that the employees on the railroads are the

most important factors in the situation from every point of view. Their opinions, their policies, their behavior, are the great topics to be considered, socially, financially, and industrially. Out of every dollar earned by the railroads, the employees, 1,700,000 of them, receive 42 cents in wages. Consequently, the habits of thought, the point of view of these men, their actual work at the present day, and their probable behavior and intentions for the future, are matters of great social importance. In many directions the opinions and conclusions of these men may be unscientific and contrary to the ideas of people who study generalities, but a careful consideration of them is likely to convince us that they constitute a very fair reflection of the actual state of affairs, viewed from a practical and common-sense standpoint. However this may be, there is certainly no field of industry on which the every-day relations that exist between labor, corporations and public opinion can be so profitably studied as on American railroads.

An engineman of my acquaintance leaves his home at six o'clock in the morning and completes his day's work in six hours. For this service he receives from four to five dollars, according to circumstances. Some enginemen work longer hours and receive more money; but anyway you look at the labor or the wages, the conditions leave little to be desired. With hardly any exception the same satisfactory state of affairs is to be found in nearly every branch of the train service. By degrees, step by step, from a comparatively low plane, an almost ideal standard of wage and treatment has been arrived at. In my own sixty-lever signal-tower, for example, within the past few years the pay has been run up from thirteen to over eighteen dollars per week, and the working day has been run down from twelve to eight hours. Now, among the thousands of railroad men whose material condition I have been describing, there is but one opinion as to the means

that have been employed in bringing about these satisfactory results; and I think this general opinion is voiced when I say that the motive power employed in securing these benefits was simply and actually business compulsion. It is useless to assail the motives or personality, either of corporations or of labor unions. The leaders of these bodies are fairly typical of twentieth-century civilization. In their business relations, one with another, they take what they can, and give what they are compelled to. Of course there is a vein of kindness running throughout all negotiations between men and managers; but when it comes to a settlement of differences concerning dollars and cents, the proceedings are governed by the strictest code of current business principles. In a fair and honorable way, the machinery of management is pitted against the machinery of the labor organization, and the weaker, for the time being, yields to the pressure of superior tactics and resources.

But the point to be emphasized is that hard-drawn business compulsion is the *sine qua non* of progress as regards wages and similar conditions, and is the only form of advice, warning, or incentive to which corporations and labor unions pay any attention. For a number of years, it is true, railroad managers have been trying to break away from this thralldom of mechanical methods, but from lack of public support they have now practically abandoned the struggle, or relegated the human and sympathetic side of management to the editors of the railroad magazines. This is a very uncomfortable way of interpreting industrial conditions and relationships on railroads, but the evidence upon which the employee forms his impressions of the mechanical and compulsory nature of his wage-settlement is unmistakable. That power is privilege is nowhere so patent as on the railroads at the present day.

Within a short distance of my signal-tower there is a crossing at grade. The man in charge receives one dollar and

thirty-five cents for twelve hours' work. As a matter of fact, the crossing man holds a very responsible position. Alertness, attention to duty, and presence of mind, are absolutely essential for the proper protection of travelers on trains and on foot. There are actually more people injured and lives lost at these crossings than on trains, or in any way connected with trains. Therefore, good men and good pay should be the rule at these crossings. Increased efficiency of service would probably make up for the additional expense. Up to date, however, it never has entered into the heads of well-paid enginemen, conductors, and others, to bestir themselves in the interest of these men. Beginning with the management, we all understand that they are down, to stay down until they are able to lift themselves. For years these men, and thousands in other departments, have been waiting for the conscience of somebody, or anybody, to attend to their cases; but unfortunately these gatemen are unorganized, and unable to organize, and there is nothing back of them to make trouble for anybody.

Such is only one of numerous object lessons which the employee has constantly before him, and consequently he may be pardoned for concluding that actual business compulsion is your only wage-raiser. I am aware that, if the employee took time to look into the matter more carefully, he might be willing to modify this opinion; but his everyday life is more concerned with speaking facts than with the philosophy of the subject, and actually, at the present day, his leaders give him no time to take his bearings. In season and out of season they stand between the men and the management. They emphasize and extol the compulsory method, and point on all sides to its object lessons and the benefit to be derived from organized effort along these lines. But this simple theory of business compulsion, this cold-blooded material interpretation of the industrial situation on our railroads, has a still wider significance.

During the month of August, 1908, in the State of Massachusetts, two passenger trains at different points were handled faultlessly for thirty or forty miles past a succession of electric block-signals. Later, with the same crews, these trains were telescoped by other passenger trains on track where these safety devices were not in operation. The cause of these accidents was short-flagging and reckless running. On the roads in question the rules in regard to block-signals are now enforced; the men are actually compelled to live up to them; but the rules in regard to reckless running and short-flagging are not looked upon in the same light — the same attention is not paid to them, and the penalties for violation of the rules are by no means so impartially bestowed. The compulsory method then, is not only the most effectual factor in wage-progress, but the principle itself is found to affect in a marked degree the operating department. To secure efficiency and to secure satisfactory conditions of pay and treatment, the same compulsory methods must be employed. When this compulsory method proves to be insufficient or unworkable, the point to be noticed is that there is actually no force, principle, or sentiment to take its place and fulfill its duties in the situation as we find it to-day.

But in considering the condition of labor on the railroads, we find ourselves obliged to study the employee and his environment from a wider point of view, both socially and historically; for it must be evident to us all that there is something lacking in this hard-drawn theory of business compulsion in industrial life. At best it can be looked upon only as a temporary state of affairs. It must be utterly repugnant to the solid Christian sense of the community, for it is a severe reflection on our up-to-date civilizing methods, that the condition of the employees on railroads and the efficiency of the service, must wholly depend, in the future, upon hard-and-fast rules and agreements. It is surely unreasonable that to safeguard the interests of the

public, the corporation, and the men, the minutest details and arrangements will have to be stipulated in the bond. Is this the final word that labor and the corporations have to say to twentieth-century public opinion? I think not. Nevertheless, personally speaking, and looking backwards over nearly thirty years' service on the railroads, I am conscious that my personal liberty and freedom of action, my actual ability to do the wrong thing and escape detection, has increased fifty-fold, while the ability of the management and the public to cope with and provide for the changed conditions has been decreasing in about the same ratio.

The evolution of this state of affairs forms a curious and instructive chapter in industrial history. This history embraces the methods and ideals of progress in all civilized countries, and perhaps the most curious feature in regard to industrial progress, both in this country and abroad, is that the social conscience, the very factor that is now being eliminated from our industrial schedules, is and has been responsible for the situation as we find it to-day. This is by no means a reflection on the splendid work of the social conscience in uplifting humanity. On the contrary, it is a reflection on those employees and corporations who are either ignorant of its history or have forgotten their social indebtedness. A glance at the great social movement in this country for the betterment of industrial and other conditions should make this clear to us.

Disregarding the earlier years of American history, we find ourselves, say from 1830 to 1870, in a period of great mental and industrial activity. In those days narrowness of mind was beginning to give way to conceptions of duty that embraced humanity at large. Man in relation to the Infinite still retained his central position, but man in relation to his fellows began to acquire considerable relative importance. For centuries, with utmost complacency, Christian people have contented themselves with simply reading and rereading the story of Cain and Abel,

until it would almost seem as if the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" had become a too commonplace consideration for practical application in society. While in countless ways individuals have done noble work, the collective mind of the community seems to have been practically asleep to general questions of humanity until, comparatively speaking, a quite recent date.

In the period of American history to which I refer, the thinkers among us woke up and found themselves confronted with numerous social and moral enigmas. Man's inhumanity to man was brought to light and discussed with merciless freedom; an era of common sense set in; its logic was applied with cold and impartial severity to all sorts of inhuman customs and habits, and especially to atrocious labor conditions that had prevailed in society unnoticed and unchecked for centuries. It was a long-drawn-out battle, for the very instincts of people were more or less saturated with superstition — but the emancipation of the human mind went on apace. The horizon of men's sympathies grew ever wider and brighter; common sense applied to religion gave us a new Heaven; common sense applied to our daily duties and responsibilities gave us a new Earth. This new-born social conscience introduced new conceptions and new standards into human affairs. The abolition of slavery, the humanizing of prison life, the considerate treatment of lunatics and paupers, the conscientious inspection of ships, factories, and tenement houses, are only a few of the reforms that remind us of the widespread influence of the social and spiritual conscience. In this way, by means of organized sympathy, labor in particular was indebted to the people for the social start and uplift, the magnificent growth and fruition of which we see around us to-day.

But of late years, in the industrial world, the fundamental forces at work in these great civilizing movements have undergone remarkable changes. The appeal

for better conditions in the name of humanity has been displaced by the demand for rights in the name of justice. With the assertion of these principles and the appeal to justice as universal arbiter, the industrial dilemma begins to manifest itself in concrete form. How to limit, define, and harmonize the rights of society, of corporations, and of labor unions, is to-day the paramount industrial problem. It has divided the country into two camps — those whose duty it is, politically and otherwise, to protect the interests of the whole body, and those who are daily becoming more and more absorbed in multiplying the rights or privileges of sections. The press and the politicians at the present day are handling the whole subject with extreme caution, and, to save appearances, all concerned are now devoting themselves, with considerable energy, to the study of conditions. It is therefore particularly desirable, at the present day, that those who are in possession of the statistics and understand these conditions should be persuaded to speak out and explain their significance.

For example, railroad managers are well aware that within the past few years, in the midst of the body politic of the railroads there has been evolved an empire within an empire, whose consistent policy is and has been the accumulation of power for its own exclusive use. In plain English, this is the empire of labor. Under the circumstances, considering the history of railroad management in the past, this state of affairs need occasion but little surprise. Its principles are in line with the commonplace ethics of commercial life with which we are everywhere surrounded. When a man goes into business it is for the purpose of making money for himself, and not for his neighbors. Such, at any rate, is the first stage of his progress. It is exactly the same with corporations and labor unions. The selfish stage is the first stage, and consideration for others is almost wholly dependent upon the establishment of your own structure upon firm foundations. The empire of labor

then, as I am describing it, has evolved in a very natural way; and society, by means of public opinion, is now called upon to influence, control, and guide the succeeding stages of its development.

Compared with this actual and constantly increasing force of labor, the theories and propositions of philosophers and social betterers have but little significance. Socialism may come and may go, but labor and its organization are marching on, not indifferent to, but nevertheless quite independent of, these ideas and associations that are constantly at work for the betterment of society in general. If socialism desires to assist labor, well and good. That is the beginning and the end of the matter so far as labor is concerned. Similarly, if municipal or public ownership in any form can be shown to benefit the worker without interfering with his organization and his schedules, its claims and theories will receive consideration. In other words, labor leaders, more especially on the railroads, are now preaching the gospel of separation. They avoid everything in the nature of an alliance, even in the interests of public safety, and day by day their ability and intentions to stand alone become more pronounced.

But it must not be taken for granted that the rank and file of railroad men have initiated, or unanimously acquiesced in, this line of thought or action. Such broad issues are not thought out or decided upon down below; matters of this nature work down and not up, and in this way the ordinary worker is frequently committed to the support of a policy of which, as an individual, he is somewhat ashamed. Only too frequently, however, the material benefits derived from a certain policy are allowed to outweigh our conscientious scruples. I repeat then: the principle of separation and isolation is not due to any expressed desire or agitation of the rank and file, but is due to the general policy of the leaders. Thus we find the labor situation on the railroads dominated by two or three of the highest

officials of the labor unions. The managers of railroads, if so disposed, could easily corroborate this statement, but a single illustration will give us a good idea of the nature of the evidence.

During the spring of the year 1908, business fell to a very low ebb on the Boston and Maine Railroad: the side tracks were blocked with idle cars, and engines by the dozen were rusting at the roundhouses. Equipment of all sorts, that should have been sent to the shops for repairs, was put into storage tracks, and over all a general retrenchment and reduction of expenses was in order.

Among other methods resorted to, the salaries of the officials above the grade of one hundred dollars per month were subjected to a substantial cut-down. Short time was the order of the day in the shops and out on the road, crews were disbanded, trains were abolished, and everything in the nature of a superfluity was swept into the realm of the unemployed, in a desperate effort to shave the pay-rolls. But, as time passed, conditions instead of improving dropped from bad to worse, and July, the month when the Boston and Maine is called upon to give an account of itself in the shape of dividends and fixed charges, was almost in sight. Consequently, as a final resort, the management hit upon the plan of taking the employees in every department into its confidence. Not only the heads of the organizations, but the rank and file of the men, had the situation explained to them by competent officials. The proposition was very simple. The men were asked to consent to a five per cent cut-down for a period of three months. To an insider taking notes from day to day it soon became evident that the rank and file of the men, regardless of their occupations, thoroughly understood the situation. The argument that railroad labor should bear with railroad capital the burden imposed by the hard times was generally appreciated. So far as my observations extended, it seemed to me that the men were glad to be treated confidentially in

the matter. As individuals speaking for themselves, they admitted that the prosperity and interests of the corporation could not possibly be separated or distinguished from their own. They were willing to be reminded that, when business was good and the road was in a flourishing condition, their wages had been increased over and over again, in a legitimate and recognized manner, through the efforts of their organizations, and therefore the contention of the management was unanswerable, that it was the duty of employees to lend a helping hand now that the tide had turned.

Supported by these ideas and principles, a sort of canvass of the matter was initiated all over the road. Meetings were held, committees were appointed, considerable expense was incurred, and the matter was finally put to the vote, on every division, by the various organizations. The result had been accurately anticipated. With, I think, one exception, the organizations, representing nearly every department of labor on the Boston and Maine Railroad, voted by heavy majorities to accept the five per cent reduction under the terms and conditions which had been explained to them by the president of the road. Up to this point no suspicion had been hinted at that the vote-taking was a conditional affair, subject to the consent of the National Organization, or its leaders. It was requested and taken in good faith as a matter of internal administration and adjustment of mutual interests; but the result of the vote was no sooner made known than the whole business was promptly vetoed and made void by the exercise of supreme authority. It is not necessary to pass an opinion on the necessity for this action in the political or other interests of railroad labor considered as a factor isolated from the public interests. The points for public opinion to note are that the management was humiliated, that the referendum was a farce, and, in particular, that the ideas of the men and their leaders in regard to the relations that should exist,

and the coöperation that should be permitted, between employees and managers, are fundamentally at variance.

But so far as the public interests are concerned, this referendum vote of the Boston and Maine Railroad employees has a still wider application and lesson. For the very first principles of sane and safe management are the issues at stake. In plain English, if the public interests are to receive any recognition whatever in the metallic constitution that is now being worked out between railroad corporations and labor leaders, it can only be accomplished by unrestricted communication and coöperation between the rank and file of the men and the employer. This is by no means a mere theoretical statement. Its practical possibility and absolute necessity are capable of easiest demonstration. A little plain-speaking on this subject will do no harm.

When the referendum already referred to on the Boston and Maine was in progress, the Towermen's Brotherhood called a meeting of its members to consider the proposed reduction in wages. A committee was forthwith appointed to wait upon the president of the road in regard to one or two points on which additional information was desired. Very much to the gratification of the towermen, President Tuttle came over from his office and addressed the men in a very kindly and considerate manner. He pointed out that the proposed reduction was a matter in which men and management alike were vitally interested. It seemed to him the better way to place a slight burden on every employee, rather than absolutely to discharge a considerable number. He explained that railroads, like individuals, have debts that they are in honor bound to attend to, and, so far as the Boston and Maine Railroad was concerned, these obligations to stockholders and leased roads had to be met in honorable fashion. As the result of this amicable conference the towermen voted to accept the reduction in wages.

Now, the significance of President

Tuttle's ideas and action must be evident to employees and the public alike. In so many words he said to us, "The corporation needs money. I ask you to help us. I am quite aware that the proper way, in fact the only way, to secure your assistance and coöperation, is for the management to take you into its confidence and to explain to you our common business and interests. I appeal to you then as individuals, possessed of good common sense and sympathetic understandings."

Nothing can be plainer or more reasonable than this argument. The president of the Boston and Maine Railroad acknowledges that in financial dealings with employees, when compulsion becomes impossible, education and coöperation must be brought into play and emphasized. But while in financial affairs the soundness of this doctrine is thus acknowledged by highest authority, it has apparently not yet dawned upon any one that its principles apply with tenfold force to almost every phase of the economical and efficient running of a railroad. That railroad men should be kept in ignorance of the financial condition of the corporation they work for is of comparatively little importance; but I think it will surprise the reader to be informed that the systematic and organized efforts of managers to interest and instruct employees in the human and economic sides of their calling can almost be represented by a blank. Railroad managers will naturally question this statement. Their public utterances, the betterment work they so cordially approve and assist in a dozen different directions, their insistence, upon public occasions, on the importance of social and economic coöperation, lend considerable strength to their position; but when we come to examine the employee at his work and look around for the practical exemplification of the opinions and ideals of the managing department, a strange and perhaps unlooked-for state of affairs is revealed. And right here we are brought face to face with

the heart of the labor question on American railroads. From this point branch out the constructive lines along which economy of operation, safety of travel, and general efficiency of service, must be worked for and anticipated. Heretofore the employee has been treated as an implement; from now on, in the interests of society, he will have to be considered as a man endowed with receptive and intelligent faculties, who, with proper encouragement, will base his progress and interests upon reasonable and sympathetic foundations. The theories I am presenting are not nearly so strange as the facts in the case.

A few days ago, in a freight yard, while I happened to be looking on, a freight car was cornered through careless handling. Slight damage was done to the side and roof of the car. I asked the man who was responsible for the accident to give me his idea of the damage in dollars and cents. He thought a couple of dollars would fix it up all right. A month or so later, happening to meet this man on the street, I informed him that the actual expense incurred for repairing the car had been \$47.50. He was surprised beyond measure. I then asked him if he thought employees should be educated along these lines. Would it do him any good as a man, and consequently the service, if the manager were to tell him that the trifling act of carelessness, the price of which he estimated at two dollars, was simply an item of a bill for breakages of over five thousand dollars a year in the small yard in which he worked, making no mention of the killed and injured? Branching out into my subject, I asked him if he was personally interested in the fact that the station receipts on his division for September, 1908, were fifty thousand dollars less than for the same period in 1907? Would it make any difference in the feelings and the attitude of the men toward the management if they were systematically posted on these subjects? I had quite a lengthy conversation with this man. Would it make any difference to the

crossing man, I continued, if his attention was called to the statistics and the nature of crossing accidents on his particular railroad, to the dangers to be guarded against, and to the vast expense and suffering involved? Would it do any good to those whose duties are connected with the passenger and station service to know that it cost the road a matter of eighty thousand dollars a year for such trifles as icy platforms, doors closing on hands, falling lamps, defective seats, tripping on station platforms, and the like? Would it, in his opinion, be a good idea for the management to get after every man and his job in this personal way, or was it better to let the men continue in utter ignorance of their surroundings and wider responsibilities? In a word, are we to be considered as men, or merely as things?

To all these questions the man answered bluntly and frankly, "You bet your life it would make a big difference." Then I said to him, "Now if the president of the road were to come out with a bulletin calling our attention to an expense account, for the year 1908, of a million dollars for preventable accidents and miscellaneous carelessness, and ask the men for a five per cent reduction on these items for 1909, what do you suppose would happen?" — "He would get it," was the reply.

It must be evident, from the foregoing, that the education and enlightenment of the employees are being sadly neglected. Along the indicated lines, good feeling, coöperation, and daylight in every direction can be discerned. For if the education of the railroad man is to consist merely of the knowledge and the lessons to be derived from his daily routine, assisted by the inspiration received from mechanical and rule-of-thumb surroundings, the social and industrial results of his training are likely to be extremely narrow and unsatisfactory.

The importance of these considerations cannot be too earnestly impressed upon employees and managers. At first glance,

the idea that an employee can be converted into a real wide-awake partner in the affairs and interests of his railroad, may appear to some to involve an undertaking of enormous proportions. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. Railroad managers are to-day successfully coping with problems ten times as complicated. The car-service system is a good illustration in point.

On my own railroad, for example, actually millions of freight cars are annually received from connections. From the moment when these cars touch the road, they are never lost sight of for a minute until they are set back to the track of the road from which they were received. If you want to know the actual history and adventures of each and every one of these cars, you will find the information all ready for you in the records. Its number, its physical condition, its suitability for such and such freight, its capacity, its weight, its general equipment, and its behavior on the road, are all there for public inspection. But it is not a tenth part of the attention that a car receives from the management. Every one of them is watched, examined, inspected, and, when necessary, sent to the shops for repairs. Then cars of a certain class are called for to load at one point, cars of another class at another point, perhaps hundreds of miles away. During its short visit to your road every car has attached to its record a score of telegrams, a bundle of letters, a file of information. The car business on the wires never halts or slumbers, and an army of telegraphers and clerks are kept hustling night and day, year in and year out, at enormous expense, to keep order in all this seeming chaos. To give a complete history of the business would baffle the arithmetic of description. Yet, when I asked one of these car-service men how

they managed to keep things straight, he assured me it was the easiest thing in the world!

From the side of the labor organization, according to its light and interest, this personal education of the employee has been closely watched and strictly attended to for years. During this period the manager has been busy with other concerns. He has permitted it to appear, to outsiders at any rate, as if the employee were, in a measure, an antagonistic feature. His office has been executive, not educationally and sympathetically administrative. You cannot blame the superintendent — he has never had a chance to get away from his rules and machinery of government. The world at large has been his enemy. To the reporter of a newspaper the railroad superintendent is still a sort of industrial Bluebeard, with a closet full of skeletons, and a head full of schemes for the confusion of employees and the public. But corporations and the public are now taking a saner view of the situation. Especially in the West corporations are beginning to understand that the railroad manager of the future will have to be first of all an educator. Destructive ideas and intentions on one side or the other are out of the question. The contest ahead of us is an educational rivalry. On the one hand we have the protective organization of the employee; on the other we have the economic, the social, the sympathetic administration of the management. There can be no question as to the beneficial results of this rivalry. But now, giving these ideas form and substance and applying them to everyday life on the railroads, what are the actual methods of management to be advised or adopted? A practical exemplification of this will, I think, prove interesting reading.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES. I.

IT was the custom of my father for many years, in fact all his life, to spend the leisure portion of his evenings in writing. He was a liberal contributor to the editorial columns of many journals, and also, throughout his life, kept a diary. In Washington he was so much occupied in public affairs that he did not have the opportunity to write on miscellaneous subjects as had been his custom; but, in the evening, after the family had retired, when he was alone, he would write in the "Red Books," as we called them in the family, such of the occurrences of the day as seemed to him, at the time, of interest and importance. It was an exciting time in the history of the country, and he wrote down what he had to say just as he would have talked to a close friend. The habit of his life had been to express himself in writing, and if he proposed to spend the evening in his favorite occupation, I often heard the request made of him to "write something for the paper" of the next day. The habit being so ingrained, it was no hardship for him, but, on the contrary, a pleasure, to express his thoughts in writing.

He left a memorandum for me saying that he had jotted down things as they occurred to him at the moment, that what he had expressed were the truths of the times, and that what he had stated as facts were correct. At the same time he realized that his judgment might not be infallible, and I was authorized to destroy his writings, or to make them public, as seemed best to me; but in expressing his opinion fully, freely, and clearly, he had done so only with the idea that the truth should be recorded.

The many insistent calls for the memoranda, known to be in my possession, have led to the publication of the Diary. Justice to my father's memory also seems to demand it in many instances, and it is also urged on me strongly that the truth of history requires that what he had written from his inner knowledge of the facts should be made known. I authorize the publication with hesitation, and do so only under pressure; and my father's inflexible view of right and duty, and his absolute integrity and regard for truth and honesty, must be borne in mind when some of his severe strictures are read. — EDGAR T. WELLES.

[GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy under President Lincoln, was in his sixtieth year when the great events occurred which are recorded in the opening pages of the Diary. His life, which had been one of unremitting activity, had been divided between journalism and politics. From the time of his majority he was accustomed to writing and speaking on public questions, and throughout his career, across the tempestuous evolution of party politics, he followed his own convictions with logical consistency. These political beliefs, some understanding of which is desirable to the reader of the Diary, were firmly crystallized during Jackson's ascendancy in the Democratic party. Under Welles's management, the *Hartford Times* was the first paper in New England to declare for Andrew Jackson for President. Like Jackson, all his life long Welles believed in the strict construction of the Constitution, in the creed of State Rights, and in the evils of special legisla-

tion; but, as in the case of Jackson, his patriotism overtopped all other considerations; and when, after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Slave Power began its aggressions upon Kansas, Welles became a Republican. When Lincoln created his first Cabinet, choosing it, as is well known, equally from men of Democratic and of Whig affiliations, he fixed on Welles without hesitation as a natural representative of Democratic tendencies; and in the sequel the President received no more loyal and unselfish support from any man in the Cabinet.

When Mr. Welles assumed charge of the Navy Department in 1861, the entire Navy in commission, including storeships and tenders, was 42 vessels. At the outbreak of hostilities it was his task to blockade nearly three thousand miles of coast, much of it, owing to numerous islands and inlets, forming a double line. By December of 1861, Mr. Welles was able to report that 264 vessels would

shortly be in commission, and before the War ended nearly 700 vessels were actually in the service of the United States, many of them of iron-clad construction and of the most powerful character.

It was an era of intensest feeling. Men said and thought bitter things. During his term of service the Secretary of the Navy was subject to a succession of attacks, some malignant, others mistaken, all unfair. It is not extraordinary that this journal, written in the hurly-burly of events, should contain some severe and biting strictures; but it is remarkable that so outspoken a record should be so free from selfish or unworthy views; and the clear-cut outlines of his characterizations have, with few exceptions, received the durable impress of history. — THE EDITORS.]

ON Sunday, the 13th of July, 1862, President Lincoln invited me to accompany him in his carriage to the funeral of an infant child of Mr. Stanton. Secretary Seward and Mrs. Frederick Seward were also in the carriage. Mr. Stanton occupied at that time for a summer residence the house of a naval officer, I think Hazzard, some two or three miles west or northwesterly of Georgetown. It was on this occasion and on this ride that he first mentioned to Mr. Seward and myself the subject of emancipating the slaves by proclamation in case the rebels did not cease to persist in their war on the government and the Union, of which he saw no evidence. He dwelt earnestly on the gravity, importance, and delicacy of the movement, said he had given it much thought and had about come to the conclusion that it was a military necessity absolutely essential for the salvation of the Union; that we must free the slaves or be ourselves subdued, etc., etc.

This was, he said, the first occasion when he had mentioned the subject to any one, and wished us to frankly state how the proposition struck us. Mr. Seward said the subject involved consequences so vast and momentous that he

should wish to bestow on it mature reflection before giving a decisive answer, but his present opinion inclined to the measure as justifiable, and perhaps he might say expedient and necessary. These were also my views. Two or three times on that ride the subject, which was of course an absorbing one for each and all, was adverted to, and before separating the President requested us to give the question special and deliberate attention, for he was earnest in the conviction that something must be done.

It was a new departure for the President, for until this time, in all our previous interviews, whenever the question of emancipation or the mitigation of slavery had been in any way alluded to, he had been prompt and emphatic in denouncing any interference by the general government with the subject. This was, I think, the sentiment of every member of the Cabinet, all of whom, including the President, considered it a local, domestic question appertaining to the states respectively, who had never parted with their authority over it. But the reverses before Richmond, and the formidable power and dimensions of the insurrection, which extended through all the slave states and had combined most of them in a confederacy to destroy the Union, impelled the administration to adopt extraordinary measures to preserve the national existence. The slaves, if not armed and disciplined, were in the service of those who were, — not only as field-laborers and producers, but thousands of them were in attendance upon the armies in the field, employed as waiters and teamsters; and the fortifications and intrenchments were constructed by them.

SEWARD'S ASSUMPTION OF AUTHORITY

[Mr. Seward's importance in the Republican party and his great experience led him early in the war to assume a responsibility in relation to the other departments and to the general administration which properly belonged to the President, and which caused the Secre-

tary of the Navy some vexation of spirit. Among other solitudes, Mr. Seward "thought it expedient that instructions be given to the blockading and naval officers that, in case of capture of merchant vessels suspected or proved to be vessels of the insurgents or contraband," the mails "should not be searched or opened, but be put as speedily as may be on the way to their designated destination."]

Tuesday, August 12, 1862.

I called early this morning on the Secretary of State touching a communication of his of the 8th inst. that I received yesterday, in which I am directed in the name of the President to give instructions of an extraordinary character to our naval officers — instructions which I do not approve, and which in one or two points conflict with law and usage. Though the direction was in the President's name, I learned he knew nothing of the proceeding.

Mr. Seward has a passion to be thought a master spirit in the administration and to parade before others an exhibition of authority which, if permitted, is not always exercised wisely or intelligently. Englishmen have complained that their vessels were detained and searched, and that they have experienced great inconvenience by the delay in the transmission of their letters by blockade-runners. These matters having been brought before the Secretary of State, he on the instant — without consultation with any one, without investigation, without being aware he was disregarding law and long-settled principles — volunteered to say he would mitigate or remedy the grievance, would put the matter right; and under the impulse of the moment, and with an ostentatious show of authority which he did not possess, yielded all that was asked, and more than the Englishmen had anticipated or than the Secretary was authorized to give. I saw that he had acted precipitately and inconsiderately, and was soon aware that the President, in whose name he assumed to

act, was uninformed on the subject. But Seward is committed and cannot humiliate himself to retrace his steps. I gave him to understand, however, I would send out no such instructions as he had sent me in the President's name. That we had, under the belligerent right of search, authority to stop any suspected vessel, and if she had contraband on board to capture her. That no blockade-runner ever cleared for a rebel port, like Charleston, though that might be its actual destination, but for Halifax, Nassau, or some neutral port. That the idea of surrendering mails and letters captured on blockade-runners to foreign consuls, officers and legations, instead of delivering them, as the law explicitly directs, to the courts, could not be entertained for a moment. Seward suggested that I could so modify the proposed instructions as to make them conform to the law, which he admitted he had not examined. Said it would relieve him and do much to conciliate the Englishmen, who were troublesome, and willing to get into difficulty with us.

It will be useless to see the President, who will be alarmed with the bugaboo of a foreign war, a bugbear which Seward well knows how to use. These absurd instructions do not originate with the President, yet, relating to foreign matters, he will endorse them I have no doubt under the appeals which Seward will make.

Nothing of special interest to-day in the Cabinet.

HOW LINCOLN CHOSE HIS CABINET

Friday, August 15, 1862.

Received yesterday a note from Chase that the President proposed to change two of the nominees under the new tax law, in Connecticut. Called on the President and stated to him that I did it as a duty — that duty alone impelled me. He said he fully believed it, and was glad to do me the justice to say that in matters of appointments — patronage — I had never given him any trouble.

Having an appointment this Friday morning at 9 with the President, I met there Babcock and Platt of Connecticut.

They had called and stated their case, which was extremely unjust to Mr. Howard, and turning to me, Mr. Babcock said Howard claimed he had procured or secured my appointment. The President said he had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Howard himself. Had met him in Illinois and knew him as a friend of mine. Had received letters from him expressing regard for me, and one signed jointly by Howard and Senator Dixon. But these gentlemen did not originate his action in relation to my appointment. "The truth is," said he, "and I may as well state the facts to you, for others know them — on the day of the presidential election the operator of the telegraph in Springfield placed his instrument at my disposal. I was there without leaving, after the returns began to come in, until we had enough to satisfy us how the election had gone. This was about two in the morning of Wednesday. I went home, but not to get much sleep, for I then felt, as I never had before, the responsibility that was upon me. I began at once to feel that I needed support, others to share with me the burthen. This was on Wednesday morning, and before the sun went down I had made up my cabinet. It was almost the same I appointed. One or two changes were made, and the particular position of one or two was unsettled. My mind was fixed on Mr. Welles as the member from New England on that Wednesday. Some other names passed through my thoughts and some persons were afterwards pressed upon me, but the man and the place were fixed in my mind then, as it now is. My choice was confirmed by Mr. Howard, by Senator Dixon, Preston King, Vice-President Hamlin, Governor Morgan and others, but the selection was my own, and not theirs, and Mr. Howard is under a mistake in what he says."

THE ARMY'S FAILURE TO COÖPERATE

[On the 13th of August, Lee's forces before Richmond, abandoning the defensive, moved in pursuit of the Army of the Potomac. After McClellan's retreat the squadron of gunboats which had been protecting his communications was no longer essential to the campaign.]

Sunday, August 17, 1862.

Called this morning on General Halleck, who had forgotten or was not aware there was a naval force in the James River coöperating with the army.

He said the army was withdrawn and there was no necessity for the naval vessels to remain. I remarked that I took a different view of the question, and had I been consulted I should have advised that the naval and some army forces should hold on and menace Richmond, in order to compel the rebels to retain part of their army there, while our forces in front of Washington were getting in position. He began to rub his elbows, and without thanking me or acknowledgment of any kind, said he wished the vessels could remain. Telegraphed Wilkes to that effect. Strange that this change of military operations should have been made without cabinet consultation, and especially without communicating the fact to the Secretary of the Navy, who had established a naval flotilla on the James River by special request to coöperate with and assist the army. But Stanton is so absorbed in his scheme to get rid of McClellan that other and more important matters are neglected.

[On Saturday, August 30, the Army of Virginia under Pope, which was co-operating with the Army of the Potomac farther to the south, was badly defeated in the second battle of Bull Run.]

Sunday, August 31, 1862.

For the last two or three days there has been fighting at the front and army

movements of interest. McClellan with most of his army arrived at Alexandria a week or more ago, but inertness, inactivity and sluggishness seem to prevail. The army officers do not engage in this move of the War Department with zeal. Some of the troops have gone forward to join Pope, who has been beyond Manassas, where he has encountered Stonewall Jackson and the rebel forces for the last three days in a severe struggle. The energy and rapid movements of the rebels are in such striking contrast to that of our own officers that I shall not be seriously surprised at any sudden dash from them. The War Department — Stanton and Halleck — are alarmed. By request, and in anticipation of the worst, though not expecting it, I have ordered Wilkes and a force of fourteen gun-boats, including the five light-draft asked for by Burnside, to come around into the Potomac, and have put W[ilkes] in command of the flotilla here, disbanding the flotilla on the James.

THE CABAL AGAINST MCCLELLAN

Yesterday, Saturday P. M., when about leaving the Department, Chase called on me with a protest addressed to the President, signed by himself and Stanton, against continuing McClellan in command, and demanding his immediate dismissal. Certain grave offences were enumerated. Chase said that Smith¹ had seen and would sign it in turn, but as my name preceded his in order, he desired mine to appear in its place. I told him I was not prepared to sign the document — that I preferred a different method of meeting the question — that if asked by the President, and even if not asked, I was prepared to express my opinion, which, as he knew, had long been averse to McClellan's dilatory course, and was much aggravated from what I had recently learned at the War Department; that I did not choose to denounce McClellan for incapacity, or to pronounce him a traitor, as declared in

this paper, but I would say, and perhaps it was my duty to say, that I believed his removal from command was demanded by public sentiment and the best interest of the country.

Chase said that was not sufficient; that the time had arrived when the Cabinet must act with energy and promptitude, for either the government or McClellan must go down. He then proceeded to expose certain acts, some of which were partially known to me, and others, more startling, which were new to me. I said to Chase that he and Stanton were familiar with facts of which I was ignorant, and that there might therefore be propriety in their stating what they knew, though in a different way, — facts which I could not endorse because I had no knowledge of them.

I proposed as a preferable course that there should be a general consultation with the President. He objected to this until the document was signed, which, he said, should be done at once.

This method of getting signatures without an interchange of views with those who are associated in councils was repugnant to my ideas of duty and right. When I asked if the Attorney General² and Post-Master General³ had seen the paper or been consulted, he replied, not yet — their turn had not come. I informed Chase that I should desire to advise with them in so important a matter, that I was disinclined to sign the paper, did not like the proceeding, that I could not; though I wished McClellan removed after what I had heard, and should have no hesitation in saying so at the proper time and place, and in what I considered the right way. While we were talking, Blair came in. Chase was alarmed, for the paper was in my hand, and he evidently feared I should address Blair on the subject. This, after witnessing his agitation, I could not do without his consent. Blair remained but a few moments, — did not even take a seat. After he left I asked Chase if we

¹ Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior.

² Judge Bates.

³ Montgomery Blair.

should not call him back and consult him. Chase said in great haste, "No, not now. It is best he should for the present know nothing of it." I took a different view — said there was no one of the Cabinet whom I would sooner consult on this subject, that I thought Blair's opinion (especially on military matters, he having had a military education) very correct. Chase said this was not the time to bring him in. After Chase left me, he returned to make a special request that I would make no allusion concerning the paper to Blair or any one else.

Met, by invitation, a few friends last evening at Baron Gerolt's. My call was early, and feeling anxious concerning affairs in front, I soon excused myself to go to the War Department for tidings. Found Stanton and Caleb Smith alone in the Secretary's room. The conduct of McClellan was soon taken up; it had, I inferred, been under discussion before I came in.

STANTON ON MCCLELLAN

Stanton began with a statement of his entrance into the Cabinet in January last, when he found everything in confusion, with unpaid bills on his table to the amount of over \$20,000,000 against the Department; his inability then or since to procure any satisfactory information from McClellan, who had no plan nor any system. Said this vague indefinite uncertainty was oppressive; that near the close of January he pressed this subject on the President, who issued the order to him and myself for an advance on the 22nd of February. McClellan began at once to interpose objections, yet did nothing — but talked always vaguely and indefinitely and of various matters except those immediately in hand. The President insisted on and ordered a forward movement. Then McClellan stated [that] he intended a demonstration on the upper waters of the Potomac, and boats for a bridge were prepared with great labor and expense. He went up there and telegraphed back that two or three

officers, his favorites, had done admirably in preparing the bridge, and wished them to be brevetted. The whole thing was absurd, eventuated in nothing, and he was ordered back.

The President then commanded that the army should proceed to Richmond. McClellan delayed, hesitated, said he must go by way of the Peninsula — would take transports at Annapolis. In order that he should have no excuse, but without any faith in his plan, Stanton said he ordered transports and supplies to Annapolis. The President in the meantime urged and pressed a forward movement towards Manassas. The transports were then ordered round to the Potomac, where the troops were shipped to Fortress Monroe. The plans — the number of troops to proceed, the number that was to remain — Stanton recounted. These arrangements were somewhat deranged by the sudden raid of Jackson towards Winchester, which withdrew Banks from Manassas, leaving no force between Washington and the rebel army at Gordonsville. He then ordered McDowell and his division, also Franklin's command, to remain, to the great grief of McDowell, who believed glory and fighting were all to be with the Grand Army. McClellan had made the withholding of this necessary force to protect the seat of government his excuse for not being more rapid and effective, — was constantly complaining. The President wrote him how, by his arrangement, only 18,000 troops, remnants and odd parcels, were left to protect the capital. Still McClellan was complaining and underrating his forces — said he had but 96,000 when his own returns showed he had 123,000. But to stop his complaints and drive him forward, the President finally, on the 10th of June, sent him McCall and his division, with which he promised to proceed at once to Richmond but did not, — lingered along until finally attacked.

McClellan's excuse for going by way of the Peninsula was that he might have

good roads and dry ground, but his complaints were unceasing, after he got there, of bad roads, water and swamps.

When finally ordered to withdraw from James River, he delayed obeying the order for thirteen days, and never did comply until General Burnside was sent to supersede him if he did not move.

[The reader must remember that McClellan had refused to accept the responsibility for continuing the Peninsular campaign without the aid of reinforcements larger than it was in Lincoln's power to supply. On behalf of the President, Halleck had gone to see McClellan and had offered him 20,000 men in case he would assume the responsibility of an advance, but McClellan declared this number insufficient. His recall followed promptly.]

STANTON'S STRICTURES ON THE PRESIDENT

Smith left while we were conversing after this detailed narrative, and Stanton, dropping his voice, although no one was present, said he understood from Chase that I declined to sign the protest which he had drawn up against McClellan's continuance in command, and asked if I did not think we ought to get rid of him. I told him I might not differ with him on that point, especially after what I had heard, but that I disliked the method and manner of proceeding — that it appeared to me an unwise and injudicious proceeding and was discourteous and disrespectful to the President, were there nothing else. Stanton said with some excitement he knew of no particular obligations he was under to the President, who had called him to a difficult position and imposed upon him labors and responsibilities which no man could carry, and which were greatly increased by fastening upon him a commander who was constantly striving to embarrass him in his administration of the department. He could not and would not submit to a continuance of this state of things. I ad-

mitted they were bad, severe on him, and he could and had stated his case strongly, but I could not from facts within my own knowledge endorse them, nor did I like the manner in which it was proposed to bring about a dismissal. He said among other things [that] General Pope telegraphed to McClellan for supplies. The latter informed Pope [that] they were at Alexandria, and if Pope would send an escort he could have them. A general, fighting on the field of battle, to send to a general in the rear; and in response an escort!

[It should be kept in mind that, after the failure of the Peninsular campaign, Lincoln, realizing that McClellan's genius for organization might again be of service to the country, never actually demanded his resignation. What he did do was simply to deprive him of his army. By his direction regiment after regiment was detached from McClellan's command and added to the army of Pope, until on August 30 McClellan was so denuded of troops as to telegraph Halleck, "You now have every man of the Army of the Potomac who is within my reach." This may account for McClellan's neglect to furnish the escort spoken of in the last paragraph.]

Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, repeated to me this last fact this morning, and re-affirmed others. He informs me that my course on a certain occasion offended McClellan and was not approved by others; but that both the President and Stanton had since, and now, in their private conversation, admitted I was right, and that my letter in answer to a curt and improper demand of McClellan last spring, was proper and correct. Watson says he always told the President and Stanton I was right, and he complimented me on several subjects which, though gratifying, others can speak of and judge better than myself.

We hear, this Sunday morning, that our army has fallen back to Centreville.

Pope writes in pretty good spirits, that we have lost no guns, etc. The rebels were largely reinforced, while our troops, detained at Annandale by McClellan's orders, did not arrive to support our wearied and exhausted men. McClellan telegraphs that he hears "Pope is badly cut up." Schenck, who had a wound in his arm, left the battle-field, bringing with him for company an Ohio captain. Both arrived safe at Willard's. They met McCall on the other side of Centreville and Sumner on this side. Late — late!

Up to this hour, one P. M., Sunday, no specific intelligence beyond the general facts above stated. There is considerable uneasiness in this city, which is mere panic. I see no cause for alarm. It is impossible to feel otherwise than sorrowful over the waste of life, and treasure, and energies of the Nation — the misplaced confidence in certain men, the errors of some, perhaps the crimes of others, who have been trusted. But my faith in present security and of ultimate success is unshaken. We need better generals, but can have no better army. There is much latent disloyal feeling in Washington which should be expelled. And oh, there is great want of capacity and will among our military leaders!

I hear that all the churches not heretofore seized are now taken for hospital purposes; private dwellings are taken to be thus used — among others my next neighbor Corcoran's fine house and grounds. There is malice in this. I told General Halleck it was vandalism. He admitted it would be wrong. Halleck walked over with me from the War Department as far as my house, and is, I perceive, quite alarmed for the safety of the city, says that we over-rate our own strength and under-estimate the rebels — a fatal error in Halleck. This has been the talk of McClellan, which none of us have believed.

Monday, September 1, 1862.

The wounded have been coming in today in large numbers. From what I can
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learn, General Pope's estimate of the killed and wounded greatly exceeds the actual number. He should, however, be best informed, but he feels distressed and depressed and is greatly given to exaggeration.

THE "ROUND ROBIN" AGAINST MCCLELLAN

Chase tells me that McClellan sends word that there are 20,000 stragglers on the road between Alexandria and Centreville, which C[hase] says is infamously false and sent out for infamous purposes. He called on me to-day with a more carefully prepared, and less exceptionable address to the President, stating [that] the signers did not deem it safe that McClellan should be entrusted with an army, etc., and that, if required, the signers would give their reasons for the protest against continuing him in command. This paper was in the handwriting of Attorney General Bates. The former was in Stanton's. This was signed by Stanton, Chase, Smith, and Bates. A space was left between the two last for Blair and myself; Seward is not in town, and if I am not mistaken is purposely absent to be relieved from participation in this movement, which originates with Stanton, who is angry — perhaps with reason — and determined to destroy McClellan. Seward and Stanton act in concert, but Seward has opposed or declined being a party to the removal of McClellan until since Halleck was brought here, when Stanton became more fierce and determined. Seward then gave way and went away. Chase (who has become hostile to McClellan, is credulous, and sometimes the victim of intrigue) was taken into Stanton's confidence, made to believe that the opportunity of Seward's absence should be improved to shake off McClellan, whom they both disliked, by a combined Cabinet movement to control the President, who, until recently, has clung to that officer.

It was not difficult under the pre-

vailing feeling of indignation against McClellan to enlist Smith. I am a little surprised that they got Mr. Bates, though he has for some time openly urged the removal of McClellan. Chase took upon himself to get my name, and then, if possible, Blair was to be brought in. In all this Chase flatters himself that he is attaching Stanton to his interests — not but that he is himself sincere in his opposition to McClellan, who was once his favorite, but whom he considers a deserter from his faction and whom he now detests.

I told Chase I thought this paper an improvement on the document of Saturday; was less exceptionable, but I did not like and could not unite in the movement — that in a conference with the President I would have no hesitation in saying or agreeing mainly in what was there expressed; for I am satisfied the earnest men of the country would not be willing McClellan should hereafter have command of our forces in the field, though I could not say what is the feeling of the soldiers. Reflection had more fully satisfied me that this method of conspiring to influence or control the President was repugnant to my feelings and was not right. It was unusual, would be disrespectful, and would be deemed offensive; that the President had called us around him as friends and advisers, with whom he might counsel and consult on all matters affecting the public welfare, not to enter into combinations to control him. Nothing of this kind had hitherto taken place in our interviews — that we had not been sufficiently intimate, impressive, or formal perhaps, and perhaps not sufficiently explicit and decisive in expressing our views on some subjects.

Chase disclaimed any movement against the President, and thought the manner was respectful and correct. Said it was designed to tell the President that the administration must be broken up, or McClellan dismissed. The course, he said, was unusual, but the case was un-

usual. We had, it was true, been too informal in our meeting. I had, he said, been too reserved in the expression of my views, which he did me the compliment to say were sound, etc. Conversations, he said, amounted to but little with the President on subjects of this importance. Argument was useless. It was like throwing water on a duck's back. A more decisive expression must be made, and that in writing.

It was evident there was a fixed determination to remove, and if possible to disgrace, McClellan. Chase frankly stated [that] he desired it, and that, were he President, McClellan should be brought to summary punishment. I told him he was aware [that] my faith in McClellan's energy and reliability was shaken nine months ago. That as early as last December I had, as he would recollect, expressed my disappointment in the man and stated to him specially, as the friend and indorser of McClellan, my misgivings, in order that he might remove my doubts or confirm them. McClellan's hesitating course last fall, his indifference and neglect of my applications to coöperate with the navy, his failure in many instances to fulfill his promises, when the rebels were erecting batteries on the west side of the Potomac that they might close the navigation of the river, had shaken my confidence in his efficiency and reliability, for he was not deficient in sagacity or intelligence. But at that time McClellan was a general favorite, and neither he [Chase] nor any one heeded my doubts and apprehensions.

WELLES'S ESTIMATE OF MCCLELLAN

I did not think, as Chase now says he does, and as I hear others say they do, that he was imbecile, a coward, a traitor, but it was notorious that he hesitated, doubted, had not self-reliance — any definite and determined plan or audacity to act. He was wanting in my opinion in several of the essential requisites of a general in chief command; in short he was not a fighting general. These are my

present convictions. Some statements of Stanton and some recent acts indicate failings, delinquencies of a more serious character. The country is greatly incensed against him, but he has the confidence of the army, I think.

Chase was disappointed, and I think a little chagrined, because I would not unite in the written demand to the President. He said he had not yet asked Blair and did not propose to, till the others had been consulted. This does not look well. It appears as if there was a combination by two to get their associates committed, seriatim, by a skillful ex-parte movement without general consultation.

McClellan was first invited to Washington under the auspices of Chase more than of any one else, though all approved, for Scott was old, infirm and changeable. Seward soon had greater intimacy with McClellan than Chase. Blair [who is] informed in regard to the qualities of army officers, acquiesced in this, Mr. Chase's selection — thought him intelligent and capable, but dilatory. In the winter, when Chase began to get alienated from McC[lellan] in consequence of his hesitancy or reticence, or both, if not because of greater intimacy with Seward, Blair seemed to confide more in the General, yet I do not think McC[lellan] was a favorite, or that he grew in favor.

[Before this Cabinet meeting, the President had assigned McClellan to the task of reorganizing the defeated troops, for which he was so admirably fitted. The federal armies of the Potomac and of Virginia were consolidated, and word coming that Lee was preparing to invade Maryland, Lincoln offered the command to Burnside, who declined it, recommending McClellan. Soon afterward Pope disappears from the history of the Civil War.]

Tuesday, September 2, 1862.

At a Cabinet meeting all but Seward were present. I think there was design in his absence. It was stated that Pope, without consultation or advice, was fall-

ing back, intending to retreat within the Washington intrenchments. No one seems to have had any knowledge of his movements, or plans, if he had any. Those who have favored Pope are disturbed and disappointed. Blair, who has known him intimately, says he is a braggart, with some courage perhaps, but not much capacity. The general conviction is that he is a failure here, and there is a belief and admission on all hands that he has not been seconded and sustained as he should have been by McClellan, Franklin, Fitz John Porter, and perhaps some others. Personal jealousies and professional rivalries, the bane and curse of all armies, have entered deeply into ours.

LINCOLN ACCEPTS FULL RESPONSIBILITY

Stanton said in a suppressed voice, trembling with excitement, he was informed McClellan had been ordered to take command of the forces in Washington. General surprise was expressed. When the President came in and heard the subject matter of our conversation, he said he had done what seemed to him best and would be responsible for what he had done to the country. Halleck had agreed to [the step]. McClellan knows this whole ground, his specialty is to defend. He is a good engineer. All admit there is no better organizer. He can be trusted to act on the defensive, but he is troubled with the "slows," and good for nothing for an onward movement. Much was said. There was a more disturbed and desponding feeling than I have ever witnessed in council. The President was greatly distressed. There was a general conversation as regarded the infirmities of McClellan, but it was claimed, by Blair and the President, [that] he had, beyond any officer, the confidence of the army. Though deficient in the positive qualities which are necessary for an energetic commander, his organizing powers could be made temporarily available till the troops were rallied.

Stanton and Halleck are apprehensive

that Washington is in danger. Am sorry to see this fear, for I do not believe it among remote possibilities. Undoubtedly, after the orders of Pope to fall back, and the discontent and contentions of the generals, there will be serious trouble, but not such as to endanger the capital. The military believe a great and decisive battle is to be fought in front of the city, but I do not anticipate it. It may be that [by] retreating within the intrenchments our own generals and managers have inspired the rebels to be more daring. Perhaps they may venture to cross the upper Potomac and strike at Baltimore, our railroad communication, or both; but they will not venture to come here where we are prepared and fortified with both army and navy to meet them.

[The demoralization of the army under Pope seemed complete. "Unless something can be done," telegraphed the commander on September 2, "to restore tone to this army, it will melt away before you know it."]

McCLELLAN ON MASSACHUSETTS AND
SOUTH CAROLINA

Wednesday, September 3, 1862.

Washington is full of exciting, vague and absurd rumors. There is some cause for it. Our great army comes retreating to the banks of the Potomac, driven back to the entrenchments by rebels.

The army has no head. Halleck is here in the Department a military director, not a general, a man of some scholastic attainments, but without soldierly capacity. McClellan is an intelligent engineer and officer, but not a commander to head a great army in the field. To attack or advance with energy and power is not in him, to fight is not his forte. I sometimes fear his heart is not earnest in the cause, yet I do not entertain the thought that he is unfaithful. The study of military operations interests and amuses him. It flatters him to have on his staff French princes and men of wealth and position; he likes show, parade and power. Wishes

to outgeneral the rebels, but not to kill and destroy them. In a conversation which I had with him in May last, at Cumberland on the Pamunkey, he said he desired, of all things, to capture Charleston, — he would demolish and annihilate the city. He detested, he said, both South Carolina and Massachusetts, and should rejoice to see both states extinguished. Both were and always had been ultra and mischievous, and he could not tell which he hated most. These were the remarks of the General-in-Chief at the head of our armies then in the field, and when as large a proportion of his troops were from Massachusetts as from any state in the Union, while as large a proportion of those opposed, who were fighting the Union, was from South Carolina as from any state. He was leading the men of Massachusetts against the men of South Carolina, yet he, the general, detests them alike.

The slight upon him and the generals associated with him in the selection of Pope was injudicious, impolitic, wrong perhaps, but is no justification for their withholding one tithe of strength in a great emergency, where the lives of their countrymen and the welfare of the country were in danger. The soldiers whom McClellan has commanded are doubtless attached to him. They have been trained to it, and he has kindly cared for them while under him. With partiality for him they have imbibed his prejudices, and some of the officers have, I fear, a spirit more factious and personal than patriotic. I have thought they might have reason to complain at the proper time and place, but not on the field of battle, that a young officer of no high reputation should be brought from a Western department and placed over them. Stanton, in his hate of McClellan, has aggrieved other officers.

The introduction of Pope here, followed by Halleck, is an intrigue of Stanton's and Chase's to get rid of McClellan. A part of this intrigue has been the withdrawal of McClellan and the Army

of the Potomac from before Richmond and turning it into the Army of Washington under Pope.

CHASE'S SELF-ASSURANCE

Chase, who made himself as busy in the management of the army as the Treasury, said to the President one day in my presence, when we were looking over the maps on the table in the War Department, that the whole movement upon Richmond by the York River was wrong, that we should accomplish nothing until the army was recalled and Washington was made the base of operations for an overland march. McClellan had all the troops with him and the capital was exposed to any sudden blow from the rebels.

What would you do? said the President. — "Order McClellan to return and start right," replied Chase, putting his finger on the map, and pointing the course to be taken across the country.

Pope, who was present, said, "If Halleck were here, you would have, Mr. President, a competent adviser who would put this matter right."

The President, without consulting any one, went on a hasty visit to West Point, where he had a brief interview with General Scott and immediately returned. A few days thereafter General Halleck was detached from the Western Department and ordered to Washington, where he was placed in position as General-in-Chief, and McClellan and the Army of the Potomac, on Halleck's recommendation, first proposed by Chase, were recalled from the vicinity of Richmond.

The defeat of Pope and placing McClellan in command of the retreating and disorganized forces after the second disaster at Bull Run interrupted the intrigue which had been planned for the dismissal of McClellan, and was not only a triumph for him but a severe mortification and disappointment for both Stanton and Chase.

Thursday, September 4, 1862.

City full of rumors, and but little truth in any of them.

Wilkes laid before me his plan for organizing the Potomac Flotilla. It is systematic and exhibits capacity.

Something energetic must be done in regard to the suspected privateers which, with the connivance of British authorities, are being sent out to depredate on our commerce. We hear that our new steamer, the *Adirondack*, is wrecked. She had been sent to watch the Bahama Channel. Her loss, the discharge of the *Oreto* by the courts of Nassau, and the arrival of Steamer 290,¹ both piratical British wolves, demand attention, although we have no vessels to spare from the blockade. Must organize a flying squadron as has been suggested and put Wilkes in command. Both the President and Seward request he should go on this service.

THE BICKERINGS OF THE GENERALS

When with the President, this A. M., heard Pope read his statement of what had taken place in Virginia during the last few weeks, — commencing at or before the battle of Cedar Mountain. It was not exactly a bulletin, nor a report, but a manifesto, a narrative, tinged with wounded pride and a keen sense of injustice and wrong. The draft, he said, was rough. It certainly needs modifying before it goes out, or there will be war among the generals, who are now more ready to fight each other than the enemy. No one was present but the President, Pope and myself. I remained by special request of both to hear the report read. Seward came in for a moment, but immediately left. He shuns these controversies and all subjects where he is liable to become personally involved. I have no doubt Stanton and Chase have seen the paper, and Seward through Stanton knows its character.

Pope and I left together and walked to the Departments. He declares all his

¹ The *Alabama*.

misfortunes are owing to the persistent determination of McClellan, Franklin, and Porter, aided by Ricketts, Griffin, and some others who were predetermined he should not be successful. They preferred, he said, that the country should be ruined rather than he should triumph.

Saturday, September 6, 1862.

We have information that the rebels have crossed the Potomac in considerable force, with a view of invading Maryland and pushing on into Pennsylvania. The War Department is bewildered — knows but little, does nothing, proposes nothing.

Our Army is passing north. This evening some twenty or thirty thousand passed my house within three hours. There was design in having them come up from Pennsylvania Avenue to H Street, and pass by McClellan's house, which is at the corner of H and 15th. They cheered the general lustily, instead of passing by the White House and honoring the President.

Found Chase in Secretary's room at the War Department with D. D. Field. No others present. Some talk about naval matters. Field captious, censorious, and uncomfortable. General Pope soon came in but staid only a moment. Was angry and vehement. He and Chase had a brief conversation apart, when he returned to Stanton's room.

When I started to come away Chase followed, and after we came downstairs asked me to walk with him to the President's. As we crossed the lawn, he said, with emotion, everything was going wrong. He feared the country was ruined. McClellan was having everything his own way, as he (Chase) anticipated he would if decisive measures were not promptly taken for his dismissal. It was a reward for perfidy. My refusal to sign the paper he had prepared was fraught with great evil to the country. I replied that I viewed the matter differently. My estimate of McClellan was in some

respects different from his. I agreed he wanted decision, that he hesitated to strike, had also behaved badly in the late trouble, but I did not believe he was unfaithful and destitute of patriotism. But aside from McClellan, and the fact that it would, with the feeling which pervaded the army, have been an impolitic step to dismiss him, the proposed combination in the Cabinet would have been inexcusably wrong to the President. We had seen the view which the President took of the matter and how he felt, at the meeting of the Cabinet on Tuesday.

LINCOLN'S CONVICTION CONCERNING MCCLELLAN

From what I have seen and heard within the last few days, the more highly do I appreciate the President's judgment and sagacity in the stand he made and the course he took. Stanton has carried his dislike or hatred of McC[lellan] to great lengths, and from free intercourse with Chase has enlisted him, and to some extent influenced all of us against that officer, who has failings enough of his own to bear without the addition of Stanton's enmity to his own infirmities. The recall of the army from the vicinity of Richmond I thought wrong and I know it was in opposition to the opinion of some of the best military men in the service. Placing Pope over them roused the indignation of many, but in this Stanton had a purpose to accomplish, and in bringing Pope here first, then, by Pope's assistance and General Scott's advice, bringing Halleck, and concerting measures which followed, he succeeded in breaking down and displacing McClellan but not in dismissing and disgracing him. This the President would not do or permit to be done, though he was more offended with McC[lellan] than he ever was before. In a brief conversation with him as we were walking together on Friday, the President said with much emphasis, "I must have McClellan to reorganize the army and bring it out of chaos; but there has been a

design, a purpose in breaking down Pope, without regard of consequence to the country. It is shocking to see and know this; but there is no remedy at present, — McClellan has the army with him."

My convictions are with the President, that McClellan and his generals are this day stronger than the Administration with a considerable portion of this Army of the Potomac. It is not so elsewhere with the soldiers or in the country, where McClellan has lost favor. The people are disappointed in him, but his leading generals have contrived to strengthen him in the hearts of the soldiers in front of Washington.

Sunday, September 7, 1862.

When taking a walk this Sunday evening with my son E[dgar] we met on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the junction of H Street, what I thought at first sight a squad of cavalry or mounted men, some twenty or thirty in number. I remarked as they approached that they seemed better mounted than usual, but E[dgar] said the cavalcade was General McClellan and his staff. I raised my hand to salute him as they were dashing past, but the general, recognizing us, halted the troop and rode up to me by the sidewalk to shake hands, he said, and bid me farewell. I asked, "Which way?" He said he was proceeding to take command of the onward movement. "Then," I added, "you go up the river." He said yes, he had just started to take charge of the army and of the operations above. "Well," said I, "*onward*, General, is now the word, — the country will expect you to *go forward*." — "That" he answered, "is my intention." — "Success to you, then, General, with all my heart." With a mutual farewell we parted.

Monday, September 8, 1862.

Less sensation and fewer rumors than we have had for several days.

The President called on me to know what we had authentic of the destruction

of the rebel steamer in Savannah River. He expressed himself very decidedly concerning the management or mismanagement of the army. Said, "We had the enemy in the hollow of our hands on Friday if our generals who are vexed with Pope had done their duty. All of our present difficulties and reverses have been brought upon us by these quarrels of the generals." These were, I think, his very words.

Wednesday, September 10, 1862.

There are muttering denunciations on every side, and if McClellan fails to whip the rebels in Maryland, the wrath and indignation against him and the Administration will be great and unrestrained. If he succeeds, there will be instant relief, and a willing disposition to excuse alleged errors which ought to be investigated.

AN ESTIMATE OF HALLECK

General Halleck is nominally General-in-Chief and discharging many of the important functions of the War Department. I have as yet no intimacy with him and have seen but little of him. He has a scholarly intellect and I suppose some military acquirements, but his mind is heavy and irresolute. It appears to me he does not possess originality and has little real military talent. What he has is educational. He came here from the West, the friend of Pope, and is in some degree indebted to Pope for his position.

How far Halleck was assenting to or committed to Stanton's implacable hostility to McClellan, or whether he was aware of its extent before he came here, I cannot say. Shortly after he arrived, I saw that he partook of the views of Stanton and Chase. By direction of the President he visited the army on the James and became a partner to the scheme for the recall of the troops. This recall or withdrawal he pronounced one of the most difficult things to achieve successfully that an accomplished commander could execute. The movement was ef-

fectured successfully, but I did not perceive that the country was indebted to General Halleck in the least for that success. The whole thing at headquarters was slovenly managed. I know that the navy, which was in the James River coöperating with the army, was utterly neglected by Halleck. Stanton, when I made inquiry, said the order to bring back the army was not his, and he was not responsible for that neglect. I first learned of the order recalling the army, not from the General-in-Chief or the War Department, but from Wilkes, who was left upon the upper waters of the James without orders and [with no] coöperating army. When I called on Halleck with Wilkes's letter, he seemed stupid — said there was no further use for the navy, supposed I had been advised by the Secretary of War. When I suggested that it appeared to me important that the naval force should remain with perhaps a small number of troops [to] menace Richmond, he rubbed his elbow first, as if that was the seat of thought, and then his eyes, and said he wished the navy would hold on for a few days to embarrass the rebels, but he had ordered all the troops to return. I questioned then and do now the wisdom of recalling McClellan and the army, — have doubted if H[alleck], unprompted, would himself have done it. It was a specimen of Chase's and Stanton's tactics. They had impressed the President with their ideas that a change of base was necessary. The President had, at the beginning, questioned the movement on Richmond by way of the Peninsula, but Blair had favored it.

Halleck, destitute of originality, bewildered by the conduct of McClellan and his generals, without military resources, could devise nothing and knew not what to advise or do after Pope's discomfiture. He saw that the dissatisfied generals

triumphed in Pope's defeat, that Pope and the faction that Stanton controlled against McClellan were unequal to the task they were expected to perform; and, distrustful of himself, Halleck, without consulting Stanton, assented to the President's suggestion of reinstating McClellan in the entrenchments, to reorganize the shattered forces, and subsequently recommended giving him again the command of the consolidated armies of Washington and the Potomac. The President assured me that this appointment of McClellan to command the united forces and the onward movement was Halleck's doing. He spoke of it in justification of the act. I was sorry he should permit General H[alleck] to select the commander in such a case if against his own judgment. But the same causes which influenced H[alleck] probably had some effect on the President, and, Stanton, disappointed and vexed, beheld his plans miscarry and felt that his resentments were impotent, at least for a time.

PANIC-STRICKEN NEW YORK

Men in New York, men who are sensible in most things, are the most easily terrified and panic-stricken of any community. They are just now alarmed lest an iron-clad steamer may rush in upon them some fine morning while they are asleep, and destroy their city. In their imagination, under the teachings of mischievous persons and papers, they suppose every rebel cruiser is iron-clad, while in fact the rebels have not one iron-clad afloat. It only requires a sensational paragraph in the *Times* to create alarm. The *Times* is controlled by Seward through Thurlow Weed, and used through him by Stanton. Whenever the army is in trouble, and public opinion sets against its management, the *Times* immediately sets up a howl against the navy.

(To be continued.)

THE COMPANY OF THE MARJOLAINE

BY JOHN BUCHAN

Qu'est-ce qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine ?

[This extract from the unpublished papers of the Manorwater family has seemed to the Editor worth printing for its historical interest. The famous Lady Molly Carteron became, as all the world knows, Countess of Manorwater by her second marriage. She was a wit and a friend of wits, and her nephew, the Honorable Charles Hervey-Townshend (afterwards an ambassador at the Hague) addressed to her a series of amusing letters while making, after the fashion of his contemporaries, the Grand Tour of Europe. Three letters in particular, written at various places in the Eastern Alps and dispatched from Venice, contain the following short narrative.]

I

. . . I CAME down from the mountains and into the pleasing valley of the Adige in as pelting a heat as ever mortal suffered under. The way underfoot was parched and white; I had newly come out of a wilderness of white limestone crags, and a sun of Italy blazed blindingly in an azure Italian sky. You are to suppose, my dear Aunt, that I had had enough and something more of my craze for foot-marching. A fortnight ago I had gone to Belluno in a post-chaise, dismissed my fellow to carry my baggage by way of Verona, and with no more than a valise on my back plunged into the fastnesses of those mountains. I had a fancy to see the little sculptured hills which made backgrounds for Giambellin, and there were rumors of great mountains built wholly of marble which shone like the battlements of the Celestial City. So at any rate reported young Mr. Wyndham, who had traveled with me from Milan to Venice. I lay the first night at Pieve where Titian had the fortune to be born, and the landlord at the inn displayed a

set of villainous daubs which he swore were the early works of that master. Thence up a toilsome valley I journeyed to the Ampezzan country, where, indeed, I saw my white mountains, but alas! no longer Celestial. For it rained like Westmoreland for five endless days, while I kicked my heels in an inn and turned a canto of Ariosto into halting English couplets. Bye and bye it cleared, and I headed westward towards Bozen, among the tangle of wild rocks where the Dwarf King had once his rose-garden. The first night I had no inn, but slept in the vile cabin of a forester, who spoke a tongue half Latin, half Dutch, which I failed to master. The next day was a blaze of heat, the mountain path lay thick with dust, and I had no wine from sunrise to sunset. Can you wonder that when at last I saw Santa Chiara sleeping in its green circle of meadows my thought was only of a deep draught and a cool chamber? I protest that I am a great lover of natural beauty, of rock and cascade and all the properties of the poet; but the enthusiasm of M. Rousseau himself would sink from the stars to earth, if he had marched since breakfast in a cloud of dust with a throat like the nether millstone.

Yet I had not entered the place before Romance revived. The little town — a mere wayside halting-place on the great mountain-road to the North — had the air of mystery which foretells adventure. Why is it that a dwelling or a countenance catches the fancy with the promise of some strange destiny? I have houses in my mind which I know will some day and somehow be intertwined oddly with my life; and I have faces in memory, of which I know nothing save that I shall

undoubtedly cast eyes again upon them. My first glimpses of Santa Chiara gave me this earnest of romance. It was walled and fortified, the streets were narrow pits of shade, old tenements with bent fronts swayed to meet each other. Melons lay drying on flat roofs, and yet now and then would come a high-pitched northern gable. Latin and Teuton met and mingled in the place, and, as Mr. Gibbon has taught us, the offspring of this admixture is something fantastic and unpredictable. I forgot my grievous thirst and my tired feet in admiration and a certain vague expectation of wonders. Here, ran my thought, it is fated, perchance, that Romance and I shall at last compass a meeting. Perchance some Princess is in need of my arm, or some affair of high policy

"My servant speaks truly," I said, firmly yet with courtesy, having no mind to spoil adventure by urging rights. "He had orders to take these rooms for me, and I know not what higher power can countermand me."

The woman had been staring at me scornfully, for no doubt in my dusty habit I was a figure of small dignity. But at the sound of my voice she started, and cried out, "You are English, Signore?"

I bowed an admission.

"Then my mistress shall speak with you," she said, and dived into the inn like an elderly rabbit.

Giambattista was for sending for the landlord and making a riot in that hostelry. But I stayed him, and, bidding him fetch me a flask of white wine, three

You will laugh at my folly, but I had an excuse for it. A fortnight in strange mountains disposes a man to look for something at his next encounter with his kind, and the sight of Santa Chiara would have fired the imagination of a Judge in Chancery.

I strode happily into the courtyard of the Tre Croci, and presently had my expectation confirmed. For I found my fellow, Giambattista, — a faithful rogue I got in Rome on a cardinal's recommendation, — hot in dispute with a lady's maid. The woman was old, harsh-featured, no Italian clearly, though she spoke

down peaceably at one of the little tables in the courtyard and prepared for the quenching of my thirst. Presently, as I sat drinking that excellent compound of my own invention, my shoulder was touched and I turned to find the maid and her mistress. Alas for my hopes of a glorious being, young and lissom and bright with the warm riches of the south! I saw a short, stout little lady, well on the wrong side of thirty. She had plump red cheeks, and fair hair dressed indifferently in the Roman fashion. Two candid blue eyes redeemed her plainness, and a certain grave and gentle dignity. She was notably

come over the Brenner, and arrived that morning at the Tre Croci, where they purposed to lie for some days. He was an old man, very feeble, and much depending upon her constant care. Wherefore it was necessary that the rooms of all the party should adjoin, and there was no suite of the size in the inn save that which I had taken. Would I therefore consent to forego my right, and place her under an eternal debt?

I agreed most readily, being at all times careless where I sleep so the bed be clean, or where I eat so the meal be good. I bade my servant see the landlord and have my belongings carried to other rooms. Madame thanked me sweetly and would have gone, when a thought detained her.

"It is but courteous," she said, "that you should know the names of those whom you have befriended. My father is called the Count d'Albani, and I am his only daughter. We travel to Florence where we have a villa in the environs."

"My name," said I, "is Hervey-Townshend, an Englishman traveling abroad for his entertainment."

"Hervey," she repeated. "Are you one of the family of Miladi Hervey?"

"My worthy aunt," I replied, with a tender recollection of that preposterous woman.

Madame turned to Christine and spoke rapidly in a whisper.

"My father, sir," she said, addressing me, "is an old frail man, little used to the company of strangers. But in former days he has had kindness from members of your house, and it would be a satisfaction to him, I think, to have the privilege of your acquaintance."

She spoke with the air of a Vizier who promises a traveler a sight of the Grand Turk. I murmured my gratitude and hastened after Giambattista. In an hour I had bathed, rid myself of my beard, and arrayed myself in decent clothing. Then I strolled out to inspect the little city, admired an altar-piece, chaffered with a Jew for a cameo, purchased some small

necessaries, and returned early in the afternoon with a noble appetite for dinner.

The Tre Croci had been in happier days a bishop's lodging, and possessed a dining-hall ceiled with black oak and adorned with frescoes. It was used as a general *salle-à-manger* for all dwellers in the inn, and there accordingly I sat down to my long-deferred meal. At first there were no other diners, and I had two maids as well as Giambattista to attend on my wants. Presently Madame d'Albani entered, escorted by Christine, and by a tall gaunt serving-man who seemed no part of the hostelry. The landlord followed, bowing civilly, and the two women seated themselves at the little table at the further end. "Il Signor Conte dines in his room," said Madame to the host, who withdrew to see to that gentleman's needs.

I found my eyes straying often to the little party in the cool twilight of that refectory. The man-servant was so old and battered, and yet of such a dignity that he lent a touch of intrigue to the thing. He stood stiffly behind Madame's chair, handing dishes with an air of silent reverence — the lackey of a great noble, if ever I had seen the type. Madame never glanced towards me, but conversed sparingly with Christine, while she pecked delicately at her food. Her name ran in my head with a tantalizing flavor of the familiar. Albani! D'Albani! It was a name not uncommon in the Roman states, but I had never heard it linked to a noble family. And yet I had, somehow, somewhere; and in the vain effort at recollection I had almost forgotten my hunger. There was nothing bourgeois in the little lady. The austere servants, the high manner of condescension, spake of a stock used to deference, though, maybe, pitifully decayed in its fortunes. There was a mystery in these quiet folk, which tickled my curiosity. Romance after all was not destined to fail me at Santa Chiara.

My doings of the afternoon were of interest to myself alone. Suffice it to say that when I returned at nightfall I found

Giambattista the trustee of a letter. It was from Madame, written in a fine thin hand on a delicate paper, and it invited me to wait upon the Signore, her father, that evening at eight o'clock. What caught my eye was a coronet stamped in a corner. A coronet, I say, but in truth it was a crown, the same as surmounts the Arms Royal of England on the signboard of a Court tradesman. I marveled at the ways of foreign heraldry. Either this family of d'Albani had higher pretensions than I had given it credit for, or it employed an unlearned and imaginative stationer. I scribbled a line of acceptance and went to dress.

The hour of eight found me knocking at the Count's door. The grim serving-man admitted me to the pleasant chamber which should have been mine own. A dozen wax candles burned in sconces, and on the table, among fruits and the relics of supper, stood a handsome candelabrum of silver. A small fire of logs had been lit on the hearth, and before it in an arm-chair sat a strange figure of a man. He seemed not so much old as aged. I should have put him at sixty, but the marks he bore were clearly less those of Time than of Life. There sprawled before me the relics of noble looks. The fleshy nose, the pendulous cheek, the drooping mouth, had once been cast in lines of manly beauty. Heavy eyebrows above and heavy bags beneath spoiled the effect of a choleric blue eye, which age had not dimmed. The man was gross and yet haggard; it was not the padding of good living which clothed his bones, but a heaviness as of some dropsical malady. I could picture him in health a gaunt loose-limbed being, high-featured and swift and eager. He was dressed wholly in black velvet, with fresh ruffles and wristbands, and he wore heeled shoes with antique silver buckles. It was a figure of an older age which rose slowly to greet me, in one hand a snuff-box and a purple handkerchief, and in the other a book with finger marking place. He made me a great bow as Madame uttered

my name, and held out a hand with a kindly smile.

"Mr. Hervey-Townshend," he said, "we will speak English if you please. I am fain to hear it again, for 't is a tongue I love. I make you welcome, sir, for your own sake and for the sake of your kin. How is her honorable ladyship, your aunt? A week ago she sent me a letter."

I answered that she did famously, and wondered what cause of correspondence my worthy aunt could have with wandering nobles of Italy.

He motioned me to a chair between Madame and himself, while a servant set a candle on a shelf behind him. Then he proceeded to catechize me in excellent English, with now and then a phrase of French, as to my doings in my own land. Admirably informed this Italian gentleman proved himself. I defy you to find in Almach's more intelligent gossip. He inquired as to the chance of my Lord North and the mind of my Lord Rockingham. He had my Lord Shelburne's foibles at his fingers' ends. The habits of the Prince, the aims of their ladyships of Dorset and Buckingham, the extravagance of this noble Duke and that right honorable gentleman, were not hid from him. I answered discreetly yet frankly, for there was no ill-breeding in his curiosity. Rather it seemed like the inquiries of some fine lady, now buried deep in the country, as to the doings of a forsaken Mayfair. There was humor in it and something of pathos.

"My aunt must be a voluminous correspondent, sir," I said.

He laughed. "I have many friends in England who write to me, but I have seen none of them for long and I doubt I may never see them again. Also in my youth I have been in England." And he sighed as at a sorrowful recollection.

Then he showed the book in his hand. "See," he said, "here is one of your English writings, the greatest book I have ever happened on." It was a volume of Mr. Fielding.

For a little he talked of books and poets.

He admired Mr. Fielding profoundly, Dr. Smollett less so, Mr. Richardson not at all. But he was clear that England had a monopoly of good writers, saving only my friend M. Rousseau, whom he valued, yet with reservations. Of the Italians he had no opinion. I instanced against him the plays of Signor Alfieri. He groaned, shook his head, and grew moody.

"Know you Scotland?" he asked suddenly.

I replied that I had visited Scotch cousins but had no great estimation of the country. "It is too poor and jagged," I said, "for the taste of one who loves color and sunshine and suave outlines."

He sighed. "It is indeed a bleak land, but a kindly. When the sun shines at all he shines on the truest hearts in the world. I love its bleakness too. There is a spirit in the misty hills and the harsh sea-wind which inspires men to great deeds. Poverty and courage go often together, and my Scots, if they are poor, are as untamable as their mountains."

"You know the land, sir?" I asked.

"I have seen it and I have known many Scots. You will find them in Paris and Avignon and Rome, with never a plack in their pockets. I have a feeling for exiles, sir, and I have pitied these poor people. They gave their all for the cause they followed."

Clearly the Count shared my aunt's views of history, those views which have made such sport for us often at Carteron. Stalwart Whig as I am, there was something in the tone of the old gentleman which made me feel a certain majesty in the lost cause.

"I am Whig in blood and Whig in principle," I said, "but I have never denied that those Scots who followed the Chevalier were too good to waste on so trumpery a leader." I had no sooner spoken the words than I felt that somehow I had been guilty of a *bêtise*.

"It may be so," said the Count. "I did not ask you here, sir, to argue on politics, on which I am assured we should differ. But I will ask you one question.

The King of England is a stout upholder of the right of kings. How does he face the defection of his American possessions?"

"The nation takes it well enough, and as for His Majesty's feelings there is small inclination to inquire into them. I conceive of the whole war as a blunder out of which we have come as we deserved. The day is gone by for the assertion of monarchic rights against the will of a people."

"May be. But take note that the King of England is suffering to-day as — how do you call him? — the Chevalier suffered forty years ago. 'The wheel has come full circle,' as your Shakespeare says. Time has wrought his revenge."

He was staring into a fire which burned small and smokily.

"You think the day for kings is ended. I read it differently. The world will ever have need of kings. If a nation cast out one it will have to find another. And mark you, those later kings, created by the people, will bear a harsher hand than the old race who ruled as of right. Some day the world will regret having destroyed the kindly and legitimate line of monarchs and put in their place tyrants who govern by the sword or by flattering an idle mob."

This belated dogma would at other times have set me laughing, but the strange figure before me gave no impulse to merriment. I glanced at Madame and saw her face grave and perplexed, and I thought I read a warning gleam in her eye. There was a mystery about the party which irritated me, but good breeding forbade me to seek a clue.

"You will permit me to retire, sir," I said. "I have but this morning come down from a long march among the mountains east of this valley. Sleeping in wayside huts and tramping those sultry paths make a man think pleasantly of bed."

The Count seemed to brighten at my words. "You are a marcher, sir, and love the mountains? Once I would gladly have joined you, for in my youth I was a great walker in hilly places. Tell me, now, how

many miles will you cover in a day?"

I told him thirty at a stretch.

"Ah," he said, "I have done fifty, without food, over the roughest and mossiest mountains. I lived on what I shot, and for drink I had spring water. Nay, I am forgetting. There was another beverage, which I assume you have never tasted. Heard you ever, sir, of that *eau de vie* which the Scots call *usquebaugh*? It will comfort a traveler as no thin Italian wine will comfort him. By my soul, you shall taste it. Charlotte, my dear, bid Oliphant fetch glasses and hot water and lemons. I will give Mr. Hervey-Townshend a sample of the brew. You English are all *têtes-de-fer*, sir, and are worthy of it."

The old man's face had lighted up, and for the moment his air had the jollity of youth. I would have accepted the entertainment had I not again caught Madame's eye. It said, unmistakably and with serious pleading, "Decline." I, therefore, made my excuses, urged fatigue, drowsiness, and a delicate stomach, bade my host good night, and in deep mystification left the room.

Enlightenment came upon me as the door closed. There on the threshold stood the man-servant whom they called Oliphant, erect as a sentry on guard. The sight reminded me of what I had once seen at Basle when by chance a Rhenish Grand Duke had shared the inn with me. Of a sudden a dozen clues linked together — the crowned note-paper, Scotland, my Aunt Hervey's politics, the tale of old wanderings.

"Tell me," I said in a whisper, "who is the Count d'Albani, your master?" and I whistled softly a bar of "Charlie is my Darling."

"Ay," said the man without relaxing a muscle of his grim face, "it is the King of England — my king and yours."

II

In the small hours of the next morning I was awaked by a most unearthly

sound. It was as if all the cats on all the roofs of Santa Chiara were sharpening their claws and wailing their battle-cries. Presently out of the noise came a kind of music — very slow, solemn, and melancholy. The notes ran up in great flights of ecstasy and sunk anon to the tragic deeps. In spite of my sleepiness I was held spell-bound, and the musician had concluded with certain barbaric grunts before I had the curiosity to rise. It came from somewhere in the gallery of the inn, and as I stuck my head out of my door I had a glimpse of Oliphant, night-cap on head and a great bagpipe below his arm, stalking down the corridor.

The incident, for all the gravity of the music, seemed to give a touch of farce to my interview of the past evening. I had gone to bed with my mind full of sad stories of the deaths of kings. Magnificence in tatters had always affected my pity more deeply than tatters with no such antecedent; and a monarch out at elbows stood for me as the last irony of our mortal life. Here was a king whose misfortunes could find no parallel. He had been in his youth the hero of a high adventure, and his middle age had been spent in fleeing among the courts of Europe, and waiting, a pensioner, on the whims of his foolish but regnant brethren. I had heard tales of a growing sottishness, a decline in spirit, a squalid taste in pleasures. Small blame, I had always thought, to so ill-fated a princeling. And now I had chanced upon the gentleman in his dotage, traveling with a barren effort at mystery, attended by a sad-faced daughter and two ancient domestics. It was a lesson in the vanity of human wishes which the shallowest moralist would have noted. Nay, I felt more than the moral. Something human and kindly in the old fellow had caught my fancy. The decadence was too tragic to prose about, the decadent too human to moralize on. I had left the chamber of the — shall I say *de jure* King of England? — a sentimental adherent of the cause. But this business of the bagpipes touched the comic. To

harry an old valet out of bed and set him droning on pipes in the small hours, smacked of a theatrical taste or at least of an undignified fancy. Kings in exile, if they wish to keep the tragic air, should not indulge in such fantastic serenades.

My mind changed again when after breakfast I fell in with Madame on the stair. She drew aside to let me pass, and then made as if she would speak to me. I gave her good-morning, and, my mind being full of her story, addressed her as "Excellency."

"I see, sir," she said, "that you know the truth. I have to ask your forbearance for the concealment I practiced yesterday. It was a poor requital for your generosity, but it is one of the shifts of our sad fortune. An uncrowned king must go in disguise or risk the laughter of every stable-boy. Besides, we are too poor to travel in state, even if we desired it."

Honestly, I knew not what to say. I was not asked to sympathize, having already revealed my politics, and yet the case cried out for sympathy. You remember, my dear aunt, the good Lady Culham who was our Dorsetshire neighbor and tried hard to mend my ways at Carteron. This poor Duchess — for so she called herself — was just such another. A woman made for comfort, housewifery and motherhood, and by no means for racing about Europe in charge of a disreputable parent. I could picture her settled equably on a garden-seat, with a lap-dog and needlework, blinking happily over green lawns and mildly rating an errant gardener. I could fancy her sitting in a summer parlor very orderly and dainty, writing lengthy epistles to a tribe of nieces. I could see her marshaling a household in the family pew, or riding serenely in the family coach behind fat bay horses. But here, on an inn staircase, with a false name and a sad air of mystery, she was woefully out of place. I noted little wrinkles forming in the corners of her eyes, and the ravages of care beginning in the plumpness of her face.

Be sure there was nothing appealing in her mien. She spoke with the air of a great lady to whom the world is matter only for an afterthought. It was the facts that appealed and grew poignant from her courage.

"There is another claim upon your good nature," she said. "Doubtless you were awakened last night by Oliphant's playing upon the pipes. I rebuked the landlord for his insolence in protesting, but to you, a gentleman and a friend, an explanation is due. My father sleeps ill, and your conversation seems to have cast him into a train of sad memories. It has been his habit on such occasions to have the pipes played to him, since they remind him of friends and happier days. It is a small privilege for an old man, and he does not claim it often."

I declared that the music had only pleased, and that I would welcome its repetition. Whereupon she left me, with a little bow and an invitation to join them that day at dinner, while I departed into the town on my own errands. I returned before midday, and was seated at an arbor in the garden, busy with letters, when there hove in sight the gaunt figure of Oliphant. He hovered around me, if such a figure can be said to hover, with the obvious intention of addressing me. The fellow had caught my fancy and I was willing to see more of him. His face might have been hacked out of gray granite, his clothes hung loosely on his spare bones, and his stockinged shanks would have done no discredit to Don Quixote. There was no dignity in his air, only a steady and enduring sadness. Here, thought I, is the one of the establishment who most commonly meets the shock of the world's buffets. I called him by name and asked him his desires.

It appeared that he took me for a Jacobite, for he began a rigmarole about loyalty and hard fortune. I hastened to correct him, and he took the correction with the same patient despair with which he took all things. 'T was but another of the blows of Fate.

"At any rate," he said in a broad Scotch accent, "ye come of kin that has helpit my maister afore this. I've many times heard tell o' Herveys and Townshends in England, and a' folk said they were on the richt side. Ye're maybe no a freend, but ye're a freend's freend, or I wadna be speirin' at ye."

I was amused at the prologue and waited on the tale. It soon came. Oliphant, it appeared, was the purse-bearer of the household, and woeful straits that poor purse-bearer must have been often put to. I questioned him as to his master's revenues, but could get no clear answer. There were payments due next month in Florence, which would solve the difficulties for the winter, but in the mean time expenditure had beaten income. Traveling had cost much, and the Count must have his small comforts. The result in plain words was that Oliphant had not the wherewithal to frank the company to Florence; indeed I doubted if he could have paid the reckoning in Santa Chiara. A loan was therefore sought from a friend's friend, meaning myself.

I was very really embarrassed. Not that I would not have given willingly, for I had ample resources at the moment and was mightily concerned about the sad household. But I knew that the little Duchess would take Oliphant's ears from his head if she guessed that he had dared to borrow from me, and that if I lent, her back would forever be turned against me. And yet, what would follow on my refusal? In a day or two there would be a pitiful scene with mine host, and, as like as not, some of their baggage retained as security for payment. I did not love the task of conspiring behind the lady's back, but if it could be contrived 't was indubitably the kindest course. I glared sternly at Oliphant, who met me with his pathetic dog-like eyes.

"You know that your mistress would never consent to the request you have made of me."

"I ken," he said humbly. "But payin' is *my* job and I simply havena the

siller. It's no the first time it has happened, and it's a sair trial for them both to be flung out o' doors by a foreign hostler because they canna meet his charges. But sir, if ye can lend to me, ye may be certain that her leddyship will never hear a word o't. Puir thing, she takes nae thocht o' where the siller comes frae, any mair than the lilies o' the field."

I became a conspirator. "You swear, Oliphant, by all you hold sacred, to breathe nothing of this to your mistress, and if she should suspect, to lie like a privy councilor."

A flicker of a smile crossed his face. "I'll lee like a Scotch packman and the Father o' lees could do nae mair. Ye need have no fear for your siller, sir. I've aye repaid when I borrowed, though ye may have to wait a bittock." And the strange fellow strolled off.

At dinner no Duchess appeared till long after the appointed hour, nor was there any sign of Oliphant. When she came at last with Christine, her eyes looked as if she had been crying, and she greeted me with remote courtesy. My first thought was that Oliphant had revealed the matter of the loan, but presently I found that the lady's trouble was far different. Her father, it seemed, was ill again with his old complaint. What that was I did not ask, nor did the Duchess reveal it.

We spoke in French, for I had discovered that this was her favorite speech. There was no Oliphant to wait on us, and the inn servants were always about, so it was well to have a tongue they did not comprehend. The lady was distracted and sad. When I inquired feelingly as to the general condition of her father's health she parried the question, and when I offered my services she disregarded my words. It was in truth a doleful meal, while the faded Christine sat like a sphinx staring into vacancy. I spoke of England and of her friends, of Paris and Versailles, of Avignon where she had spent some years, and of the amenities of Florence which she considered her home.

But 't was like talking to a nunnery door. I got nothing but "It is indeed true, sir," or "Do you say so, sir?" till my energy began to sink. Madame perceived my discomfort and, as she rose, murmured an apology. "Pray forgive my distraction, but I am poor company when my father is ill. I have a foolish mind, easily frightened. Nay, nay!" she went on when I again offered help, "the illness is trifling. It will pass off by to-morrow, or at the latest the next day. Only I had looked forward to some ease at Santa Chiara, and the promise is belied."

As it chanced that evening, returning to the inn, I passed by the north side, where the windows of the Count's rooms looked over a little flower-garden abutting on the courtyard. The dusk was falling, and a lamp had been lit which gave a glimpse into the interior. The sick man was standing by the window, his figure flung into relief by the lamplight. If he was sick, his sickness was of a curious type. His face was ruddy, his eye wild, and, his wig being off, his scanty hair stood up oddly round his head. He seemed to be singing, but I could not catch the sound through the shut casement. Another figure in the room, probably Oliphant, laid a hand on the Count's shoulder, drew him from the window, and closed the shutter.

It needed only the recollection of stories which were the property of all Europe to reach a conclusion on the gentleman's illness. The legitimate King of England was very drunk.

As I went to my room that night I passed the Count's door. There stood Oliphant as sentry, more grim and haggard than ever, and I thought that his eye met mine with a certain intelligence. From inside the room came a great racket. There was the sound of glasses falling; then a string of oaths, English, French, and for all I know, Irish, rapped out in a loud drunken voice. A pause, and then came the sound of maudlin singing. It pursued me along the gallery, an old

childish song, delivered as if 't were a pot-house catch:—

"Qu'est-ce qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine."

One of the late-going company of the Marjolaine hastened to bed. This king in exile with his melancholy daughter was becoming too much for him.

III

It was just before noon next day that the travelers arrived. I was sitting in the shady loggia of the inn, reading a volume of De Thou, when there drove up to the door two coaches. Out of the first descended very slowly and stiffly four gentlemen; out of the second four servants and a quantity of baggage. As it chanced, there was no one about; the courtyard slept its sunny noontide sleep, and the only movement was of a lizard on the wall and a buzz of flies by the fountain. Seeing no sign of the landlord, one of the travelers approached me with a grave inclination.

"This is the inn called the Tre Croci, sir?" he asked.

I said it was, and shouted on my own account for the host. Presently that personage arrived, with a red face and a short wind, having ascended rapidly from his own cellar. He was awed by the dignity of the travelers, and made none of his usual protests of incapacity. The servants filed off solemnly with the baggage, and the four gentlemen sat themselves down beside me in the loggia and ordered each a modest flask of wine.

At first I took them for our countrymen, but as I watched them the conviction vanished. All four were tall and lean beyond the average of mankind. They wore suits of black, with antique starched frills to their shirts; their hair was their own, and unpowdered. Massive buckles of an ancient pattern adorned their square-toed shoes, and the canes they carried were like the yards of a small vessel. They were four merchants, I had guessed, of Scotland maybe, or of New-

castle, but their voices were not Scotch, and their air had no touch of commerce. Take the heavy-browed preoccupation of a Secretary of State; add the dignity of a bishop, the sunburn of a fox-hunter, and something of the disciplined erectness of a soldier; and you may perceive the manner of these four gentlemen. By the side of them my assurance vanished. Compared with their Olympian serenity, my person seemed fussy and servile. Even so, I mused, must Mr. Franklin have looked when baited in Parliament by the Tory pack. The reflection gave me the clue. Presently I caught from their conversation the word "Washington," and the truth flashed upon me. I was in the presence of four of Mr. Franklin's countrymen. Having never seen an American in the flesh, I rejoiced at the chance of enlarging my acquaintance.

They brought me into the circle by a polite question as to the length of road to Verona. Soon introductions followed. My name intrigued them, and they were eager to learn of my kinship to Uncle Charles. The eldest of the four, it appeared, was Mr. Galloway out of Maryland. Then came two brothers, Sylvester by name, of Pennsylvania; and last Mr. Fish, a lawyer of New York. All four had campaigned in the late war, and all four were members of the Convention, or whatever they call their rough-and-ready Parliament. They were modest in their behavior, much disinclined to speak of their past, as great men might be whose reputation was world-wide. Somehow the names stuck in my memory. I was certain that I had heard them linked with some stalwart fight or some moving civil deed or some defiant manifesto. The making of history was in their steadfast eyes and the grave lines of the mouth. Our friendship flourished mightily in a brief hour, and brought me the invitation, willingly accepted, to sit with them at dinner.

There was no sign of the Duchess or Christine or Oliphant. Whatever had happened, that household to-day re-

quired all hands on deck, and I was left alone with the Americans. In my day I have supped with the Macaronies, I have held up my head at the Cocoa-Tree, I have avoided the floor at Hunt dinners, I have drunk glass to glass with Tom Carteron. But never before have I seen such noble consumers of good liquor as those four gentlemen from beyond the Atlantic. They drank the strong red Cyprus as if it had been spring water. "The dust of your Italian roads takes some cleansing, Mr. Townshend," was their only excuse, but in truth none was needed. The wine served only to thaw their iron decorum. Without any surcease of dignity they grew communicative and passed from lands to peoples and from peoples to constitutions. Before we knew it we were embarked upon high politics.

Naturally we did not differ on the war. Like me they held it to have been a grievous necessity. They had no bitterness against England, only regrets for her blunders. Of His Majesty they spoke with respect, of His Majesty's advisers with dignified condemnation. They thought highly of our troops in America, less highly of our generals.

"Look you, sir," said Mr. Galloway, "in a war such as we have witnessed the Almighty is the only strategist. You fight against the forces of Nature, and a newcomer little knows that the success or failure of every operation he can conceive depends not upon generalship but upon the conformation of a vast country. Our generals, with this in mind and with fewer men, could make all your schemes miscarry. Had the English soldiery not been of such stubborn stuff we should have been victors from the first. Our leader was not General Washington but General America, and his brigadiers were forests, swamps, lakes, rivers, and high mountains."

"And now," I said, "having won, you have the greatest of human experiments before you. Your business is to show that the Saxon stock is adaptable to a republic."

It seemed to me that they exchanged glances.

"We are not pedants," said Mr. Fish, "and have no desire to dispute about the form of a constitution. A people may be as free under a king as under a senate. Liberty is not the lackey of any type of government."

These were strange words from a member of a race which I had thought wedded to the republicanism of Helvidius Priscus.

"As a loyal subject of a monarchy," I said, "I must agree with you. But your hands are tied, for I cannot picture the establishment of a House of Washington, and — if not, where are you to turn for your sovereign?"

Again a smile seemed to pass among the four.

"We are experimenters, as you say, sir, and must go slowly. In the mean time we have an authority which keeps peace and property safe. We are at leisure to cast our eyes around and meditate on the future."

"Then, gentlemen," said I, "you take an excellent way of meditation in visiting this museum of old sovereignties. Here you have the relics of any government you please — a dozen republics, tyrannies, theocracies, merchant confederations, kingdoms, and more than one empire. You have your choice. I am tolerably familiar with the land, and if I can assist you I am at your service."

They thanked me gravely. "We have letters," said Mr. Galloway. "One in especial is to a gentleman whom we hope to meet in this place. Have you heard in your travels of the Count of Albany?"

"He has arrived," said I, "two days ago. Even now he is in the chamber above us at dinner."

The news interested them hugely.

"You have seen him?" they cried. "What is he like?"

"An elderly gentleman in poor health, a man who has traveled much and, I judge, has suffered something from fortune. He has a fondness for the English,

so you will be welcome, sir; but he was indisposed yesterday and may still be unable to receive you. His daughter travels with him and tends his old age."

"And you — you have spoken with him?"

"The night before last I was in his company. We talked of many things, including the late war. He is somewhat of your opinion on matters of government."

The four looked at each other and then Mr. Galloway rose.

"I ask your permission, Mr. Townshend, to consult for a moment with my friends. The matter is of some importance, and I would beg you to await us."

So saying, he led the others out of doors and I heard them withdraw to a corner of the loggia. Now, thought I, there is something afoot, and my long-sought romance approaches fruition. The Company of the Marjolaine, whom the Count sang of, have arrived at last.

Presently they returned and seated themselves at the table.

"You can be of great assistance to us, Mr. Townshend, and we would fain take you into our confidence. Are you aware who is this Count of Albany?"

I nodded. "It is a thin disguise to one familiar with history."

"Have you reached any estimate of his character or capabilities? You speak to friends, and let me tell you it is a matter which deeply concerns the Count's interests."

"I think him a kindly and pathetic old gentleman. He naturally bears the mark of forty years' sojourn in the wilderness."

Mr. Galloway took snuff.

"We have business with him, but it is business which stands in need of an agent. There is no one in the Count's suite with whom we can discuss affairs?"

"There is his daughter."

"Ah, but she would scarcely suit the case. Is there no man, a friend and yet not a member of the family, who can treat with us?"

I replied that I thought I was the only

being in Santa Chiara who answered the description.

"If you will accept the task, Mr. Townshend, you are amply qualified. We will be frank with you and reveal our business. We are on no less an errand than to offer the Count of Albany a crown."

I suppose I must have had some suspicion of their purpose, and yet the revelation of it fell on me like a thunderclap. I could only stare owlishly at my four grave gentlemen.

Mr. Galloway went on unperturbed. "I have told you that in America we are not yet republicans. There are those among us who favor a republic, but they are by no means a majority. We have got rid of a king who misgoverned us, but we have no wish to get rid of kingship. We want a king of our own choosing, and we would get with him all the ancient sanctions of monarchy. The Count of Albany is of the most illustrious royal stock in Europe; he is, if legitimacy goes for anything, the rightful king of Britain. Now, if the republican party among us is to be worsted, we must come before the nation with a powerful candidate for their favor. You perceive my drift? What more potent appeal to American pride than to say, 'We have got rid of King George; we choose of our own free will the older line and King Charles'?"

I said foolishly that I thought monarchy had had its day and that 't was idle to revive it.

"That is a sentiment well enough under a monarchical government, but we, with a clean page to write upon, do not share it. You know your ancient historians. Has not the repository of the chief power always been the rock on which republicanism has shipwrecked? If that power is given to the chief citizen, the way is prepared for the tyrant. If it abides peacefully in a royal house it abides with ciphers who dignify without obstructing a popular constitution. Do not mistake me, Mr. Townshend. This is no whim of a sentimental girl, but the reasoned con-

clusion of the men who achieved our liberty. There is every reason to believe that General Washington shares our views, and Mr. Hamilton, whose name you may know, is the inspirer of our mission."

"But the Count is an old man," I urged, for I knew not where to begin in my exposition of the hopelessness of their errand.

"By so much the better. We do not wish a young king, who may be fractious. An old man tempered by misfortune is what our purpose demands."

"He has also his failings. A man cannot lead his life for forty years and retain all the virtues."

At that one of the Sylvesters spoke sharply. "I have heard such gossip but I do not credit it. I have not forgotten Culloden and Derby."

I made my last objection. "He has no posterity — legitimate posterity — to carry on his line."

The four gentlemen smiled. "That happens to be his chiefest recommendation," said Mr. Galloway. "It enables us to take the House of Stuart on trial. We need a breathing space and leisure to look around; but unless we establish the principle of monarchy at once, the republicans will forestall us. Let us get our king at all costs, and during the remaining years of his life we shall have time to settle the succession problem. We have no wish to saddle ourselves for good with a race who might prove burdensome. If King Charles fails, he has no son, and we can look elsewhere for a better monarch. You perceive the reason of my view?"

I did, and I also perceived the colossal absurdity of the whole business. But I could not convince them of it, for they met my objections with excellent arguments. Nothing save a sight of the Count would, I feared, disillusion them.

"You wish me to make this proposal on your behalf?" I asked.

"We shall make the proposal ourselves, but we desire you to prepare the way for us. He is an elderly man and should first be informed of our purpose."

"There is one person whom I beg leave to consult—the Duchess his daughter. It may be that the present is an ill moment for approaching the Count, and the affair requires her sanction."

They agreed, and with a very perplexed mind I went forth to seek the lady. The irony of the thing was too cruel, and my heart ached for her. In the gallery I found Oliphant packing some very shabby trunks, and when I questioned him he told me that the family were to leave Santa Chiara on the morrow. Perchance the Duchess had awakened to the true state of their exchequer, or perchance she thought it well to get her father on the road again as a cure for his ailment.

I discovered Christine and begged for an interview with her mistress on an urgent matter. She led me to the Duchess's room, and there the evidence of poverty greeted me openly. All the little luxuries of the ménage had gone to the Count. The poor lady's room was no better than a servant's garret, and the lady herself sat stitching a rent in a traveling-cloak. She rose to greet me with alarm in her eyes.

As briefly as I could I set out the facts of my amazing mission. At first she seemed scarcely to hear me. "What do they want with him?" she asked. "He can give them nothing. He is no friend to the Americans or to any people who have deposed their sovereign." Then, as she grasped my meaning, her face flushed.

"It is a heartless trick, Mr. Townshend. I would fain think you no party to it."

"Believe me, dear Madame, it is no trick. The men below are in sober earnest. You have but to see their faces to know that theirs is no wild adventure. I believe sincerely that they have the power to implement their promise."

"But it is madness. He is old and worn and sick. His day is long past for winning a crown."

"All this I have said, but it does not move them." And I told her rapidly Mr. Galloway's argument.

She fell into a muse. "At the eleventh hour! Nay, too late, too late! Had he been twenty years younger, what a stroke of fortune! Fate bears too hard on us, too hard!"

Then she turned to me fiercely. "You have no doubt heard, sir, the gossip about my father which is on the lips of every fool in Europe. Let us have done with this pitiful make-believe. My father is a sot. Nay, I do not blame him. I blame his enemies and his miserable destiny. But there is the fact. Were he not old, he would still be unfit to grasp a crown and rule over a turbulent people. He flees from one city to another, but he cannot flee from himself. That is his illness on which you condoled with me yesterday."

The lady's control was at breaking point. Another moment, and I expected a torrent of tears. But they did not come. With a great effort she regained her composure.

"Well, the gentlemen must have an answer. You will tell them that the Count my father—nay, give him his true title if you care—is vastly obliged to them for the honor they have done him, but would decline on account of his age and infirmities. You know how to phrase a decent refusal."

"Pardon me," said I, "but I might give them that answer till Doomsday and never content them. They have not traveled many thousand miles to be put off by hearsay evidence. Nothing will satisfy them but an interview with your father himself."

"It is impossible," she said sharply.

"Then we must expect the renewed attentions of our American friends. They will wait till they see him."

She rose and paced the room.

"They must go," she repeated many times. "If they see him sober he will accept with joy, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the world. I tell you it cannot be. I alone know how immense is the impossibility. He cannot afford to lose the last rags of his dignity, the last dregs

of his ease. They must not see him. I will speak with them myself."

"They will be honored, Madame, but I do not think they will be convinced. They are what we call in my land, 'men of business.' They will not be content till they get the Count's reply from his own lips."

A new Duchess seemed to have arisen, a woman of quick action and sharp words.

"So be it. They shall see him. Oh, I am sick to death of fine sentiments and high loyalty and all the vamping stuff I have lived among for years. All I ask for myself and my father is a little peace, and by Heaven! I shall secure it. If nothing will kill yon gentlemen's folly but truth, why truth they shall have. They shall see my father, and this very minute. Bring them up, Mr. Townshend, and usher them into the presence of the rightful King of England. You will find him alone." She stopped her walk and looked out of the window.

I went back in a hurry to the Americans.

"I am bidden to bring you to the Count's chamber. He is alone and will see you. These are the commands of Madame his daughter."

"Good!" said Mr. Galloway, and all four, grave gentlemen as they were, seemed to brace themselves to a special dignity as befitted Ambassadors to a King. I led them upstairs, tapped at the Count's door, and, getting no answer, opened it and admitted them.

And this was what we saw. The furniture was in disorder, and on a couch lay an old man sleeping a heavy drunken sleep. His mouth was open and the breath came stertorously. The face was purple, and large purple veins stood out on the mottled forehead. His scanty white hair was dragged over his cheek. On the floor was a broken glass, wet stains still lay on the boards, and the place reeked of spirits.

The four looked for a second — I do not think longer — at him whom they would have made their king. They did not look at each other. With one accord they moved out, and Mr. Fish, who was last, closed the door very gently behind him.

In the hall below, Mr. Galloway turned to me. "Our mission is ended, Mr. Townshend. I have to thank you for your courtesy." Then, to the others, "If we order the coaches now, we may get well on the way to Verona ere sundown."

An hour later two coaches rolled out of the courtyard of the Tre Croci. As they passed, a window was half-opened on the upper floor, and a head looked out. A line of a song came down, a song sung in a strange quavering voice. It was the catch I had heard the night before:—

Qu'est-ce qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine-e ?

It was true. The Company came late indeed — too late by forty years.

THE BEATEN TRACK

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

MOST of the eminent American men of letters who went to Europe during the last century, and kept journals, and afterwards made books of them, seem to have landed at Liverpool. From Liverpool they found it most natural to go to Chester; from Chester, to Stratford-on-Avon; and thence to Oxford. Most conscientious Americans who nowadays land at Liverpool doubtless follow the same course; and hardly less keen than their interest in those distinguished places themselves is their delight at finding themselves following in the footsteps of Irving, of Emerson, of Hawthorne.

There are, however, who for that very reason would choose a different route for their first *promenade en Angleterre*. Such will usually, I suppose, make straight for London, and a tailor's shop in Bond Street. Having there, as they imagine, sufficiently Anglicized their outsides to escape detection, they will ignore, so long as they can, such companionship of their fellow countrymen as they will nevertheless find themselves favored with, wherever they may go.

The impulse is not, I believe, distinctively American. Mr. Frederic Harrison remarked not long ago that Englishmen of the upper classes, when they visit Switzerland, deny themselves much of the finest Alpine scenery because it is also the best known — and accessible to trippers on bank holidays. We will all agree, however, that such snobbery in routes and resorts is indistinguishable from mere snobbery of persons, and therefore unworthy. We might even use stronger words, and call it ridiculous, contemptible; but perhaps we recall that we ourselves, our first time over, were not entirely without our apprehensions concerning that American vulgarity which,

we had been given to understand, was so much worse abroad than at home. Perhaps we should have to confess that we also coveted the sense of being foreign, as well as abroad, and actually, for a little while, felt that thrill. Perhaps we too — we may as well make a clean breast of it, now we have begun — made first for London and Bond Street. Perhaps, that first time over, we did not go at all to Chester or Stratford or Warwick.

And perhaps, therefore, we should prefer to compromise by admitting the impulse foolish, as well as vain. That it was vain we may have discovered the first time. But that it was foolish also we may not have learned until, our second or third time, we have felt ourselves such old travelers as to go wherever we liked, even though it should be with the crowd; until we have gone at last to Chester, and walked the circuit of its wall, and found how incomparably well it serves for portal and prologue to all that England keeps of the mediæval and the ancient; and thence to Warwick, for a yet simpler and fuller abandonment to the wonder and awe and pity of our race's past; and thence to Stratford — by this time with Hawthorne or Emerson in pocket, and turned very pilgrims, and grown decently respectful to the most obviously American of our fellow pilgrims, provided only they have seemed in moods like ours; and so on to Oxford and London.

And in London, thus achieved, Regent and Bond may no longer seem the chief thoroughfares; one may give over one's keenness for discovering unsuspected masters at Burlington House or among the dealers, and betake one's self frankly, catalogue in hand, to the undisputed masters at the National Gallery; one may even lose one's shyness of the Abbey. The

Abbey, indeed, shall be the test. It is not enough to look in, as by chance, and decide to stay for the impending service, and thus, surreptitiously, in some backward pew, bow one's ear to the music that wavers out from the choir, and submit one's soul to all the place's vast inspiration. No; if one would attest a real change of heart, one must, after the service, make again the circuit of the whole; pause by each tablet or bust or statue inscribed with a name one knows, and recall what one can of the famous life it commemorates; join the throng about the verger, and hang upon his lips while he passes from one to another of the royal tombs, and tells the height of Longshanks, and points upward to the buckler and helmet of Harry the Fifth; then go seek a bookshop, and spend the evening over Shakespeare, or Macaulay's essays. For of all the English writers these two, I think, bring one oftenest to the Abbey. The next morning, one will be ready for the Temple, Holland House, St. Paul's, — even the Tower.

Not, however, that Bond and Regent, or Piccadilly, or Mayfair, shall cease to charm. They have not failed, for that matter, to attract those other indistinguished-looking, those rather washed-out and tired-looking Americans, from whose directness of search one finds one's self so surprisingly taking a lesson. To them, too, London is not merely a place of reverences, but the great Babylon also, — unless, indeed, they have decided Paris will be that, — and they have no mind to miss what glimpses are to be caught of its solemn worldliness, its unapproachable good form. They would as soon fail to go to The Cheshire Cheese and sit in Dr. Johnson's seat. They may have neglected their Henry James since *Daisy Miller* and their Meredith since *Fevelev*, and not know Leonard Merrick at all. But they have not yet even begun properly to neglect their Mrs. Humphry Ward; and their Dickens and Thackeray are amazingly fresh. And come to think of it, it is Dickens and Thackeray of whom

these London faces and garbs and streets and houses and names first put one in mind; and not the first time one sees them only, but every time one sees them first after a long absence. As one's candor grows, *Dombey* and *Our Mutual Friend* will very likely take their places in one's traveling library of books one has read more than once before.

Esmond and *The Virginians* are for the country, rather, or for the steamer coming over, or, better still, for the train, between one's first luxurious glimpses, through the car-windows, of English fields and hedges and villages and the green Welsh mountains in the distance. For who of us can ever possibly come to England, whichever time it may be, were it the fortieth, in any mood but that of eager-hearted young Harry Warrington and George, his graver brother, a century and a half ago? Whatever the castle we go to view, is it not always in truth that old Castlewood, in Hampshire, which we seek?

I confess that, for my own part, I cannot approach the lodge of any great English country place without thought of old Lockwood, whom Harry found sitting in the sun before the lodge at Castlewood; or look out over the garden without thought of Harry himself, coming the next morning to meet the old Baroness Bernstein, — her who proved to be all that was left of Beatrix in her glory, — who awaited him, "pacing the green terraces that sparkled with the recent morning dew, which lay twinkling, also, on a flowery wilderness of trim parterres, and on the crisp walls of the dark box hedges, under which marble fauns and dryads were cooling themselves, whilst a thousand birds sang, the fountains plashed and glittered in the rosy morning sunshine, and the rooks cawed from the great wood. . . . And now, accordingly, the lad made his appearance, passing under the old Gothic doorway, tripping down the steps from one garden terrace to another, hat in hand, his fair hair blowing from his flushed cheeks,

his slim figure clad in mourning." And if I glance into the courtyard, it is to see what, more than half a century before that, young Harry Esmond had seen in the courtyard of that same Castlewood. "There was in the court a peculiar silence somehow: — the sky bright overhead; the buttresses of the building and the sun-dial casting shadows over the gilt *memento mori* inscribed underneath; the two dogs, a black greyhound and a spaniel nearly white, the one with his face up to the sun, and the other snuffling amongst the grass and stones, and my lord leaning over the fountain, which was bubbling audibly." My lord, who should go away on the morrow to London, to pick a quarrel with that evil Lord Mohun, — a quarrel over the cards, but about my lady, — and be done to death at midnight, in Leicester Field!

Following the crowd would seem to have brought us into rather fine company! That, no doubt, is usually the crowd's instinct — and an instinct that is gratified easily enough when the company is dead, and entombed in the Abbey, or brought to life again in well-known novels and histories. Not an unerring instinct, however; the unexclusive sight-seer does not always choose his guides wisely. He may prefer Bulwer or Mrs. Ward to Sir Walter or Thackeray. We cannot, after all, accompany him without reserves. Nor can even this present humility persuade us that there will not be times when we will none of his companionship. If he prove such an one as at Florence, on the Ponte Vecchio, the sunset almost gone and the first lights twinkling in the tall, crowding rookeries that once were palaces, must break silence with an inane "Historic old city, sir!" we should again, undoubtedly, rebuff him with some muttered unfriendliness. Although, if we would not forego the very chiefest delights of travel, we must follow the beaten track, we would yet reserve some right of choice of companionships; at any rate, the right to be sometimes alone.

To be alone in the beaten track: in the

track of empire, of conquests and worldly glory; of the few who have led, the multitude which has followed, in all manner of enterprise and achievement; of armies and priestly processions; of kings and saints and warriors and poets and the quite silent millions that won no fame; to feel one's self alone in the wide pathway which the human spirit has blazed through the centuries — this may well be the highest experience which travel in older lands can yield. Not a cheerful experience always, or usually; oftener solemn, and sometimes daunting; but if known once, sure to be sought again.

London's vastness yields it still. At midday, in the city, in the shadow of St. Paul's, close by the spot where Milton was born and the site of that Mermaid Tavern which knew Shakespeare, where countless narrow streets and mews, strangely denizenized, pour out their teeming life into the great thoroughfares, already full, and roaring with the dull roar of London, one feels one's self in the centre of what for ages has been the chief highway of the trade of all the nations, one listens to the sordid heart-throbs of the world. The Strand at midnight is almost equally a world's highway of garish pleasures and coarse appetites — coarser, surely, in this English Babylon than in any other capital. But the stiller hours are best.

Should the chance ever come to you, pass at dawn — the gloomy dawn of a true London day — down Whitehall, between the gray, stately-solemn rows of government buildings, to Westminster bridge; look up at the pigeons circling in the first light around the giant watch-tower, and revealing its cliff-like height; watch first the Abbey and then, closer at hand, the statues of England's statesmen in Parliament Square, emerging from the night-mist; the streets slowly revealing themselves, and stretching away like damp, gloomy cañons; the advance guard of the day's traffic rumbling sullenly over the bridge; the heavy, unuplifted faces of the many who, at that drear hour,

must take up the day's long toil, — the dogged race whose labors, sodden and serious, yet inspired for centuries with the strange instinct and grim resolve of empire, have piled up all this sombre, dim magnificence, — and you will have such a vision of the true might and glory of the English race as you shall never win from any wandering in by-paths.

Here is that slow result of time of which our America does not yet yield us the sense. In presence of it all, we understand better our own pioneer office in this present world. We comprehend, not without awe and trembling, the endlessness of that old human procession which we have ushered across a new continent, to repeat there, and in Pacific seas, the old struggles, the old heroisms, brutalities, glories, agonies. We begin to see plainly that our own immunity from the fiercer strifes, the grimmer and more sordid rivalries, that the laxness among us of the cruel law of all the earth, is but for a little while. The fresh path we have blazed must become, — that also, — and at no distant day, a beaten track.

Once in this train, the mind roves backward as well as forward — from the beaten tracks of to-day and to-morrow to those of yesterday, in which men walk no longer; to the abandoned highways of the world's trade and warfare and art and religion. England, we all know, has grown so great by becoming the chief mart of all the world; and this she could do only by getting the mastery of the sea and by the continuing superiority of her seamen, and by the excellence of her workers, helped by her climate and resources, in many manufactures. But it is not many centuries since she had neither of these two supremacies. Florence was long rich with the profits she earned by turning the coarse products of English looms into fine woollens and broadcloths. The cloth-makers of the Low Countries also excelled England's until, late in the sixteenth century, Spanish persecution drove the Flemish weavers across the channel. The sea was Spain's,

and the new world with it, until a fatal bigotry committed all to the Armada, and the Armada to unfamiliar Northern seas. London is London because the glory is departed from Florence, Antwerp, Cadiz, — and from Venice, once the greatest and most splendid of them all, because supreme both in sea-craft and in handicrafts.

There, indeed, is our best modern instance of the waywardness of what Lord Morley once called "the tides of human circumstance." Who would measure that waywardness has but to pass from the roar of Cheapside to the petty chattering of the Rialto; from Westminster to the silent court of the matchless palace where doges dwell no longer; from Thames Mouth, crowded with shipping, to the empty lagoons that once harbored the commerce of Europe and Asia. The British Mediterranean squadron sometimes visits Venice, anchoring off the Lido. It was an unforgettable lesson in the irony of the fate of nations to look out, as I did one afternoon, from that narrow strand, once a camping ground of crusaders, now degraded into a sort of Coney Island, upon those gray reminders of Northern power, lying there sinister and silent, rolling gently in the soft Adriatic surges, — then turn about and behold, bathed in sunset glories Turner has not caught, the city of pearl: her whose galleys, holding the Eastern gates of the Mediterranean, were for centuries the defense of Christendom against the Turk.

That is the lesson and monition of all Europe; and a lesson Europe itself knows only too well. England, for all her wealth and power and world-wide extension, is so mindful of it that the seeming menace of Germany's growing navy and expanding trade obsesses Parliament and the press. The greater the poverty and overcrowding among her own people, the more battleships she builds. Never in history, in fact, have the powers watched each other with more hawklike eyes. The mightiest are the most fearful. Greece revived into a pale aftermath of her

ancient glory, Germany and Italy reunited, have not for a moment blinded them to the everlasting law of growth, mutability, decay. Their continent, unlike ours, is strewn with mementos of it. Their seas warn us solemnly. How many times has not the Mediterranean changed mistresses? Since Rome fell, at least once every three or four centuries. And before Rome it was the same, back to the day when Matthew Arnold's grave Tyrian trader

Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a Southward-facing brow
Among the Ægean isles:
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian
wine,
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in
brine:
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,
The young, light-hearted masters of the
waves.

Lands and seas, cities and wastes, — all is in this sense alike. All has been many times won and lost, and everywhere is the consciousness that what has been won and lost so often may be won or lost again. What now flourishes may be desolated; what is now desolate has flourished, and may flourish again. Gradually an American perceives that the entire continent is still battlefield as well as graveyard. The ways are all highways; the by-paths also are beaten tracks.

That sense of it all makes us prize our own national exemptions more highly. It tends to make of us chauvinists — or members of peace societies.

And this is what we feel also in a more individual way: not for our country only, but for ourselves. The comparative immunity of America from the acuter sort of international rivalries is no greater, and no more precious, than the comparative immunity of Americans from that more heart-breaking rivalry of man with man, merchant with merchant, worker with worker, artist with artist, beggar with beggar, drab with drab, pimp with pimp, which Europe endlessly displays.

That way, it is the older world which shows savagely democratic, coarsely unreserved, nakedly human. The struggle and competition is universal, ceaseless. Every advantage of birth, station, talents, possessions, is seized ruthlessly, wielded remorselessly. The overcrowded earth, yielding not enough for all, is contested and trampled over as in the silent rage of beasts. Men barter frankly what we have not yet come to treat as objects of possession. The least service must be paid for; the gracefulest and noblest-seeming may be meant for pay. Whatever can possibly have value is accurately valued. Hopes and expectations cannot be, as with us, general and vague; they must have their entirely reasoned sources and directions. None expect the unexpected. No lesson of human experience is neglected. Aspiration and generosity are as calculating as avarice and hunger. Art is as clear-eyed as trade. It is as if all took the beaten track. Life is accepted on its own universal, its own hard and final terms.

And yet — there *is* aspiration and generosity; there is love and sacrifice; there is achievement, and on the noblest lines; there are keen delights. Beauty is not merely possessed as an heirloom, finished and unalterable, but cultivated as a vital principle. It is we, they declare, who are sordid, uninspired, incapable of joyousness. Their acceptance is not despair; it is even, on the whole, something better than resignation.

That is the heartening; not enough, perhaps, to countervail the chill which Europe sheds upon our inexperience, but enough, unless our own spirit is weak, to keep us firm against its daunting. Although walking in the beaten track teach us to go more cautiously, more slowly, it need not subdue us into any slinking gait — surely not into any cowering pause. Although the seeming-boundless range of our opportunity will narrow swiftly, there is yet time to win from it a kind of freedom and symmetry, now unattainable by those pent-up, close-grappled

millions, which we may keep. We must part from our heedlessness as from youth; but men do not always, perhaps they do not usually, find in the end that youth was best. Unconsciously, as we reach and accept our limits, we shall ourselves take on a greater dignity, a clearer marked and more impressive character and form; growing liker the older states and civilizations, yet also more distinct, with what-

ever distinction there is in all our past. A sweetness and glory of expectation will fade from our eyes. Life will show less simple, less openly inviting, and lose those brighter hues which untrained eyes seek and find in light and superficial pictures. But it will have what it still keeps for Europe and for Asia: a truer and more various, a deeper and more solemn beauty.

THE ITALIAN BOOTBLACK

BY GEORGE H. BOTTOME

WHAT right divine gives me the kingly place
O'er him my youthful subject bending low?
Strive as I may, not mine his thoughts to know; —
Only to watch with what unconscious grace
(Each flashing gesture telltale of his race)
His eager hands fly swiftly to and fro.
Soft-syllabled his alien accents flow; —
He lifts his eyes; at last I see his face.

No menial soul bows in that gaze to me.
Out of such depths the pallid Florentine
Saw down to Hell, looked up to Paradise!
Lorenzo's orbs are his that darkly shine!
A nation's history is in these eyes, —
Thy pathos and thy promise, Italy!

A CHANGE OF EDUCATIONAL EMPHASIS

BY EDWARD A. BIRGE

No part of our educational system occasions such searchings of heart or shakings of head as does the college. Everywhere else in the field of education we have evidence of healthy growth, of vigorous life. The high school not many years ago maintained an apologetic attitude toward a public which grudgingly supported it, but now asserts itself as "the people's college." The graduate school, with its work of research, hardly known, even by name, a generation ago, is to-day established, not only as part of our universities, but also as part of the scheme of public education. The schools of medicine and law have doubled and trebled their demands upon the student who seeks entrance to the professions whose doors they guard. It seems to some of the less hopeful members of our college faculties that, amid these growing and spreading institutions, the college course is likely to be crowded and starved out of existence. From below, the high school has threatened to absorb a year or two of its time. Graduate and professional schools have reached down to snatch away its students from the last year, or even two years, of the course.

The college teacher has lived between these forces, in dread of losing his field of labor; fearing that when, like all Gaul, his domain was divided into three parts between high school, professional, and graduate schools, there would be as little left for his control as was left to the Gauls when Cæsar was through with them. Still more, he has felt that the temper of college studies and the nature of college students have altered and — he may be pardoned for thinking — have worsened greatly. New studies have entered the college; many of them technical and alien to the old college

course. A new type of student has come, especially alien, seeking and expecting practical results rather than culture. And since all of these changes, present and threatened, have come upon him with bewildering rapidity, it is not surprising if he sometimes feels that the very life of the college is in danger. I do not share his apprehensions, believing that the college has a tough and enduring vitality. These changes, whose significance and importance I would not underrate, seem to me to have been the result of a natural evolution, which has thrown the emphasis of college activities and college teaching upon the intellectual rather than the ethical side of life.

Let me draw a little from my own college experience and observation, in order to characterize this change of temper a little more clearly. Forty years ago, I entered college — a small Eastern college, whose freshman class is now far larger than was the college of my day. I cannot boast that we, the "few but fit," who were freshmen in 1869 were intellectual prodigies, of even or exceptionally distinguished excellence. The records of my class and college mates show that they have taken an honorable part in the world's work, but one not greatly different from that taken by college students of any period before or since. But we had at least one merit, or demerit, as contrasted with the freshmen of to-day. We did not come to college seeking studies which would directly prepare us for our future career. We entered on a four years' college course with no such definite plan. We came not merely for the sake of the knowledge which we might get from our studies; still less to secure a practical training for life; but for the sake of somewhat vague and intangible intellectual

gains. We were in search, too, of that still less tangible thing, culture, as we found out later when Matthew Arnold taught us to use the word.

For the American college of that day was still in that condition which it maintained for a great part of the nineteenth century, and which one may call beatific, or the reverse, according to his point of view. In still older times it had been a professional school, founded to train godly youth for the Christian ministry. and its curriculum and its methods had carried out the intention of pious founders and equally pious faculties. As time had passed it had lost its professional purposes, but had retained its intellectual qualities and its ethical tendencies. During much of the nineteenth century the college expressed its own character, and wrought out its own purposes, with a freedom and independence which it never enjoyed before or since. Ecclesiastical control was a thing of the past, as was also the adjustment of teaching to the needs of the ministry. The correlation of college work with the practical demands of society was yet in the future. The college offered a simple, homogeneous course of study, so simple and homogeneous that its ends and purposes could be clearly seen and definitely sought. The college selected carefully those who should become the students in this course. The nature of the programme of education which it offered kept from its halls all but those who thought themselves in sympathy with its purposes; and that it might winnow still more perfectly those seekers for learning, the college established and enforced narrow and rigid terms of admission.

In 1869 the course of study remained, but little changed from that of the old time; for the new learning, which forty years ago was the learning of science, had barely reached the college. Science in name was there indeed, but not in spirit. Recitations and illustrative lectures constituted all the instruction in physics and chemistry which we received from men

who later and elsewhere became the heads of great laboratories. Of laboratory work we had none. Our college indeed had laboratories, but they existed for the professor alone; and we used to wonder what the professor did in them; for I suppose that no other laboratories for physics and chemistry ever enjoyed such a situation as did these, which had a gymnasium above them and a bowling-alley beneath.

The case of the "new humanities" was still worse than that of science. We never heard of "sources" in history or in literature. We prepared our lesson from the text-book, recited and discussed it, and let the evil of the day suffice to itself without further question or debate. Elective studies offered us no problem worthy of the name. We might choose between one year of French and one of German. Otherwise, we all met in the same classes. We accepted the intellectual fare that the college set before us, asking no questions for conscience' or any other sake. Latin, Greek, mathematics, and philosophy, all taught in a way now called "old-fashioned," were still the backbone of our course, which lacked almost wholly the things which the undergraduate values in the college of to-day.

But simple and impoverished as such a course of study must seem to the present generation of students, I question whether those of us who were exercised thereby would greatly wish to exchange it for the far richer programme of the present time. For the limitations of the college of our day, which we recognize as freely as any one, were in some sense of the nature of virtues to the youth who sought it. We came to it with no delusions as to what the college would give us. We did not suppose that Livy and Demosthenes, calculus and natural theology, or any combination of these studies, would be of "practical value" to us in later life. We knew that the life of the college was dissociated from the life to follow it; that it led directly to no calling, to no profession. This was one reason for our going to col-

lege. We took four years of our youth and devoted them, quite unconsciously, to the intellectual life and to the ethical spirit. We accepted that life as we found it in the college; not, indeed, without grumbling, — the immemorial and dearest privilege of the undergraduate, — but without thought of altering its conditions, and at bottom without seriously desiring to do so. The absence of electives was by no means an unmixed ill. It was not our duty to forecast our future lives and to imagine the result upon them of selecting this study or that; for all studies were equally removed from any profession except that of a teacher, and in no case was there opportunity for choice.

This freedom from responsibility was, no doubt, a loss to us on one side, but in other directions it was no small gain. We were free from a host of considerations alien to the work of the college. Our minds and hearts during our college lives were within the college walls, and we were the more readily subject to the influences of the place. If the methods of teaching history, English, and science were imperfect, there were compensating advantages. At least, we had no assigned collateral reading, nor required notes, and literature came to us in the form of pleasure rather than of work. If we had no laboratory courses, we had at least the time which the laboratory would have demanded. When the day's lessons had been prepared, we still had leisure to waste or to improve at will. As I look back, I feel that many hours of my college life, wasted on ineffective work for natural history collections, in loitering in the remoter alcoves of the library, in turning over old and forgotten books, have in time yielded me a far larger harvest than much of my serious work. I have found that the intellectual fun of college life has given me quite as much as its labors.

Thus we sought and we gained, both from work and from play, each according to his desires and his capacity, an entrance to the intellectual life. We acquired, most of us without becoming conscious of the

fact, the rudiments of a liberal education — the education of a free man in a free state; the education which, preparing him for no particular calling, fits him for a life of freedom. We caught a glimpse of the liberating truth; of that wisdom which makes one not wholly alien or ill at ease in the silent society of the leaders of the thought and life of all ages, nor out of place in the company of those whose lives to-day are guided by the wisdom of the past and inspired by the vision of the future.

The life of the college a generation ago was, then, a spiritual life, freed from all considerations both of professionalism and of practicality. Devoid of all direct relations to the life which was to follow, it was free to work out its own ideas as it never had been before, and as it is not now. The intellectual life, lived in an ethical spirit: this was central to the college a generation ago, and a youth could do far worse than spend four years in close contact with that spirit. Do I too greatly exalt the life which I shared for four years? I think not, for its defects are clearly before me as I write. I recognize that much of its teaching was such as would not be tolerated to-day in any college of high rank. I see clearly enough its narrowness, its absurdities. When I think of the use, or rather non-use, to which it put the scientific abilities of its faculty, I must both smile at the situation and grieve at our losses. Yet if I idealize it in spite of these faults, in spite of years spent in helping to build up a college of another type, is not this fact itself the strongest evidence that I can give of the power of that life and of the quality of its spiritual character?

But what sort of an education came from a course of study thus conceived and thus carried out? What preparation for modern life could the student get from a course that offered practically no science, no history, and small German and French? Without electives, how could it be adapted to varying tastes and necessities? Can we call such a course

of study adequate, or can we fairly name it a liberal education?

Shall we agree to test this old-fashioned course by Milton's still older definition of a liberal education? To my thought, two and a half centuries have neither mended nor bettered his conception. "I call, therefore," he said, "a complete and generous education that which enables a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all of the offices, public and private, both of peace and war." Let us try our college course by each of Milton's words severally. Can we say that it enabled us to perform "skillfully" the offices of life? I can hardly claim this virtue for it and yet say, as I do, that the course of study was detached from life. Assuredly, we must mark it very low as rated by this test.

"Justly" — the word gives us longer pause, and we must consider what it is to perform justly the offices of society. If we mean accurately, construing justice in the strict and narrow sense, I fear that our college of a generation ago must be ranked low in this respect also. Its course of study afforded no adequate basis for an accurate weighing of competing claims, of conflicting duties, or of clashing interests. But construe the word more broadly, and we shall rate the college much higher. Is the sense of just proportion cultivated by that course of study which, during four years, attempts to make the soul sensitive to those forces of the invisible world whose presence is not readily felt in the hurry and bustle of life? Is justice disclosed in a nice weighing of claims which stand on the same basis, or in the power to set over against the mass of the things of the visible world those things which, being not seen, are eternal? May not those most wisely adjust the claims of conduct who have not indeed been taught very much about its rules and methods, but who have spent four years amid high thoughts and in worthy company and with worthy examples? If we assent to this view, then must we admit

that the old-fashioned college course highly fulfilled this part of Milton's conception.

But "magnanimously" — what shall we say to this term, which so triumphantly closes Milton's triad of qualities, whose sound in the ear is worthy of the "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies," and whose sense awakens the soul to surprise and delight? What did Milton mean by "magnanimously"? He might well accept that definition which Bacon had given to the word a generation earlier: "Magnanimity no doubt consisteth in contempt of peril, in contempt of profit, and in the meriting of the times wherein one liveth." These are lofty terms, and we graduates may well shrink from testing our lives by them, lest, as in Bacon's case, the wide difference between teaching and practice appear too plainly. Yet as I look around me at the college men of my generation and see their work for their times, I can but feel that their alma mater showed them somewhat of this magnanimity. Can we older men stand, each in the forum of his own conscience, and claim that here I acted in contempt of peril, there I rejected profit, and in this respect I have done somewhat to better my times? If we can do this, do we not feel that in this we were but worthy children of alma mater?

Wherever we must in justice pronounce that our actions have lacked her magnanimity, do we not feel it as at once our deepest condemnation and our bitterest regret that we have fallen away from her spirit and her wide view of life? However weak we ourselves may have been in the face of moral danger, we are sure that alma mater lived "in contempt of peril." However heavy the dollar may have weighed in the scales of our motives, she at least lived "in contempt of profit." However pitiful the remainder of benefit which the world receives from our lives, hers was unselfishly devoted to "meriting the times wherein she lived."

When the college of a generation ago planned the training for the offices of life

which its students should receive, it set little store by skill. It supposed that the graduate would acquire this in later life, in the natural order of events, and as a matter of course. It expected its graduates to live justly, rather because of a quickened moral sense than from a trained and discriminating judgment. The emphasis of its reading of Milton's definition was placed on the word "magnanimously." Out of the three terms which define a liberal education, this was the one which the Lord had given to the college; not indeed to be in its mouth, but in its heart; and therefore the college of forty years ago furnished its students with the rudiments of a liberal education. This it did in spite of a limited programme of studies, in spite of narrow views of education, of inadequate resources, of methods already antiquated. It succeeded in spite of these and other defects, and in some sense by means of them. It succeeded because it was able to inspire its alumni with some portion of its own intellectual sympathies, of its ethical purposes, of its spiritual temper.

But a generation which has changed all things educational has not spared the college, and in the early seventies it stood on the brink of great and radical alterations, already foreshadowed in its actual conditions. First among the influences which have wrought these changes, I should place the enlargement of the curriculum; then, the introduction of research; and, third, the increase in the number of students. All these forces have acted and reacted upon one another in most complex fashion, but all have tended to the same general results. They have increased the emphasis on the intellectual rather than on the moral elements of a liberal education, and have made the college definitely and avowedly a preparatory school for life.

Consider the effect of the first of these forces: the enlargement of the curriculum. The beginnings of this movement go far back beyond the days of which I
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speak. In 1870 the larger universities already had numerous elective courses of study. Modern languages had long been taught, though none of them yet dared claim a place beside the classics. Science had become a necessary part of technical courses, and university laboratories for chemistry and physics, and even for biological science, were by no means unknown. But the college world as a whole knew little of modern language or of science. For the student of forty years ago a college education still meant classics, mathematics, and philosophy. Yet the college was about to discover science and to learn something of the scientific method, and of its possibilities as an educational instrument.

In the world outside, there was raging the storm of scientific controversy, very little of whose violence — astonishingly little — penetrated into the quiet retreat of the college. But the contest over Darwinism meant that men were thinking about science with an intensity, and to an extent, never before known in human history, and which will probably never be known again. Science thus won without the college the right to full recognition within it. It was no longer to be recited, to be lectured about in brief courses for general information and as a relief from severer studies. It demanded full and equal admission to the college course; and but a few years were to pass before that demand was granted and every college had its laboratories for all the fundamental sciences.

The college world was committed, not only to teach about science, but to that vastly different and harder thing, to teach science. Important changes followed this enlargement of the curriculum. The new laboratory courses demanded numerous teachers, and thus were introduced into faculties new men, trained by other methods than those of the old college, who brought with them a new temper and new ideals. Laboratory courses demanded time. Science teachers asked for their departments, not a secondary, but a co-

ordinate place in the curriculum. Thus arose the necessity for still further changes. The old scheme of studies no longer fitted the new conditions, and the full acceptance of the elective system in some form became a mere necessity. This was a radical innovation in the college course, and one which altered both the nature of the course and the attitude of the student toward it and toward his work.

The multiplication of courses did not stop with the sciences. The modern languages began to assert their rights as disciplinary studies, and to take position alongside of the older courses in the ancient languages. When, in the eighties and nineties, men turned their thoughts from science and its message regarding man's origin, to questions of government, to social and economic problems, they sought the answers from history, from economics, from political science, and sociology. They sought answers which the general and elementary courses of the college could not give, and the college was forced to widen the scope of its curriculum. Thus the mere necessity of responding to the movement and development of public thought forced upon the colleges a reorganization of their courses of study — a revolution which has resulted in completely changing the intellectual balance of power in the faculty, and which has altered at every point the temper of the student's life.

But a change even more fundamental was at hand. No event in modern higher education in the United States is more significant than the foundation of Johns Hopkins University in 1876. With this event, research, and training for research, made their official entrance into American college life. I do not mean to say that these were unknown before that date. Higher degrees were well known, and graduate study, and even graduate schools had been established. But all these were still more or less incidental and accessory. They had not been a necessary part of the earlier college. Its professors were indeed supposed to be learned in the lore of

their professions. They must be able to teach the known, but it was by no means necessary that they should have either the taste or the ability to seek the unknown. Neither the college nor the professor included research within the sphere of duty. But the advent of Johns Hopkins University changed all this. Research became fundamental, and training for research an indispensable factor in the equipment of the college professor.

If the enlargement of the curriculum introduced new types of men into college faculties, and if the result of the elective system changed the attitude of the student toward his work, this introduction of research far more fundamentally altered the spirit of the faculty toward its duties. As the new men, trained in the new method, assumed control of college teaching, it became plain that nothing short of a revolution had occurred. The temper of the new men differed from that of their predecessors. They were drawn to their profession by a different complex of motives. The excellences of the best men were widely various under the two systems, and the defects of the failures were quite as different.

It cannot be too clearly seen that the old college course concerned itself primarily with conduct, with that conduct which we students practiced without knowing it, until Arnold defined it and told us that it was nine-tenths of life. The spirit of research seeks the things of the mind for their own sake. Here is the first and fundamental distinction, and one that involved far-reaching consequences. For both student and teacher the subject became central where once the man was placed. The enlargement of knowledge came first rather than the development of character. The older college placed before its students a careful selection of "the best things said and thought," and asked them to remain for four years, to study these things and to gain from them a criticism of life. I do not mean that the college was so stupid as to put this purpose before its students in

this way, but this was what it really did; and, so doing, it held its students within the area of the known, as near as might be to the spiritual centre of the known.

But the new temper of research was unhappy in this region. It was restless until it had escaped from the pleasant parks and well-ordered gardens, where learning had loved to stay. It sought the wilderness of the unknown that it might add it to the known. Thus great additions were made to the realm of knowledge — a rough, uncultivated country, or half-cultivated at best, devoid of pleasure to those trained in the old learning. Research rapidly charted it, annexed large areas, and called on its students to follow and complete the occupation of the land. They heard the call; they responded to it; and each, as he entered the country, found duties suited to his nature. Here was still the great unknown world beyond the border, irresistibly attracting the explorer; here were the pleasures, as well as the hardships, of the pioneer. Here, for the vast majority, was that unadventurous and far less inspiring labor by which the former frontier is, through toil and time, converted into the home of civilization.

Thus a new type of teacher was developed. The old professor had become one because he wanted to teach. At the best, he became a master of men, rather than a master of his subject. Look at the great teachers of philosophy in American colleges during the nineteenth century. How much attention does the philosophical world of to-day give to their contributions to their department? Hopkins and McCosh, Hickok and Porter — their works do not lie to-day on the table of the philosophical student. These men were teachers; to the problems of life as young men conceived them, they applied the fundamental ideas of philosophy as they conceived it. In human life, enriched and ennobled, in a pervasive social influence, exercised by them and their students, they had and have their high reward; not in their contributions to

philosophy, still less in the schools of philosophy which they founded. Such was the older type of the professor at the best, he who best incarnated the spirit of the older college. At the worst he was a repeater of the traditions and platitudes of his subject, incapable of guiding his students to an outlook on learning or on life.

The new professor became one primarily because he was interested in a department of learning and desired to study it. He did not find in teaching, in the presentation of his subject to undergraduates, the fulfillment of his purposes in life; he felt rather that teaching was a duty, whose performance gave him the opportunity for research. Thus the centre of his interest and of his influence has shifted from the older position, and the results of his work are correspondingly changed. At the best, his studies enrich learning with new and fundamental conceptions; his teaching attracts those who share his spirit of research, and he founds a school in his department; at the worst, he mechanically presents the details of a subject whose details he loves to study, but whose general truths and vital principles he is unable to grasp.

While these changes were going on in the body of the college's teaching, in the temper of its students, and in the personnel and spirit of its faculty, a third line of alteration was in progress, full of significance to the life of the college. If one is sufficiently interested in statistics to plot the curve of college attendance by years, he will find that the curve rises slowly, or remains nearly stationary, until the later eighties, and then begins to rise rapidly and with an increasing rapidity to the present time. This means that the college was discovered by the public at about the date named. The "silver sea" which served this "little world"

"In the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,"

was crossed, and a new population swarmed into "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm," whose secluded happiness I have sketched.

Seclusion has become a thing of the past, and modern life with its rush and hurry pervades the college campus. I do not think that the college has ever enjoyed the change. Sometimes it has struggled against it, *multum reluctans*, but vainly; more often it has contented itself with regrets for the past, and has looked back wistfully to older days. But the discovery was inevitable, and the results of the discovery equally so. So long as the college expected the public to accept its terms, to accept the education which it offered, or to leave it alone, it was safe from practical considerations. But when once it opened the door to modern knowledge, to modern methods, and to modern life, they naturally entered and dwelt with it. The college meant to open the door but a little way. It did not invite these new guests to share the house on equal terms, but it found that, when once they had established themselves, they were no longer guests but members of the family. The new college, thus constituted, had necessarily a new life and a new spirit. It stood in new relations to the rest of the world. No longer master of a little world of its own, it had become the servant of a larger people.

Thus the college of to-day is to be contrasted rather than compared with that of forty years ago. Outer form and inner spirit have alike changed. Familiarity with the facts does not render less startling the increase in the numbers of teachers and students to-day as compared with those of the past; nor do we cease to wonder at the multiplication of buildings, and at the growth of endowments, at a rate unexampled in history. But these evidences of material change are slight beside the spiritual and educational differences.

It is by no means my purpose to pronounce a eulogy on the "good old times." For one reason, I am not yet old enough to do it gracefully. For another, my work since I left college has been to aid in building up a college of the newer type,

in which I heartily believe. All of the alterations which I have described have been, on the whole, for the best. The movement has been natural, necessary, inevitable; it has been upward as well as onward, and we who have given our years to help it forward have done so without the necessity for justification or apology. Yet we are not without regret for the life that has been left, while we welcome the new life into which we have entered. We hail the spirit of research,—the most fundamental of the changes which I have named,—we see the mighty intellectual uplift which it has contributed to our colleges. Yet it still may be permitted to us to regret the fine enjoyment of letters, the sense of elegant leisure, and of cultured pleasure, some part of which our colleges have lost. We are proud of the fact that our colleges yield to the community a more complete, a larger service than in the past. Yet we need not be ashamed to regret that in losing that narrowness which limited the influence of the older college, something of her independence has gone, and with it some part of that which made her influence precious.

In a word, we have paid a price for our new possessions; not an exorbitant price, I think; indeed, I believe it a small one to pay for great gains. Yet paid it has been and still must be; and, until fully paid, the college will suffer from the debt. The experimental method has become habitual to us. Nothing is fixed; nothing settled. The very narrowness of the old college, both in purpose and method, made that purpose and method clear and consistent; but we who are continually adjusting and readjusting come at last to lose the sense of aim and to abandon method. We who are members of faculties have frankly given up the task of prescribing courses of study as an impossible one. We say that only omniscience can wisely prescribe a college course. We abandon the task as beyond our collective wisdom, and we look for the omniscience necessary to comprehend the

possibilities of a college catalogue to the youth or maiden of eighteen, whom the high school sends to us. We do not desire technical studies in our college of liberal arts, but the more we read our catalogues, the more clearly we admit that we do not know what is a liberal and what a technical study. We end by admitting almost, or quite, all to our curriculum, and if we rule out any we are quite sure that we have admitted that which had as little claim. We do not wish to become preparatory schools for law or medicine. Yet we find that we must meet the fair and legitimate needs of our students who are to enter these professions. Thus we move: often drifting; always ill at ease with ourselves, because our plans and our methods are tentative and hesitant. Our aims, too, are incoherent. Do we desire to cultivate the intellectual life in our students, to prepare them for professional study, or to select out of the mass of students the few who are fit for research and to train them? Or would we adhere to the traditional function of the older college? We would do all of these things; do them at once and in the same classes. No wonder that we fail to see just how to direct our teaching so as to secure results so diverse, so irreconcilable.

With this hesitation there has come a distraction of spirit. We have lost the "sweet serenity of books," and we have not gained the freedom of pure research. We have lost the independence born of detachment from life, and have not gained the poise of practical efficiency. We have lost the sense of the mastery of ourselves and of our public, and in all things we have become experimental. In brief, we have suffered, and are suffering, from that distraction of spirit which always accompanies great and rapidly acquired gains; gains too large to be quickly mastered or readily put to full and easy use.

What then shall we say of the college of the present if we bring it to Milton's test? Its graduates have far more skill than

those of a generation or more ago. Numerous and widely varied courses bring into her class-rooms for discussion the principles which underlie every part of life. In a hundred ways the student is made to see for himself, to think for himself, — granting that he has any capacity for thought, — where his father was only made to learn. Skill of both brain and hand is cultivated in a score of laboratories. If the college graduate of to-day does not enter on life more skillful than his father did, it is surely his own fault.

If the college of to-day is inferior to its predecessor in enabling its graduates to act justly, this is mainly because so many of them choose a course which deals with knowledge rather than with action. They will find, I think, less of inspiration with that increased knowledge, but if not so highly motivated, their performance or duty will be more discriminating. They will have also the advantage that their thoughts have been turned to the problems for whose solution there is needed a discriminating justice. It was possible that the very elevation and consequent remoteness of the ideals of the old college should allow the graduate to hold them as matters for his leisure alone, not as a part of the motives for business and for public life. The graduate of to-day cannot fail to remember the teachings of his college on historical and social problems, as these press upon him in the first years of his active life for that answer which comes with practical decision; nor can he fail to be guided toward a broader and wiser justice in reaching his decisions.

I hesitate to touch the last term lest I should be misunderstood; yet we must face the question: do the changes in college life tend toward a larger magnanimity? I do not think that we can fairly answer in the affirmative. I know that it is easy to be mistaken on this point. It is easy for us old graduates to see in the life of our own college days a greater magnanimity than was really present, and it is still easier for us to have a keen sense

of the faults of to-day and to be insensitive toward its underlying strength of purpose. There has been an enormous increase of intellectual possessions, an increased attention to problems of knowledge rather than of conduct, a rapid multiplication of points of contact with the outside world, and a response to the demand of the world for skill. All these changes tend to usefulness, to increased efficiency, but not to magnanimity. Here is no indictment of the modern college, no thought that her life will not now, as in the past, inspire her sons and daughters, no suspicion that they will not play their full and worthy part in the world of to-morrow, as their fathers are doing in the world of to-day. It is a recognition at once of the fact that part of the price of progress has been a decline in the fine spirit of magnanimity, and of the duty which lies on the college to renew that spirit on wider and more secure conditions than those of the past.

I have ever believed that these ills are "growing pains," and that in growth lies their only cure. We might as well agree at once that there will be no return to old conditions and methods. Men may, if it pleases them, talk eloquently of "harking back to the humanities," and no doubt the humanities will play a larger part in the college of the future than they do to-day, but they will never occupy the whole stage as they once did. The college curriculum is permanently enlarged. Very likely it has grown too far in certain directions. It probably includes less than it ought in other directions, and unquestionably any abridgment of its courses on one side will be more than offset by growth on others. The last forty years have enlarged the charter of liberal education, and the college catalogue only reflects this fact. We shall never return to the old, simple, self-centred college of the past. Our way out is the way on, and progress is the only solution of our difficulties. Time will bring with it an increasing mastery of our materials. We shall sooner or later cease to be always experimenting

with everything. We shall still have enough material for experiment, but all studies will not always be in a state of unstable equilibrium. With this mastery of our material of teaching will come a clarifying of our purposes. We members of faculties will see again pretty clearly that some things in education are good for certain intellectual purposes. We shall venture to say so; and, when we do this, students will trust our judgment. Seeing our purposes, and understanding how to adjust our teaching so as to attain them, we shall directly seek such ends and consciously shape our courses of study so as to reach them.

There will be an enlargement of ideas, on the side of both student and teacher. The student will not cease to look to the college for a practical preparation for life, but he will enlarge his ideas of practicality. He will see that there is something practical in preparing for living, as well as in preparing for work. Many of the members of our senior classes to-day have shaped their college course with reference to the future study of medicine or of law. A generation later their sons will not be so eager as were their fathers to confine their college studies to the sciences immediately antecedent to their profession. Years will have brought a larger wisdom to the fathers and they will have learned that life, even for a physician, consists in something beyond the abundance of bacteriology and pathology. The coming lawyer may learn that it is not wholly practical for him to make his undergraduate course as nearly a legal one as is permitted by the conditions of election in his college. I am even so optimistic as to think it not impossible that even the general public will revise its notions of practicality. At any rate, my experience as a teacher has seen one complete change of judgment in this matter. When I began to teach zoölogy my teeth were continually set on edge by the well-meaning friends who talked wisely of the practical nature of the study of science as contrasted with language. For the past fifteen years,

or more, I have heard nothing of this. All are now aware that the study of science is no more practical, and no less so, than is the study of philosophy. To-day that "practicality" which once seemed to inhere in science is placed in the study of history and of economics. In fifteen years more the world may have learned that these new humanities are chiefly valuable, not as furnishing practical guides to the affairs of active life, but because they stand with the old humanities, with the sciences, with philosophy, as furnishing a way into the intellectual life. It may well be that students will learn that in coming to college they are seeking the intellectual life, and that the way in which they reach it matters little, so that the result have in it abundant vitality and many points of growth.

On the side of the faculties I look for the more complete recognition of the spirit of culture along with that of research. This process is already advanced in the departments of language. We rarely see to-day those extremes of science to which our language-teaching tended a decade, or more, ago. Even candidates for the doctorate of philosophy are not set to work to count and tabulate the particles in an author's works, and throughout the ranks the students are more humanely treated. Yet such change comes readily in these departments, because the region of the known is so large and that is so small which is at once unknown and knowable. In the sciences it will long be difficult to secure courses for culture. The unknown world of science is so vast, so close, that it beckons the student with an irresistible attraction. When the fields of knowledge are white to the harvest, it is not easy for the teacher to avoid recruiting laborers for them and setting them to work. Yet here, too, we shall find ways and methods for making the truths of science more available than they now are for training the average unscientific student, who does not expect to be a scientist, but who does need such a turn to his mind that he can orient him-

self in a world whose movement comes to depend more and more on science.

Progress toward shaping the college course for its proper work will be hastened by that revival of the ethical spirit in college which has already begun, and which will go on with increasing rapidity. The spirit of research, like any new ideal, has so filled our minds as to belittle older ideals and make them seem old-fashioned and inadequate. Time will give us a better perspective, and we shall learn that the art of adjusting the subject to the mind of the college student is as difficult and as worthy of study as is the enlargement of the subject itself. The student will take his due place in the teacher's mind, not to the obscuring of the importance of the study, as was the case in the past; not hidden and dwarfed behind the subject, as is too often the case at present. They will stand side by side, and the teacher's main problem will be how to adjust one to the other, so that the study may enlarge the student's life and the student may come to share — though it may well be in small degree — the life of the study.

Thus the college of to-day has given first place in its curriculum, in its thought, and in its life, to the first of Milton's triad of qualities. It is seeking first of all to give its graduates skill in performing the offices of life. It places no low or unworthy meaning on the word. It aims at no result to be reached by precept. It seeks no cheap or hasty practicality. The skill sought is that which comes from the mastery of principles. The college attempts also to fit its students to deal justly in society, and for this result it looks to a careful training in the principles which underlie society, rather than to the free working of a general moral impulse. The college aims to secure for its graduates that magnanimity of which culture is a part, and which, like culture, can never be directly sought or inculcated. Yet this part of its purposes has been obscured by the response which it has made to the new and vigorous demands of a changing social order. New condi-

tions have brought to the front new ideals, which for a time disturbed the balance of its life. The old life will not return, and if it could do so we should be even more dissatisfied with it than with the present. Neither reaction nor revolution will hasten the working of the vital forces which are perfecting the new life, whose adjust-

ment will be reached as the new motives find their place beside the older. The new college will not swing back into the old life; but, embodying a higher skill than its predecessor, as well as a truer justice and a wider magnanimity, will yield to its students a more "complete and generous education."

A DECADE OF AMERICAN RULE IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY W. CAMERON FORBES

EVEN a terse statement of the results accomplished by the American government in the ten years in which we have had control of the Philippine Islands would consume more space than this article affords. I can summarize them, however, most briefly.

As regards public order there is a better condition than has ever before existed in the history of the Archipelago. There are fewer outlaws at large, less crime, prompter administration of justice, and more people engaged in peaceful pursuits, unmolested, than ever before. It is now safe to travel everywhere throughout the Islands without carrying a weapon, excepting only in some of the more remote parts of the mountains, where lurk bands of wild tribes who might possibly mistake the object of a visit, and in the southern part of the great island of Mindanao, which is inhabited by intractable Moros, who have not yet acquired an amiability of character toward strangers of any race.

We have completed the separation of Church and State, buying out from the religious orders their large agricultural properties, which are now administered by the government for the benefit of the tenants.

We have put the finances on a sound and sensible basis.

We have established a complete new system of auditing and accounting.

We have placed our civil administration on a strictly self-supporting basis, receiving no aid whatever from the United States government, except in so far as they have elected to help us in charting the coasts for naval purposes. This charting, which is being done at a rapid rate, is at the joint expense of the Insular and National governments.

We have established a uniform and stable currency on a gold basis.

We have established schools throughout the Archipelago, teaching upward of half a million children, and we find that the Filipinos are eager to learn and are rapidly learning the English language.

We have started a general and thorough system of road construction and maintenance, in which the Insular, Provincial, and Municipal officials coöperate.

We have established the policy of constructing all public buildings, as well as bridges and wharves, of durable material, preferably reinforced concrete, in order that our work may endure.

We have given the Filipinos almost complete autonomy in their municipalities. They elect their own councils and mayors. Two-thirds of the provincial boards, including the governor, are elected by the people, and the great majority of the insular employees are now Filipinos. The Filipinos have an Assembly

— a Lower House, elected by the people, and an Upper House appointed by the President of the United States, four of its nine members bring Filipinos. In all these ways we have extended to the Filipino a most important participation in his own government. He has responded well to the trust thus reposed in him, and for many positions makes an excellent official. As a race, the Filipinos take readily and naturally to politics.

A number of influential Filipinos combined to organize a party which was known as the Federal Party, and which had for its platform a permanent and close union with the United States, the possibility of annexation being considered. The desire for independence is very strong in the Filipino, and is being fostered by patriotic speeches and literature. It was soon found that a party whose platform did not contain the word "independence" could not command a majority of the voters in many provinces. The Federal Party therefore reorganized on a basis of ultimate independence, but had the courage to include in their platform the statement that they did not urge the granting of immediate independence because the people were not yet fitted to maintain the burdens thus imposed. To deny the capacity of one's country for the important and desirable duties of self-government is essentially unpopular. In this case it subjected the framers of the platform and the leaders of the party to abuse on the part of their own people and, as was to be expected, the result has been the success at the polls of the opposite party (Nationalists), which declared unequivocally for immediate independence.

It is true that the Filipino rejoices in the Filipinization of the service. He is very properly elated with each appointment of a Filipino to an important position, a feeling which does him credit. He should want us to recognize his development as fast as possible, and he should want the evidence of that development and hail it with joy when it comes. Moreover, his disappointment when not pre-

ferred should act as a stimulus to new efforts to meet the requirements necessary for promotion. But it is nothing short of weakness for us to put Filipinos in important positions when none are equipped to fill the position properly; and it must be remembered that consideration should be given to Americans, and fitting promotions for those in line for advancement, or the service will speedily disintegrate. We must be very careful to make the service sufficiently attractive to the American personnel in the Islands, in order to hold our good men and give them the feeling that there is a career for them. Otherwise we shall see the best Americans in the Islands making use of their leaves of absence to find new jobs in the United States; while those who prove unsuccessful in the effort to place themselves in the States will be the ones to return; with the result that we shall lose our more successful and desirable men.

The most important step in the gradual process of giving self-government to the Philippines was the establishment of the Assembly or Lower House of the Legislature. There had been parties before to vote for provincial governors, but the vote for a general legislature crystallized the formations. The principal parties which developed were the *Nacionalista*, favoring immediate independence, usually with some vague qualification as to a protectorate; and the *Progressista*, the reorganized Federal Party, favoring ultimate independence but continuance of the present form of government.

The result of the election for the Assembly held in July, 1907, can be tabulated as follows:—

Total registration	104,966
<i>Nacionalista</i>	29,119
<i>Progressista</i>	18,142
<i>Independent</i>	13,822
<i>Immediatista</i>	4,417
<i>Independista</i>	908
Catholic	504
P. I. Independent Church	91
Rejected	251
Scattered	1,459
Total number of votes cast	68,713

The delegates elected are thus divided among the parties:—

<i>Nacionalista</i>	32
<i>Progressista</i>	16
<i>Independent</i>	20
<i>Immediatista</i>	7
<i>Independista</i>	4
Catholic	1
Total	80

Those classed as *Independent* were affiliated with no party. The *Immediatistas* wanted to emphasize the urgency of their desire for immediate independence. There were several parties with small followings, which did not vary much in platform but followed different leaders. These could be generally counted on to follow the lead of the *Nacionalistas*.

The Assembly was formally opened on October 16, 1907, by Mr. Taft, Secretary of War, who came to the Philippines for that purpose. The conduct of the Assembly was marked with great decorum, the organization proceedings were regular, and the sessions were not marred by a single disorderly act. The Assembly elected for Speaker the Honorable Sergio Osmeña of Cebu, a young man under thirty years of age, who had been Governor of his province, which he administered with great ability. He had, furthermore, served with success as President of the Convention of Provincial Governors in Manila.

Mr. Osmeña, having made a careful study of the parliamentary rules governing the administration of many legislative bodies, came to the conclusion that those in effect in the House of Representatives in Washington were suitable for his purposes, and accordingly prepared a system of rules modeled upon these, which was adopted before many days of the session had passed.

One feature of the first session was the evident desire of the *Nacionalista* party to get along amicably and to cooperate with the Upper House. The members and committees of the two Houses were in frequent consultation, and there seemed to be a general desire on the part of the

Lower House to sink factional causes of dispute and to unite with the administration to better the condition of the Islands.

Throughout the session the attitude of the members was extremely friendly to the American officials of the government, and if it had not been for the ante-election pledges on the part of the *Nacionalistas*, and taunts from their political enemies that they were not living up to them, the session would have shown very few causes of dispute or difference. The *Nacionalistas*, however, found themselves placed in an embarrassing position. They had come in with a good list of reforms which they were pledged to put through. One of these was a general reduction in the expenses of the government, which, through loose and careless expressions by newspapers and public speakers not conversant with the facts, they had been led to believe were excessive and supported by too heavy taxation. As a matter of fact, the taxation was small compared with the burdens borne by other peoples, and not at all beyond the capacity of the Filipinos to pay. This was evidenced by the fact that the Provincial Boards, themselves elective bodies, voted that same year to double the poll-tax in order to raise money for road construction and maintenance. This wise and necessary measure meant an additional tax imposed on the people of one and one-half million pesos a year.

One of the most important results of the inauguration of the Philippine Assembly has been to draw the Filipinos and Americans much more closely together. The Filipinos feel that they have a share in the administration of their own affairs, and the Americans know that in order to get appropriations for administrative work they must interest the Filipinos, and satisfy them that the things they want are necessary. The members of the Assembly thus have an opportunity to present their views upon each measure, and before it is undertaken they must be convinced of its necessity. They, in turn, have to defend their action before the

people and thus become the champions of the administration, and from the stump, or through the press, have to explain the reason for each action.

The Appropriations Committee of the Assembly, dividing itself into many sub-committees, made a careful study of the work of the different bureaus of the Insular Government and the duties which they perform. They were particularly anxious to find places where a saving could be made, but each sub-committee returned, apparently convinced that no saving could be made on the bureau that they had investigated. Some of them went further and expressed themselves as determined to secure an increased appropriation.

When the various sub-committees met in the general committee, it was found that in order to bring about the general cut in expenses to which the party was pledged, something radical had to be done, and it was finally agreed to recommend a horizontal cut in salaries. The Assembly accordingly passed a salary bill providing in effect for a ten per cent reduction of salary, from the members of the Commission down, including a reduction of their own salaries, which, however, they had previously raised. I have never believed that the more conservative members of the party would have been pleased to have this law approved by the Commission, as I believe their investigations had convinced them that such a cut was not necessary; but they had to face their constituents for reflection and felt it necessary to show their votes in favor of some sort of a reduction, especially as their political opponents were not slow to see their embarrassment and to endeavor to make capital from it. Thus it was left to the Commission, that is the Upper House, to avoid disorganization of the service by refusing to agree to the bill.

In discussing the problems of the Philippine government we must keep the country as well as the people in mind. The Philippine Islands are a group of somewhat over three thousand islands,

which form a barrier between Southern China and the Pacific Ocean. Their area is one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles, or about three-fourths the area of Japan, and a little more than twice that of Java.

Immediately north of the Philippines lies Formosa, and next, the other islands belonging to Japan, which reach to the coast of Siberia and Russian dominion.

The islands can be roughly divided into three parts. The large and populous island of Luzon on the north, the large and thinly populated island of Mindanao on the south, and between the two a group of seven or eight medium-sized and densely populated islands, known as the Visayan group.

The total population of the Philippines is about eight millions, and its density seventy to the square mile, as contrasted with three hundred to the square mile in Japan and six hundred to the square mile in Java. As there is no reason to believe that the soil and climate of the Philippine Islands are less productive than those of neighboring countries, it is reasonable to believe that the Islands can be made to support a population many times as large as the present one, say, at the least, three hundred to the square mile, a total of some thirty-five millions.

There are so many ways of administering dependencies that a volume could be written upon the varying degrees of paternalism, exploitation, altruism, and political affiliation, without beginning to exhaust the subject. These vary in proportion to the degree of civilization attained by dependent peoples, and are affected by questions of consanguinity, and similarity of institutions between the mother country and its dependency. It is needless to say that different governments are necessary for different peoples; that a system which will work well with people in one stage of development will not work well with people in another. We have an example of this in the Philippine Islands, where there are three forms of government, established for the three dif-

ferent stages of civilization we there encounter.

The civilized Filipinos, who are Christians, and well along in the scale of civilization, including something like nine-tenths of the total population, hold high offices and participate most intimately in their government.

In the Moro country, where the population is Mohammedan, not so far advanced in civilization as the Christian Filipino, and exceedingly hardy and intractable, we have a government which is more paternal and military in form, the Governor being a general of the United States Army, and the troops being used more freely for the maintenance of order, whereas in the rest of the islands order is now maintained wholly without the assistance of troops.

There is a third group of peoples who are for the most part savages, who have a purely paternal government, very much as do the Indians in the United States, administered without representation of any kind by the civil government in Manila, although the officers appointed to the minor positions are very often natives.

There is no doubt that up to a certain degree of civilization an absolutely paternal form of government is necessary, and I believe that the centuries of Spanish rule in the Philippines were the direct cause of the present civilization and degree of development of the Christian Filipinos. A German traveler visiting the Philippines in the fifties predicted American intervention in Philippine development, stating that the Spaniard began the work of civilization with the cross and the sword, and that it remained for the American to carry on the work with the schoolbook and the plough.

The English and Dutch colonies, which are the nearest and most important of neighboring dependencies, are managed with a very keen eye to the material advancement of the country, but there is no general campaign in favor of the individual unit, and it seems to be part of the plan

to induce the people to work hard for low wages. The personal surroundings and conditions of the laborers are improved in many ways. They are made sanitary, and men are induced to have good houses. Questions of public order, of justice in local disputes, and the like, could probably not be very much better administered, but the Americans are trying to accomplish something more in the Philippines. By means of education we are trying to leaven the whole mass of the Filipino people and raise them to new levels higher than any which have been attempted by other countries in administering similar peoples. We believe that in general the world pays for what it receives, and that if a higher rate of wages can be established and maintained in the Philippines it means that the Filipinos are giving a better class of labor and are getting value for what they give. Thus, if we cause the rate of wages to rise to \$1.00 or \$2.00 a day, as is the case in the United States, it ought to mean that the productiveness of the islands has increased a corresponding amount, which would be many times as great as the present. Then also, if the American administration in the Philippines can succeed by increasing the physical welfare of the people, it should result in very largely increasing the population. This would mean increasing proportionately the number of laborers, and by increasing at the same time the rate of proficiency of the individual laborer, I believe that the result will show that the Philippines have before them a future literally golden.

There is a very great amount of potential labor in the Islands. When properly handled, the Filipino has proved himself to be a good workman. We have no need of Chinese immigration. The Chinaman does not stick to the plough, but soon becomes a trader and sends out of the country a large part of what he receives. It is better that the Filipinos should be left free to multiply and become their own traders, and that these avenues of advance should be left open for the natives

and not taken by a less scrupulous, though more thrifty race, which by tradition and nature is not ready to conform to our ideas of civilization.

In good years the Islands produce nearly enough rice for their own consumption, and rice is the principal article of diet. The waters yield a plentiful supply of fish, which is the other main product of the Islands. Large quantities of hemp are raised, which grows better here than in any other part of the world, thus giving almost a monopoly to the Philippines for that product. Other important products are copra, rubber, tobacco, and sugar. The undeveloped resources of the Islands are very great; there are very large tracts of uncultivated land which would yield a profitable return to industry properly applied.

Our way of going at this problem has not the approval of our brethren overseas. We are criticised for letting the Filipino think he is as good as anybody else. We are criticised for making living more expensive, and for doing the very thing which we believe to be the best indication of our success, namely, increasing the rate of wages. We have been criticised very greatly for the cost of administration of the Islands; but while our results may not have come yet, while the Philippines may be economically retarded and our advance made slower by the very nature of the effort we are making, by the fact that we are beginning at the roots, yet it is my belief that the Filipino people will respond to the newly offered opportunity in a continually increasing measure; even now they are responding to it in the localities where American advance has been most prominent, as in Manila and the provinces where the railroads are in operation.

The Islands are at the present time in the depths of poverty. This is the result of the long years of domination under a government that favored the privileged classes, and of the throes accompanying the change of sovereignty which shook the country to its foundations. In the

course of the insurrections against Spain and the United States, immense amounts of property have been destroyed, thus setting the under-developed industries of the Philippines back to a still more primitive condition. Following the wars, there have been many scourges common to a tropical country, which gained greater headway and did greater damage under the weakened conditions of administration than they would have with a long established government, trained to meet and overcome the difficulties as they arose. Among these can be mentioned the rinderpest, which has swept through the Islands, destroying great quantities of draught-animals, in many cases whole herds; surra, a fatal disease among horses, which has caused great losses; cholera, and the necessity for quarantine during the cholera period, which handicaps commerce; swarms of locusts; untimely droughts, and destructive typhoons. Some of these can be overcome, some will be recurrent, and the harm from all can be minimized.

Given a people of physical development able to stand the work, a soil and area such as we have, and resources such as the United States has behind it to insure development, results will follow as a matter of course.

Disraeli once wrote:—

“Public health is the foundation upon which rests the happiness of the people and the power of the State. Take the most beautiful kingdom, give it intelligent and laborious citizens, prosperous manufactures, productive agriculture; let arts flourish, let architects cover the land with temples and palaces; in order to defend all these riches, have first rate weapons, fleets of torpedo-boats — if the population remains stationary, if it decreases yearly in vigor and in stature, the nation must perish. And that is why I consider that the first duty of a statesman is the care of Public Health.”

This concisely sets forth the necessity of one of our great movements, namely, the upbuilding of the physique of the

Filipino people. They are too poorly nourished, and too much weakened by disease, to do the work which an able-bodied and healthy people ought to do, or to resist disease, and bring up children able to resist disease. Thus the population does not increase with natural rapidity, nor does it accomplish as much work as should be expected, even if we remove from consideration the economical disadvantages under which the laborer now struggles. The fact that the infant mortality is fifty per cent during the first year of life is sufficient evidence of the necessity for some constructive development in the care of public health. Great progress has already been made. The lepers are now concentrated on one island, where they will in the course of time die out, leaving the Islands perfectly free from that taint. Small-pox has been robbed of its terrors: the whole population is now vaccinated, and instead of losing hundreds of thousands of lives by this disease the loss is so small as to be no longer a factor in the problem. Under the wise precautions adopted by the Board of Health, bubonic plague has been successfully kept out of the islands for years, and recently several threatened invasions of that disease from Hongkong have been warded off. Cholera, while appearing and reappearing from time to time, is not allowed to gain the headway which it had before, and is no longer a menace to those who observe the simple rules of health. Thus the epidemics that swept unchecked through the country, carrying off great multitudes of the population, are kept down.

While barriers have been put up against the inroads of the agencies of destruction, there lies before us a great constructive field, upon the confines of which we have only just entered. A supply of pure water for drinking purposes must be provided for all of the centres of population, and the people must be taught by a long, slow, and arduous campaign in the schools to protect themselves and their children from the impure waters of the surface.

Artesian wells ought to prove of immense benefit, and the government has a number of well-boring machines which are in great demand and constantly in operation. The fact that in several municipalities the death-rate decreased twenty per thousand after the opening of artesian wells, demonstrates the usefulness of these measures. Ultimately their usefulness ought to be even greater.

Tuberculosis prevails in the Islands, and a general campaign against that disease cannot but prove to be beneficial.

Beri-beri, a destructive tropical disease, is common, but attacks only the people who are poorly nourished, showing us how fundamental is the necessity for a better class of food for the Philippine people in general. The prevailing diet of fish and rice should be supplemented by meat and bread. This can be done only by placing these articles within the reach of the people, making the community sufficiently prosperous to afford their purchase.

There is a great opportunity for intelligent effort and the wise expenditure of the resources of the Philippines, to develop the economical method of transportation and movement of the products of the country to the markets of the world.

As I have already said, the Philippines are composed of two large islands, a group of intermediate, moderate-sized ones, and a vast number of little ones. An ordinary map, however, does not show that these islands are seamed with rivers capable of being made useful for navigation. The torrential rains scour them to a depth that enables steamers to navigate them for considerable distances. But these rivers are usually closed at the mouths by bars, which should be dredged and kept open. Moreover, many of the harbors are not charted or lighted, and there are no facilities for getting the merchandise and products of the interior to the deck of the ship, except lightering on small boats, a matter of very considerable expense and still greater delay. Encouragement given to the construction

of wharves and warehouses must be most beneficial.

The roads throughout the Archipelago are in most unfortunate condition. For the first ten years of American administration, the measures taken for construction and preservation did not include a comprehensive scheme for a complete road system of well-constructed roads, well maintained, throughout the Archipelago. Such a scheme has now been put into effect. It depends for its success upon the coöperation of the different entities of government, — provincial, municipal, and insular; but the enthusiasm which the local authorities have shown for this object is one of the most encouraging signs of our administration in the Philippines. The result should be that in the course of twenty years a very complete and perfect system of roads will have been constructed, and the system as now established gives assurance that every bit of road once put in order will be continuously maintained. It is proposed to open an account with each section of completed road, and charge against this the appraised amount of deterioration, wherever noted. The officer charged with the duty of the maintenance of the road will have to explain why public property to the value of the estimated deterioration has been allowed to be lost under his direction. As the Governor General has power of removal of these native officials, we believe that by this means a sense of responsibility can be aroused among the natives that will insure us good roads.

I believe it possible that government aid can be used to assist the natives in bettering their methods of agriculture, and to obviate in some degree the lack of capital. One of the next steps will be for the Bureau of Agriculture to take a more aggressive position in the administration, by establishing more experimental farms, from which seeds as well as instruction can be distributed. Possibly, also, in connection with these farms the agricultural schools of the government could educate the people to modern methods of cultivat-

ing their fields and harvesting their crops, and carrying on the business of agriculture and other industries. It might even be advisable to carry it so far as to have the government supply agricultural machinery, which, bought originally for use on the government farms and experiment stations, can be made available for the use of people owning neighboring farms and unable to purchase machinery. Experience has proved that the same soil will yield a much better crop when ploughed with a machine than by a bull, owing to the greater depth reached by the steam plough; and it is an incontrovertible fact that much labor and produce are lost by the antiquated methods of harvesting and preparing the different classes of produce for the market.

The mechanical schools, or Schools of Arts and Trades, established in the provinces could be made useful as machine-shops for the manufacture and repair of machinery actually needed in the agricultural provinces.

Another most potent factor in stimulating the development of the Philippine agriculture is irrigation. The seasons are divided there into a rainy and a dry season, which vary according to the locality, whether on the east or the west coast of the islands. Rice is especially dependent upon water for its proper cultivation, but proper irrigation will make a great difference in the uniformity and value of many other crops. By irrigating the fields we can enable the farmer to cultivate two crops from the same land in the course of a year, both full crops, whereas one is all that the land can now produce. This will prevent a recurrence of the calamity of 1907, when the failure of the fall rains caused a loss of about one-half of the rice crop of the Islands, amounting to many millions of dollars in value, a misfortune which fell heavily on the impoverished people. The natives themselves have been very alert in seeing the value of irrigation, and one of the laws passed by the first legislature was a bill appropriating the sum of \$375,000 a year to be paid into

the Department of Commerce and Police, and used solely for the purpose of irrigation. It is proposed with this money to start a reimbursable fund. The first use is the establishment of several surveying parties to ascertain the most desirable and profitable irrigation projects to be started. Work has already begun on some, but mainly in the way of repairing old systems which have been in operation under the Spanish rule. The water will be sold to the owners of land wishing to use it, and the money so received will be returned to the original fund and used for further construction work. Thus gradually the new amount paid in each year, and the accretions to the fund from the sales of water, will make a very respectable sum of money, which will grow with each year until the Islands are properly supplied with systems of irrigation. When this desirable result is consummated, the price can be lowered to the users of water.

One enterprise undertaken by the Insular Government which has aroused a great deal of interest among the people who have investigated it, is the Penal Colony. The prison in Manila, called Bilibid, contained several thousand prisoners, but the work on hand was not sufficient to keep them all employed, and a good deal of criticism was evoked by the effort to give them work of a commercial nature. No criticism, however, can be made of their use for the development of the agricultural resources of the Islands, and accordingly a number of picked prisoners were sent on parole to a distant and sparsely settled island where twenty-two thousand acres had been laid aside for their use. The success of this kind of an experiment quite often depends upon the personality of the man sent in charge, and it was only after two unsuccessful trials that a man was found who could master the situation, and who turned this penal reservation into a veritable garden of beauty. Under his able direction the experiment succeeded, and the prisoners, called "colonists," took particular inter-

est in the proper development of the settlement. The mortality from malaria was at first very severe, but the colonists themselves cleaned up the dangerous spots and brought about a condition of health which is most gratifying, the last year's report showing a death-rate of only eight per thousand. This colony would be a profitable study for sociologists. In the beginning, the plans of the George Junior Republic were studied; and the whole scheme upon which the colony was devised rests upon the inducement to effort offered to the prisoners by a series of rewards for those who succeed. These include promotion to positions of dignity, such as foreman of work-gangs and police; and pay when sufficiently advanced. The prisoners are allowed to carry a short knife, or bolo, axes, and other implements which colonists are given, and which can be used as weapons. They maintain a considerable number of boats, and colonists who have proved their trustworthiness are given the privilege of having their families join them and are allotted tracts of land which they may develop and farm.

I do not feel that anybody who believes in American ideals can go to the Philippine Islands, study the work of the American government there, and come away dissatisfied with the general plan which has been adopted and the results thus far achieved. I do not think that anybody can see these people helped step by step on the road to self-government and prosperous development, and not sympathize with what we are doing. I do not believe that any person who believes in the fundamental theories of democracy can find fault with the general effort which is being made to give the individual his rights and a means of maintaining them. The criticisms of those well-wishers of the Filipino who wish to see him advance most rapidly, would probably be that we have gone a little too fast for his own good. It is a case where it is wise to make haste slowly. However that may be, there can be no doubt about the honesty of the pur-

pose and consistency of the policies which have been outlined and followed by the administration through its various officials.

The record of the Americans in the Philippines is one of which no American need be ashamed. It is a record upon which we need not hesitate to dwell on Independence Day. We have given to people unused and unaccustomed to such privileges, freedom of speech, freedom of

worship, freedom of opportunity, and freedom of labor. We are casting off the shackles which held down the laboring classes of the Philippines, and, with the laboring classes raised, we are raising all the people to a higher and nobler plane. We may not as yet have given independence to the Philippines, but we are certainly giving independence to the Filipinos.

EVEY AND HER HAPPINESS

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

EVEY TAYLOR, dark-eyed, beautiful Eve, bent forward, a forefinger up to the long row of child-faces. Wide eyes, blue or brown, fastened on it, fascinated. "For, children," concluded Evey, with a simple finality of statement explainable perhaps by her nineteen years, "God always answers prayers. Not just sometimes," expanded Evey with lovely, glowing fervor, "but always: your prayer, Betty" (the white forefinger curled with its sister fingers around Betty's brown baby hands); "your prayer, little Martie" (Evey's other hand cupped Martie's pink chin with its pinker palm, — Martie's bud of a face lifted solemnly to Evey's rapt regard); "my prayer," ended Evey in an absent-minded half-whisper to Martie.

With the last two words she blushed, not scarlet, not pink, but white. Her eyes slipped from the faces of the children to where her white fingers cuddled Betty's brown fingers. She could just glimpse her new ring with its heart-shaped green gem. The green, deep heart of spring it was for Evey, the green before the flowers, yet holding them all — oh, all the greens of all the springs dreamed of their flowers in Evey's emerald-hearted ring! The white blush deepened. Unwillingly, but quite without her power to prevent it, she began to see how Richard
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looked as he stood near the door waiting for the lesson to be over. Of course she did not turn her head in church. She saw him with the white silk crown of her scoopy bonnet, with the narrow lacy ruffles of her shoulder-cape, with the braided curls so softly and mysteriously dark between these two whites, the silvery and the diaphanous. Then her hand — her right hand, the left was too shy, too bewildered with joy for boldness — began to steal up. It was jealous of the bonnet crown, of the lacy ruffles, of the dark braided curls between. It feigned to adjust a scarf-end. It inched higher. It tucked in the tip of a staring curl, and there it lingered, looking at Richard, too.

All at once Evey became conscious that the children were rising with spreading butterfly movements of stiff skirts. Her hand dropped hastily.

"Come out in the grove until church-time," said Richard, leaning over her, a hand on the tall pew-door. He swung it for the children, and Evey's class fluttered out on blue and pink and white wings, and scattered for a play-time among old graves.

Evey and Richard followed more slowly. Evey's cheeks were of their normal, natural, marvelous velvety crimson again. Only when alone with her thought of

Richard was Evey shy. By his side she had not enough self-consciousness left for shyness. She saw the lightning lift of his thick lashes, the impatient gesture of his hand, the bold music of his young laughter, the vivid flower on his coat, or the piercing notes plucked by him from his stringed instrument in the dark of the ivied porch.

But Richard never knew it. Evey was born to certain dignities, reserves, poises. Richard thought her cold. Once — it was when he was home on sick leave — he pretended to warm those impatient hands of his at her crimson cheeks, holding them one on either side, and shivering.

Evey drew back, smiling uncertainly.

"There is n't enough fire in your heart to warm them by," he explained. "It's all in your cheeks, I think, Evey."

For the first time Richard saw that white blush. His two hands were clasping pale cheeks now. They were burning his palms. From under her downcast lids little silent tears of confession were sliding one by one.

"Oh, let me go!" begged Evey, when she dared speak.

"I'm sorry," said Richard. He dropped his hands, and stood aside for her to pass. His face was thoughtful. He had not dreamed of Evey's loving him like that.

The week after, they went camping, Evey's people and his people, as was their custom in the fall. The elders drove around the graded pike; but the young ones went on horseback, and Evey's golden-coated sorrel picked a disdainful way up the rough straight cut, followed by Richard's big brown colt.

The two came out ahead at Link's. A haystack of sweet grass scythed from the mountain meadow loomed first; then the old man's squat cabin of hewn logs and boards. Wood-smoke, blue as the distant ridges, rose fragrantly into the deep bright blue of the sky. Old Link strode from the doorway, placidly pleased. "I've been a looking for you folks this fortnit gone," he said as he passed Evey

and Richard on his way to let down the wood bars for the wagons.

The other riders broke through the forest now; and away from their laughter, and jesting, and unsaddling, Evey rode the golden-coated sorrel, moving slowly around the sere meadow, and halting by the mountain stream. Here she slid to the ground, unsaddling and unbridling with two swift complicated movements. The gay trappings tumbled on the grass, and Paxie shook his fabulous fleece of mane, and bowed his bright neck to drink.

"Why run away?" protested Richard at her elbow. He looked at her, considering. Never had the velvet crimson of her cheeks been softer, more splendid.

"It's up here, Richie," said Evey absently. She pushed the soft riding felt back on her braided curls, and leaned against a young maple, bending her riding switch in two small bare fists. Her eyes wandered, her ears hearkened to the rustling arras of leaves, to the soaring sky filled with harplike humming of winds, to the creek, vague revealer of forest secrecies, to the grasshopper, whirring senilely in the fading sunshine spread at her feet. She apprehended everything but Richard, it appeared.

"So you can get along very well without me, Evey?" he challenged her.

"But it's only because I have you," said Evey. Her one dimple deepened, became a fairy well of laughter in her crimson cheek. Her hand offered itself in an adorable gesture of love and confidence.

Richard did not take it. Instead, he moved a step away and thrust his hands in his pockets.

"Evey," he said abruptly, "let's be — just friends again."

A shocked silence filled the space between them. Then Evey spoke, her white face lifted, her dropped hand twisting a fold of her habit.

"Don't you love me any more?" She asked it in a clear, careful, unnatural voice.

Richard came closer, leaning over, speaking eagerly, as to a comrade who must understand. "I want to be free, Evey. Why," he broke out with a candor so amazing in its childishness, so spontaneous in its appeal, that it served for its own absolution, "I've *never* been free! I've been engaged to some one ever since I was seventeen!"

Evey nodded. "I thought this — was — different."

"So did I," cried Richard. "Do you think I'd have asked *you* to marry me, Evey, if I had n't believed *this* to be — different?"

"But it is n't?" asked Evey, in the same colorless, unrecognizable voice. No one could have guessed that she was pleading desperately for the life of her happiness.

Richard shook his head. "I suppose it would be, if I could be here with you all the time, Evey — but — I want to be free," he repeated. He flung his hand out in a wide, wild gesture. "When I'm out there with Stuart I want to *feel* free. I don't want to be drawn back to another sort of life, for that's my life now, Evey. You see, we can't beat them." He bent, following her involuntary, surprised recoil. "You don't like to hear that, Evey, but lots of us have the sense to realize it. We can't. They've everything behind them; but we can wear them out. We can carry on a defensive warfare for years and years up in these mountains. That's what it will come to, for we won't give up. How can I think of love, of marriage? Oh, Evey, if you were a boy I'd take you back with me, and you'd understand."

"You might have told me — sooner."

"I was so ill — at first. You are so dear, so sweet. I've been cowardly —" He broke off abruptly. With a gesture he offered himself to be dealt with.

"Poor little boy!" said Evey. Her voice became rich and full of meaning. Scorn, motherliness, humor, warmed it, colored it. She turned, looking him full in the face with pondering, deep-seeing eyes. He became a symbol. "Poor little

boys — North, East, South, West, hundreds of thousands of them, capable of every nobility, of every pettiness, of every courage, of every cowardice, of every truth, of every lie, of every wild and foolish inconsistency between truth and lie — tender of a dog's feelings — breaking a friend's heart — poor little boys!" Evey's color came half-way back, never quite all the way again. "I understand," she said from her vantage ground attained in a vision. She drew off the little ring and held it out to him.

"Evey?" pleaded Richard. He became scarlet. Tears flashed to his eyes. "Can't you keep that? We've always been friends. Can't you keep it as my friend?"

Poor little boys! Poor, blundering, incredibly foolish, unspeakably cruel little boys! Evey still held out the little emerald-hearted ring. In it all the green of all the springs dreamed of their flowers — flowers never, never, never to bloom.

"Take it!" cried Evey.

Next day, bearing old Link with them as guide, philosopher, and friend, they climbed to the top of their particular part of the world, a strange plateau of acres, piled with rocks, and dotted here and there with an unnatural species of oak exactly like old gnarled apple-trees. There were three of these grotesque orchards on the plateau, and on it also a river had its source. A river is the only thing that is all ages at once. Here was one in its babyhood. It began in a tiny blue spring, and crept out of its cradle in a trickling rivulet you might step across; yet you knew that down below and far away it was twelve miles wide, and harbored ships from the farthest, dimmest ports of the world. Near this spring, in the edge of the forest, they set up their tents and turned their hobbled horses out to graze.

The men fished in the flashing mountain waters and hunted through the gorgeous mountain hollows by day, and at night the whole party ringed about the camp-fire, and the boys and girls sang

and played while their elders hearkened and dreamed.

Or perhaps they read from a book of tales, taking turns under a big lantern swung from a pine-bough. So sat Evey the night she read to them of Rosina whose lover had deserted her.

Evey wore a crimson dress that night, and about her shoulders something dark and flowing and shining and silken shielded her from the chill. This she twisted with one hand, while the other played with, or pressed open, the pages of the book on her knee. The braided curls, caught up in a net of woven strands of crimson silk, were beautiful and wonderful as Evey bent her head under the lantern light and read of Rosina whose lover had deserted her.

A pertinent subject, yet at first it was all a succession of dull, dead words to Evey in her living pain. But suddenly she stopped. The words leaped piercing and alive to her eyes, to her brain, and she sat stricken mute, her drooped face white between the crimson-netted curls; and the crimson of her dress out-billowing from under the dark mantle of silk. Then she read on, leaning lower and shading her eyes with her hand.

"You've skipped something, Evey," accused Isabella from across the circle.

"She's tired," said Richard. He reached over and would have taken the book.

"I'm not tired at all," protested Evey, holding it fast.

But he insisted and she surrendered it proudly.

"Don't move," said Richard, "I can see well enough here."

He sat pretending to find the place, but in reality reading the words that had stricken Evey dumb.

"*Was she then,*" read Richard, "*one of those poor creatures who could not keep their lovers?*"

Shamed red streaked Richard's dark cheek. His abashed blue eyes sought Evey's dark eyes. They met his with composure gained at a cruel cost. "I

hope you are satisfied," said Evey's proud eyes.

Richard's fell before them. He flung the mischievous volume to the shadows, crouched impishly beyond the firelit circle, and reached for his guitar.

"It's a stupid story," vouchsafed Richard to the cry of protest, and he sang to them of war.

"The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die," sang Richard.

"The wounded to die," thought Evey. "That meaning might be for Richard some day." She had forgiven him much. Now, hardest of all, she forgave him for reading that paragraph.

Late that night, all that night, Evey lay wide-eyed, staring up at the restless leaves that roofed her forest chamber. If her heart had been at ease how it would have loved the fragrant nest in the wood's edge! On it old Link had lavished cunning and art. He had fashioned Evey a room with corner-posts of living trees, and walls of woven grapevines interlaced with cedar boughs; a room carpeted by gray velvet of old moss, and roofed by wind-stirred scarlet of October leaves. But Evey lay on her blanketed couch of thick-piled arbor-vitæ twigs, unseeing, uncaring, a throbbing pulse of misery in the cool darkness, the sweet silence. Toward morning she dozed a little; but started awake in the false dawn amid a faint, wild, fresh stir of wind-wings and bird-wings.

Words were clear in her brain with the waking: "*Was she then—one of those poor creatures*"—she, Evey, in her spring splendor of soft, crimson-cheeked young beauty? And no other woman, in some greater strength of beauty, or of goodness, had bereaved her of Richard's heart. No, far worse, it had been stolen from her by the things of men—by the lure of the night spent rolled in a wet cloak under a dripping pine, by the rushing roll of a drum, by the savagery of a war-cry, by the beckoning of shadows slipping through the dark to fall, a materialized Death, on brothers sleeping in the dawn.

For the first time Evey's bitterly controlled heart broke the restraint ordered for it by Evey's tradition-tormented young womanhood. She sat up, nursing her abased silken head in her soft arms, shuddering with sobs, drenched with tears, openly crying out to the infinite and unanswering blankness and darkness, "Give Richard back to me, O God, — give Richard back to me!"

The next morning Richard came to where Evey sat dabbling her fingers in the blue river source. "Evey," he said.

She looked up slowly and saw that he led his brown colt, and that he was cloaked and booted for riding. We will not tell what Richard saw in Evey's face when she looked up, for she was trying to hide it.

"I am going back to my regiment, Evey. I have told every one else good-by."

Evey still looked at him speechlessly.

"Won't you say good-by, Evey?"

So this was how God answered prayers. She had journeyed through that dreadful night to this.

Still silent, Evey held out her cold hand. Richard helped her to rise, and stood, still holding it, looking down in troubled thought.

"Evey," he said at length, with his abrupt movement and look, "if you have not kept me, you may be sure it's because I'm not worth keeping;" and after his night under the dwarfing stars Richard really believed that. He dropped her cold little hand and waited.

Presently Evey came closer, and lifted her soft arm around his neck, and gave him the sister kiss of farewell he mutely craved of her with his troubled blue eyes.

Her heart would have thrust her from him before she gave it.

"Please let me," she pleaded with her heart. "It makes him feel better. and he is going away. Maybe he is going away forever."

Richard's face quivered. "Oh," he said, stammering, "no one is so good, so sweet, so beautiful, as you, Evey!"

He went away with blurred eyes, and stumbling feet, and the brown colt followed. Evey did not look around to see them go; but she heard them going for a long while by a snapped branch, or a dislodged stone along the narrow bridle-trail, winding here, winding there, yet dropping ever to the valley where men were playing a tragic, losing game of war.

They did not stay long on the mountain-top after Richard went away. Autumn rains came, early and chill, and drove them to the firesides below. On the way a strange thing happened for Evey. Some accident to a wheel delayed the party for an hour by the river, older now, and eddying in mad play among the rocks. Evey, insensibly wandering apart, picked her way from rock to rock across the stream. Half-way over, a level ledge allured her to a seat on its lichen tapestry. Here she lingered, leaning over, and trailing her fingers in the shallow swirl of water. She had been doing this for ten unconscious minutes perhaps, and they had begun calling her back, when something struck against her numb palm. Her hand involuntarily closed about the object, and she gave a faint, astonished cry.

For this was how Evey got the ring back, the empty little ring, with its emerald heart gone, loosened in some way from its clasping gold, and lost in that tossing, interrupted passage to Evey's hand.

She carried the ring home, and strung it on a narrow ribbon around her neck, and thereafter when she prayed for Richard to come back to her, and for all to be as it was, she held it in her burning palm. At first, as on that night in her forest room, she prayed with some desperate hope, some childish faith, that a miracle might be wrought by loving and praying; but later she prayed she knew not why, since it was all to be in vain.

In Evey's corner of the world, engagements, unless actually culminating in

wedding invitations, created small comment. One does not chatter over the love affairs of roses and butterflies. Even had it been otherwise people had sadder things to occupy them. There was always death, for one thing. Though the town itself lay pocketed among the hills, with the war eddying around it, yet never touching it, still young men went out to that war, and dead men came back from it, and made it real to the people left behind.

Richard's father came back so, and Evey's own brother. Evey wore a black dress now, and her dimmed cheeks were natural enough in a community made up of babies, and sick people, and women, and old, old men. She might stand, as she often did stand, where the linden avenue opened on the high road, so lost in unhappy reverie as to be unconscious of the passer-by. The chances were that the passer-by was lost in unhappy reverie too, for this was the third year of the great war, and Jackson was dead. Only of the children were expected the bright faces which proved even to the saddest that youth and light-heartedness had still a hand in shaping the world. Sometimes it seemed to Evey that but for the children's faces she would sink down, down in some gulf of dumb, dreamy madness. But Martie's face alone was enough to illumine with hope a larger place than Lexington.

If rippling, running spring water sparkling in the sunshine of an April morning could be curved and colored into a cool pink rose, you might get some idea of the brightness of Martie's face when she came visiting Evey. This she was very fond of doing. Evey's home on the town's edge had a white pillared magnificence which Martie's Aunt Martha's square brick house on Main Street lacked entirely. Evey's home had spacious interiors, dim and glowing with polished, dark woods, and mirrors narrow and deep between banks of Flemish brass. Back of the house, too, a foreign-looking garden of flowers and shrubs had long ago been laid out, with formal beds, and ordered bor-

ders, and summer-houses made of honeysuckle and rose-vine, and a fountain of white marble out of some deserted Roman garden of a far remoter past. These wonderful grounds descended by terraces to the river, and the willow-trees, and to Evey's brother's white boat, now never touched, but left ever rising, sinking, ruining on its rusty chain.

Then Evey's room, white-paneled, wide-windowed, opening on an upper portico bowered with clematis; Evey's room, with a treasure of Evey's childhood in every little drawer and box. Always Martie hoped Evey would say, "Now we'll go up to my room, Martie." And Evey, sweet-hearted as ever in her sadness, always said it. Often she transferred a treasure to Martie: one's childish things seem to crave to be given to these later children; and sometimes, invoked by Martie's rapture, her own not distant little girl self came running back to play. One evening in particular Evey was noted to be prattling as volubly and gleefully as Martie herself; but an hour later you might have seen her standing at the end of the linden avenue, gazing along the road by which Richard, alive or dead, would one day surely come; "but not to me," mused Evey, never seeing you as you passed, "not to me."

Now and again she heard how Richard used his freedom. Once indeed Lexington talked of nothing else for days. Neighbors who had watched him grow up went around saying to each other, "Have you heard?" and the whole town glowed with his name and deed. His mother uplifted a stately white head above her widow's gown, and his young sister ran to sob out her excitement on Evey's shoulder, crying, "Why did you give him up, Evey? See how proud you would be of him now!"

Evey kissed her in a silence which appeared consenting, — even to the Goddess of Truth this reticence might have been conceded, — but her mind was filled with strange radical musings that summer of '64. What she was really thinking above

Isabella's bowed head would have made Isabella start away from her with incredulous horror in her blue eyes. For Evey was doubting the justice of the Cause, and Evey was thinking that nothing could be worth so much of the heart's blood of a land's youth, and Evey was saying to herself, "I will not be proud of Richard. Other mothers are weeping because his mother is glad. That is all it comes to."

Evey's soft body shuddered with hate of the whole horrible war, as she drew herself from Isabella's arms.

"Oh," cried Isabella, her eyes flashing, "you *are* cold-hearted — he always said you were cold-hearted, Evey. I am sorry I came to you."

"I am not cold-hearted," said Evey quietly, "but I am sick of war. How can any woman in this land not be sick of war, Isa?"

"I am not," defied Isabella. "I do not begrudge it my father. If I were a man I would be like Richard."

"I begrudge it my brother," said Evey. Her deep eyes shone. "If I were a man, I would try to stop the war."

"I don't understand you, Evey; you used to think it so glorious."

"I was a little fool," said Evey bitterly. Then she caught Isabella back to her and the two girls cried together before they kissed and parted. Isa might not always understand Evey, but she could not help loving her.

Far out over the hills things had happened which the town was yet to hear of. All over the country men were coming home. Wounded, worn-out, defeated; on horseback, or on foot, they were coming. The dusty highways were dotted and strung with them, the green wood-roads and mountain-trails were blotted with their ragged grayness. One of them, short-cutting by the river-path at sunset, had been halted by the apparition of Bruce's white skiff, idle under the dipping willows; and there, leaning his tattered sleeve, with its captain's stripe, on a tree, Evey found him. He turned her a haggard face of no

age, unshorn, dusty, under a sunburned shock of hair.

"Richard!" Evey's startled voice rang, her heart sped forward to new disaster. "You are not wounded. Did you bring home some — who is — or dead?" Her thoughts flew to her father.

Richard shook his head as he came running up the bank. She saw that he controlled trembling lips. He made her sit down on a bench and dropped at her feet.

"What is it then?" Her beating heart shook her to the point of pain.

Richard looked up at her, still biting his lip, fumbling with his cap.

"O Evey," he said, "I have seen Lee surrender!"

He flung his arm across the bench and hid his eyes in his ragged sleeve.

Evey put her own arm over his head protectingly. Her flowing black sleeve covered it, her hand touched his tense shoulders with comfort. Above him her eyes were luminous with joy. She breathed deeply as one dropping a burden. It seemed to Evey as if all the women in the land must be sending up that blessed sigh of relief, that it must be an audible song ascending to the skies. And Richard was brokenhearted because he was not allowed to fight any longer — poor little boy!

Presently, looking up, Richard reached a hand to Evey's sleeve, and held it as if it saved as well as sheltered. "Evey," he said, and it was plain that the words welled up from his heart, "I did n't know I was coming back to you when I started — but, O Evey, will you have me back? Will you let me belong to you forever?"

Her prayer had been answered. The war that bore Richard from her had cast him back on the steadfast shores of her heart. Why then did Evey sit silent, brooding over him with such a wistful face?

"Don't you love me any more, Evey?"

Time at last makes all things even. It was Richard's turn to ask that. He looked at her, seeing for the first time her pale cheeks.

"It would serve me quite right," he said sternly, "if you did not."

She made a tender, involuntary little movement toward him. Richard's arms went up, and round her.

"It is not *that*!" cried Evey.

Not love him? Oh, Evey loved him well, only now the love was mingled with past pain, with long sorrow, with sad wisdom too deep by far for Evey's years. She scarcely knew a way to make clear to Richard how, though her heart was indeed full of this love, it was filled, too, with yearning for love as she had first known it — love unalloyed with life, a lifting joy.

So, homesick for a little, green, heart-shaped, untried world of youth, she sat, her cheek quietly against Richard's upreached hand, her fingers twisting at a black ribbon, and playing with an empty ring.

"Evey!" cried Richard. He took the ring from her. "Why, I lost that!"

"On purpose?" whispered Evey.

"Yes," said Richard unsteadily; "the morning I left you."

"The emerald is still lost," said Evey. She pressed her lips to his torn sleeve.

"Never mind," said Richard, still unsteadily, "we'll take the ring down to Myers in the morning."

But Myers, in all of his dusty stock, had not another heart-shaped emerald. How could he have, thought Evey, when there was not another in the whole world?

They chose a ruby finally, and waited in the window-seat behind the geraniums while it was being set in the empty ring. To them in that tiny, timeless, sunny haven, appeared, after seconds, or ages, old Myers, his fine, wise face wrinkled with a musing smile. He stood watching them, two children whom he had known all their lives, while Richard fitted the ring in its old place on Evey's finger.

So Evey's lost emerald blossomed at last. Red war, heart's blood, crimson cheeks of youth, had gone to make up that blossoming. Evey shut the ring suddenly in her palm.

"Don't you like it?" asked Richard imploringly.

"I love it," said Evey, "only" — she tried to keep it back, that desperate, childish wail; but it would come, it would burst from her heart. "Oh, it's not the same," cried Evey, "it's not the same!"

They had been married, and living at the old Red Hill place for a year. now. Richard had pointed out to Evey that the boy might be safely left with two grandmothers, an old colored mammy, and Martie. Evey had pretended to assent, and was deep in her first stroll with Richard through the summer-time. She hid her anxiety so successfully that Richard thought she was enjoying herself, and proposed a remoter, greener depth, where wilder creek waters narrowed between steeper hillsides, and where, instead of sunshine being sprinkled with shadow, shadow was sprinkled with sunshine.

It seemed to Evey, as Richard spoke, that the baby was receding to a vanishing point of space, that she was being lured to these haunts of girlhood to make her forget that she had a baby at all. She had heard of men being jealous of their children. Was Richard one of these monsters?

"I won't go a step further," declared Evey.

"Now I've tired you!" cried Richard with extravagant self-reproach. He stripped off his coat, and made her sit down on it, before she could utter a protest. She fidgeted. What might not be happening to the baby? She looked suspiciously at Richard, who had stretched himself at her side. His head touched her knee.

"Evey," said Richard, — his arms went up and drew her down to his lips, — "I'm the happiest man in the world."

"But perhaps," thought Evey, "it's because we're here together — *just us two again*." She caught her breath, she dared the question. "You mean —?"

"Yes," whispered Richard. He let her go so that he could see up into her eyes. Her white blush answered his look. "To think of us, Evey, *us* — having a little son!"

Awe, old as mankind, thrilled his young voice. He turned his face to her encircling arm, and again her flowing sleeve covered his head, and her tender hand caressed. As she sat thus, a slender ray of sunlight pierced the green leaves and searched out the ruby in her ring. The dazzle drew her eyes, and she gazed, dreaming, smiling, forgetting.

For beautifully beyond all imagining

Evey's lost emerald had blossomed anew, — in scarlet colors of October, and Richard's hand warm in hers, — in leaping fires of home, and Richard by her side, — in earliest arbutus, and Richard parting the wet dead leaves above it for her to see the rosy face of spring, — in June-time, and red sunrise of new hope, and Richard laying the child in her arms.

CHAPTERS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER

II

A PUPIL OF AGASSIZ

[The January *Atlantic* contained that portion of the late Professor Shaler's autobiography which described his boyhood in Kentucky. After some account of his random schooling, which included lessons in German and fencing, Professor Shaler proceeds, in the chapter given in the following pages, to an account of his first experiences at Harvard. — THE EDITORS.]

IN 1858, when I was seventeen years old, it was determined that I should have a good education. My parents could well afford this, for my grandfather had left considerable property, and besides that there were other means. The plan was that I should have a liberal training, and then make up my mind as to what profession I would adopt. It was at first proposed that I should go to West Point, but my fancy for war had passed, and not even the argument that there was war to come and that soon, affected me. My desire, moved by my teacher Escher, was to go to Heidelberg; fortunately it was determined that I should begin my exploration of the realm of higher learning at Harvard College. We supposed that I was far enough along to enter the sophomore class in 1859, and that after graduating I should go to Germany for further study. For my own part I cared little where I went or what I did. There was need of enlargement, the resources about

me were used up, and I was so shaped that if a change had not been made, I should have wandered away in search of adventures.

My father went with me to Cambridge, and as it was well on in the first term, I was placed under a tutor recommended by his classmate Dixwell. I was then a lank fellow, six feet high, very slender, nimble from a good though limited physical training, still rather feeble from attacks of malaria and megrims. As for my training, what has been said before shows that it was, from the schoolmaster's point of view, a jumble of unrelated matters — a very poor basis for collegiate study, which took no account of a training in arms and equitation, and as little of philosophy and geology, or a knowledge of human nature. Still, on going me over, my tutor thought I could be put in the sophomore class in the autumn of 1859.

Although my studies interested me, —

anything did, for I had then and ever since a capacity to be interested in anything put before me, — my tutor most commanded my attention. He was a senior in Harvard College, and had a well-deserved name for scholarship in the classics, as well as for a miscellaneous assortment of talents and knowledge. He was reputed to be the best player of the game of checkers in the country; knew the political history of the United States amazingly well; was learned in pugilism, having at his tongue's end the story of all the prize fights of recent times; withal he was the merriest little man I have ever seen. His curly head and radiant visage charmed me at first, and remain as treasured recollections in a whole gallery of such memories. I well recall my first morning with him, when, after going over the best of what I could and could not do, he asked me if I could box. I pleaded guilty to some knowledge of that ignoble art. At that time I had not learned of his interest in it, and thought that I would be lowered in his eyes by the confession. To my surprise, indeed to my horror, for I had a swordsman's contempt for the business, he insisted on my having a bout with him at once. I had learned boxing in Scherer's school of arms, where it was taught by a competent man but classed as a very degrading form of fighting, ranking below quarter-staff. It was regarded as an ignoble, if sometimes necessary, means of defense, only to be resorted to in extremity when you were contending with common people and had no blessed steel at hand. The eager little man proved very unskillful. At the very first tap he tipped over, his head going against a window-pane, smashing the glass but happily not harming him. I shall never forget my mingled wonder and exasperation at this incident. My training with the reverend philosopher Escher had set up in my mind a category of the tutor into which this new-found specimen by no means fitted.

My work with my mentor went in a fair way for some months during the win-

ter and spring in Cambridge, and during the summer in Keene, New Hampshire. In Cambridge, I found myself in an unhappy social position, for the reason that my station as a sub-freshman, as an inferior to the men of my own age already in college, was humiliating to my sense of self-importance, and in marked contrast to that I had won at home. In Keene, I found myself in a charming New England community, where the life resembled that to which I was native. There, the fact that I could ride, shoot, act in theatricals, spout poetry, and descant on philosophy, put me back into the class of men, so that I was myself again.

While in Keene, there came an odd incident in my education which, though but a trifle, proved most telling. My tutor, with whom I had read much Latin verse in a manner which he approved, for my scanning was uncommonly good, — I had a natural ear for it, — one day asked me the rule for the quantity of a syllable, only to find that I was absolutely ignorant of such written prescriptions. The long list of these rules was then produced — they were to be learned at once. Now I cannot by any contrivance manage to fix in my mind a succession of irrelevances. If he had commanded me to commit all of Ovid, I should willingly have set about the task; as it was, I asked him if in his opinion Horace had learned those precious rules. He was sure that he had not, and equally certain that I must learn them if I had any expectation of getting into Harvard College. On that issue we parted. I refused to spend time on an unnecessary bit of purely formal work.

I was the more content to give up a training in Harvard College, for the reason that my stay in Keene had convinced me that I was more naturalist than humanist, in that I could not content myself with the book side of culture. The life of the fields, the brooks, and rocks, was nearer to me than that of the men and thoughts of long ago. Moreover, in

some way I had come across Agassiz's essay on classification, then just published, and in it I found something at once of science and philosophy. As I recall it, this essay was the introduction to Agassiz's series, never completed, of contributions to the natural history of North America, the volume concerning the Testudinata. These creatures had interested me in my childhood; I had one of them among my first "pets" when I was about ten years old, and fancied, I think with good reason, that he learned to know me and to come to my call. While at Keene, I became much interested in several aquatic species which were new to me. The essay and the descriptions in the memoir, along with the other contacts of nature in that lovely district, reawakened my enthusiasm for the world below man, so that the demand of my tutor that I should set me to learning rules for scanning Latin verse came most inopportune-ly for my college education.

At the time of my secession from the humanities, Agassiz was in Europe; he did not return, I think, until the autumn of 1859. I had, however, picked up several acquaintances among his pupils, learned what they were about, and gained some notion of his methods. After about a month he returned, and I had my first contact with the man who was to have the most influence on my life of any of the teachers to whom I am indebted. I shall never forget even the lesser incidents of this meeting, for this great master by his presence gave an importance to his surroundings, so that the room where you met him, and the furniture, stayed with the memory of him.

When I first met Louis Agassiz, he was still in the prime of his admirable manhood; though he was then fifty-two years old, and had passed his constructive period, he still had the look of a young man. His face was the most genial and engaging that I had ever seen, and his manner captivated me altogether. But as I had been among men who had a free swing, and for a year among people who

seemed to me to be cold and super-rational, hungry as I doubtless was for human sympathy, Agassiz's welcome went to my heart, — I was at once his captive. It has been my good chance to see many men of engaging presence and ways, but I have never known his equal.

As the personal quality of Agassiz was the greatest of his powers, and as my life was greatly influenced by my immediate and enduring affection for him, I am tempted to set forth some incidents which show that my swift devotion to my new-found master was not due to the accidents of the situation or to any boyish fancy. I will content myself with one of those stories, which will of itself show how easily he captivated men, even those of the ruder sort.

Some years after we came together, when indeed I was formally his assistant, I believe it was in 1866, he became much interested in the task of comparing the skeletons of thorough-bred horses with those of common stock. I had at his request tried, but without success, to obtain the bones of certain famous stallions from my acquaintances among the racing men in Kentucky. Early one morning there was a fire, supposed to be incendiary, in the stables at the Beacon Park track, a mile from the College, in which a number of horses had been killed and many badly scorched. I had just returned from the place, where I had left a mob of irate owners and jockeys in a violent state of mind, intent on finding some one to hang. I had seen the chance of getting a valuable lot of stallions for the museum, but it was evident that the time was most inopportune for suggesting such a disposition of the remains. Had I done so, the results would have been, to say the least, unpleasant.

As I came away from the profane lot of horse-men gathered about the ruins of their fortunes or their hopes, I met Agassiz almost running to seize the chance of specimens. I told him to come back with me: that we must wait until the mob had spent its rage: but he kept on. I told

him further that he risked spoiling his good chance, and, finally, that he would have his head punched: but he trotted on. I went with him, in the hope that I might protect him from the consequences of his curiosity. When we reached the spot, there came about a marvel: in a moment he had all those raging men at his command. He went at once to work with the horses which had been hurt but were savable. His intense sympathy with the creatures, his knowledge of the remedies to be applied, his immediate appropriation of the whole situation, of which he was at once the master, made those rude folks at once his friends. Nobody asked who he was, for the good reason that he was heart and soul of them. When the task of helping was done, then Agassiz skillfully came to the point of his business — the skeletons — and this so dexterously and sympathetically that the men were, it seemed, ready to turn over the living as well as the dead beasts for his service. I have seen a lot of human doing, much of it critically, as actor or near observer, but this was in many ways the greatest. The supreme art of it was in the use of a perfectly spontaneous and most actually sympathetic motive to gain an end. With others, this state of mind would lead to affectation; with him, it in no wise diminished the quality of the emotion. He could measure the value of the motive, but do it without lessening its moral import.

As my account of Agassiz's quality should rest upon my experiences with him, I shall now go on to tell how and to what effect he trained me. In that day there were no written examinations on any subjects which candidates for the Lawrence Scientific School had to pass. The professors in charge of the several departments questioned the candidates and determined their fitness to pursue the course of study they desired to undertake. Few or none who had any semblance of an education were denied admission to Agassiz's laboratory. At that time, the instructors had in addition to

their meagre salaries — his was then \$2500 per annum — the regular fees paid in by the students under their charge. So I was promptly assured that I was admitted. Be it said, however, that he did give me an effective oral examination, which, as he told me, was intended to show whether I could expect to go forward to a degree at the end of four years of study. On this matter of the degree he was obdurate, refusing to recommend some who had been with him for many years and had succeeded in their special work, giving as reason for his denial that they were "too ignorant."

The examination Agassiz gave me was directed first to find that I knew enough Latin and Greek to make use of those languages; that I could patter a little of them evidently pleased him. He did not care for those detestable rules for scanning. Then came German and French, which were also approved: I could read both, and spoke the former fairly well. He did not probe me in my weakest place, mathematics, for the good reason that, badly as I was off in that subject, he was in a worse plight. Then, asking me concerning my reading, he found that I had read the essay on classification and had noted in it the influence of Schelling's views. Most of his questioning related to this field, and the more than fair beginning of our relations then made was due to the fact that I had some enlargement on that side. So, too, he was pleased to find that I had managed a lot of Latin, Greek, and German poetry, and had been trained with the sword. He completed this inquiry by requiring that I bring my foils and mask for a bout. In this test he did not fare well, for, though not untrained, he evidently knew more of the *Schläger* than of the rapier. He was heavy-handed and lacked finesse. This, with my previous experience, led me to the conclusion that I had struck upon a kind of tutor in Cambridge not known in Kentucky.

While Agassiz questioned me carefully as to what I had read and what I had

seen, he seemed in this preliminary going-over in no wise concerned to find what I knew about fossils, rocks, animals, and plants: he put aside the offerings of my scanty lore. This offended me a bit, as I recall, for the reason that I thought I knew, and for a self-taught lad really did know, a good deal about such matters, especially as to the habits of insects, particularly spiders. It seemed hard to be denied the chance to make my parade; but I afterwards saw what this meant, that he did not intend to let me begin my tasks by posing as a naturalist. The beginning was indeed quite different, and, as will be seen, in a manner that quickly evaporated my conceit. It was made and continued in a way I will now recount.

Agassiz's laboratory was then in a rather small two-storied building, looking much like a square dwelling-house, which stood where the College Gymnasium now stands. The structure is still extant, though in forty-six years it has three times changed its site and uses, having been first a club-house for his students on Divinity Avenue, where the Peabody Museum has been built; it went thence to a site on Jarvis Street, where it served as the club-house and theatre for the Hasty Pudding Club; from there a little further west, to its present location, where, after being long the habitation for the department of French, it came to be a part of the little establishment for teaching students astronomy. Agassiz had recently moved into it from a shed on the marsh near Brighton bridge, the original tenants, the engineers, having come to riches in the shape of the brick structure now known as the Lawrence Building.

In this primitive establishment Agassiz's laboratory, as distinguished from the store-rooms where the collections were crammed, occupied one room about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide — what is now the west room on the lower floor of the edifice. In this place, already packed, I had assigned to me a small pine table with a rusty tin pan upon it. Of other students, all somewhat older than myself,

there were Alpheus Hyatt, F. W. Putnam, A. E. Verrill, E. S. Morse, Richard Wheatland, Caleb Cook, and a person by the name of Lamb. Hereto also came from time to time, but not regularly, Theodore Lyman and Stimson. There was also, in some narrow quarters, a translator, a Swede, whose name is gone from me, and a sterling old person, Gugenheimer, who served as a preparator. Agassiz's artists generally worked at his nearby dwelling or at his place at Nahant. One of the small rooms upstairs was a sleeping place for Putnam, who served as keeper of the establishment. I have given what may seem unnecessary details concerning this primitive laboratory and museum, in part for the reason that there is, so far as I know, no record of it, and also that it may be set over against the existing conditions of what used to be called Natural History in the University.

When I sat me down before my tin pan, Agassiz brought me a small fish, placing it before me with the rather stern requirement that I should study it, but should on no account talk to any one concerning it, nor read anything concerning fishes, until I had his permission so to do. To my inquiry, "What shall I do?" he said in effect, "Find out what you can without damaging the specimen; when I think that you have done the work I will question you." In the course of an hour I thought I had compassed that fish; it was rather an unsavory object, giving forth the stench of old alcohol, then loathsome to me, though in time I came to like it. Many of the scales were loosened so that they fell off. It appeared to me to be a case for a summary report, which I was anxious to make and get on to the next stage of the business. But Agassiz, though always within call, concerned himself no further with me that day, nor the next, nor for a week. At first, this neglect was distressing; but I saw that it was a game, for he was, as I discerned, rather than saw, covertly watching me. So I set my wits to work upon the thing, and in the course of a hundred hours or

so thought I had done much, a hundred times as much as seemed possible at the start. I got interested in finding out how the scales went in series, their shape, the form and placement of the teeth, etc., etc.

Finally, I felt full of the subject and probably expressed it in my bearing; as for words about it then, there were none from my master except his cheery "Good morning." At length, on the seventh day, came the question, "Well?" and my disgorge of learning to him as he sat on the edge of my table, puffing his cigar. At the end of the hour's telling, he swung off and away, saying, "That is not right." Here I began to think that, after all, perhaps the rules for scanning Latin verse were not the worst infliction in the world. Moreover, it was clear that he was playing a game with me to find if I were capable of doing hard, continuous work without the support of a teacher, and this stimulated me to labor.

I went at the task anew, discarded my first notes, and in another week of ten hours a day labor I had results which astonished myself and satisfied him. Still there was no trace of praise in words or manner. He signified that it would do by placing before me about half a peck of bones, telling me to see what I could make of them, with no further directions to guide me. I soon found that they were the skeletons of half-a-dozen fishes of different species; the jaws told me that much at a first inspection. The task evidently was to fit the separate bones together in their proper order. Two months or more went to this task, with no other help than an occasional looking over my grouping, with the stereotyped remark, "That is not right." Finally, the task was done, and I was again set upon alcoholic specimens, — this time a remarkable lot of specimens representing, perhaps, twenty species of the side-swimmers or *pleuronectidae*.

I shall never forget the sense of power in dealing with things which I felt in beginning the more extended work on a

group of animals. I had learned the art of comparing objects, which is the basis of the naturalist's work. At this stage I was allowed to read, and to discuss my work with others about me. I did both eagerly, and acquired a considerable knowledge of the literature of Ichthyology, becoming especially interested in the system of classification, then most imperfect. I tried to follow Agassiz's scheme of division into the order of ctenoids, and ganoids, with the result that I found one of my species of side-swimmers had cycloid scales on one side and ctenoid on the other. This not only shocked my sense of the value of classification in a way that permitted of no full recovery of my original respect for the process, but for a time shook my confidence in my master's knowledge. At the same time I had a malicious pleasure in exhibiting my *find* to him, expecting to repay in part the humiliation which he had evidently tried to inflict on my conceit. To my question as to how the nondescript should be classified, he said, "My boy, there are now two of us who know that."

This incident of the fish made an end of my novitiate. After that, with a suddenness of transition which puzzled me, Agassiz became very communicative; we passed indeed into the relation of friends of like age and purpose; and he actually consulted me as to what I should like to take up as a field of study. Finding that I wished to devote myself to geology, he set me to work on the Brachiopoda as the best group of fossils to serve as data in determining the Paleozoic horizons. So far as his rather limited knowledge of the matter went, he guided me in the field about Cambridge, in my reading, and to acquaintances of his who were concerned with earth-structures. I came thus to know Charles T. Jackson, Jules Marcou, and, later, the brothers Rogers, Henry and James. At the same time I kept up the study of zoölogy, undertaking to make myself acquainted with living organic forms as a basis for a knowledge of fossils.

Just after I entered with Agassiz, the construction of his museum was begun with the small part of the now great edifice which constitutes the end of the northern wing. There were four rooms on the ground floor, each with galleries, and a like number similarly galleried on the second floor. Early in 1860 the building was ready for use. Then came the work of transportation of the collections stored in the laboratory and elsewhere to their new domicile, and the effort to arrange them in some kind of order, so as to give to the public the semblance of a museum; for from a generous public came the money, and placation was necessary. Into this work the students were in a way impressed; so for a year I was with others occupied in sorting and arranging a jumble of materials, odds and ends from all over the earth. In the old storage place there was no chance to exhibit any of the show specimens. So far as I can remember, the only thing that people came to see was a large glass jar containing several heads of Chinamen, which some one had brought from a place of execution. The sight of this was much sought after, especially by women in search of a sensation. In the course of a year a collection was installed, which in certain ways was then the best in this country.

My share in the work of bringing a preliminary order into the new museum was considerable, and while for some months it broke all systematic study it was largely profitable. It gave me a chance to gain hard contact with a great range of animal forms, both recent and fossil, and to it I owe a general knowledge of organic forms which I could not have acquired otherwise. There was at that time no other means of finding one's way to such information. Agassiz's lectures gave us little. Though very interesting from their personal quality, the field they covered was curiously limited. In the first term he gave about twenty-five lectures on zoölogy, and in the second about the same number on geology. The

first series began with a very interesting sketch of the general principles of the science, which quickly passed to problems of classification and thence to questions of comparative anatomy, practically limited to the polyps, acalephs, and echinoderms. In the years from 1859 to his death in 1873, whenever he gave these lectures, perhaps in six or eight years, their form and contents remained unchanged. The geological series was practically altogether devoted to the simpler problems of stratigraphy or the succession of geological periods; about one-third of the course was given to the glacial period. Except for the noble and marvelously contagious enthusiasm with which he approached the subject, and the admirable pictures of the masters he had known, the lectures were not profitable to his students; in those regards — the weightiest possible — they were most valuable.

By far the greater part of the instruction I had from my master was in diverse bits of talk concerning certain species and the arrangement of the specimens. He would often work with me for hours unrolling fossils, all the while keeping up a running commentary which would range this way and that, of men, of places, of Aristotle, of Oken. He was a perfect narrator, and on any peg of fact would quickly hang a fascinating discourse. Often when he was at work on wet specimens, while I was dealing with fossils, he would come to me with, say, a fish in each hand, that I might search in his pockets for a cigar, cut the tip, put it between his teeth and light it for him. That would remind him of something, and he would puff and talk until the cigar was burned out, and he would have to be provided with another.

As soon as Agassiz's collections were removed to the new museum, the old building (now to be known as Zoölogical Hall) was put on rollers and taken across lots to its second station on Divinity Avenue. It was then given over to what was called the Zoölogical Club, an asso-

ciation of about a dozen students who were working with him. It was arranged so as to provide bedrooms, a dining-room, and a room in the centre of the upper story with which the bedrooms connected, which served as the meeting-place of the Zoölogical Club, which was organized at this time and became the centre of our life. I had the good fortune to receive in the allotment a sleeping-place and a study connected therewith. These, as I did not lack money, were well furnished. As my quarters lay on the path from his house to the Museum, my master got into the habit of coming for a bit of talk, not always on science, perhaps oftenest about people he had known, about politics, in which he was keenly interested, or about his plans and perplexities. It seemed to me, as it did to some of my mates, somewhat curious, for I was the youngest of the lot and a newcomer. I now see that it was probably owing to the fact that in some ways I was then a good deal more of a man in my knowledge of the world than my elders and betters of the association. Something was due to the fact that I had been trained by Escher, an educated fellow countryman of his, and had known some of the "forty-eighters," and profited by the enlargement that acquaintance offered; still more perhaps to the fact that I had become in a way intimate in the houses of some of his friends in Boston.

In my room my master became divinely young again. He would lie on the sofa, drink what I had to offer, — I brought with me the then Southern habit of offering wine to guests, — take a pipe, and return in mind to his student days, or to his plans for work, or to his scheme of a museum which should present the animal and vegetable kingdoms so plainly that he who ran would perforce read — and deeply. I have never known a mind of such exuberance, of such eager contact with large desires. I was in thorough sympathy with his museum and with his projects, so that I had large profit from these interesting meetings, for they

awakened an enthusiasm for constructive work which I doubt if any other accident of life would have aroused.

In my notebook for April 7, 1860, is this entry: "Professor Agassiz in his lecture this morning dwelt upon the requirements of a scientific man who would be more than a mere species-describer. The great test, he said, was to be able to deal with your subject in different ways. In amplifying the idea he said it was well to be able to give in a single sentence the whole matter of months of labor, in a form so true that a scientific man could read in it, not only the extent of your knowledge, but also the habit of your mind. He declared he could learn all this from an answer couched in the most laconic form. He said he should require of us in our several departments, first, a monograph; second, a scientific lecture; third, a popular lecture; fourth, a simple child's tale."

The meetings of the Zoölogical Club, at which all sorts of problems were discussed, were never attended by Agassiz. To our request that he would join us, his answer was that we had better work alone, though he advised us to gather about us all who were interested in our problems, and to give our joint studies a wide range. I see now that, while he was much concerned for our advancement, his aim was to have us stand alone, or at least to lean only on our mates. Although he could not help shaping those about him to his mode of thought, and was often indignant with them when they departed from his path, he had a sound practical sense of the danger of founding a school of followers; more than once he commented on this error of other masters.

It was Agassiz's habit to use his students to explore fields for him. This was an inevitable element in his method of teaching, and has been inevitably followed by all inquirers who have taught. In this process of exploration it was his custom to set one of us to work on a group of animals concerning which he had some knowledge, so that he could guide his in-

quirer, at least at the outset of his investigation. I recall that in this way I began a study of the family of the conchifers known as the arcadæ, including the fossil and recent trigonias. For a while I felt that I was following on the trail which he had broken, and then, as in the matter of the geographical and geological distribution of the genera and families, etc., I began to teach him a bit that he did not know. He

was as eager to receive as to give, and what I supplied went into his memory as his own discoveries, which in a way they were, for the direction of the work came from his mind. In time, this plan of collaborative work gave him trouble, as it has given trouble to others who taught in the same way, — in that good old way that makes the pupil feel that he is the master and thereby wins to his powers.

VENICE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

MINUET: *The Masque of the Ghosts*

THE colored dancing shadows creep
Like ghosts from a mysterious street;
And Venice wakens out of sleep
At the sound of their feet.

Here Pulcinello solemn stands,
And the pale patient Pierrot shakes
His shivering shanks and starving hands,
And Columbine awakes.

She has forgotten him, and gay,
Runs past him towards the colonnades
Where the immortal masquers stay,
Unhappy shades.

Their aching hearts beneath their masks
Palpitate like caught butterflies;
They move in their appointed tasks
With disappointed eyes.

The music of a minuet
Beckons to their unwilling feet;
The light loves, they would fain forget,
The stately measures slowly beat.

Dear disappointed shades of joy
That lived merrily without thought,

Your hearts are turned into a toy
To be tossed and caught.

Venice, the tyrant of the years,
Commands you to perpetuate,
With listless feet and weary tears,
The sunken splendors of her state.

II

CAPRICCIO: *Barcarolo*

Love is brittle:
Love me a little!
The gondola sways
And we are carried
By the water-ways
Into silence.

All loves fade
Into a shade:
The gondola slides
Under a dark arch.
Let us put aside
A thing so uncertain
As love.

Why feign
When love's so plain?
The canal is wider,
We are in daylight;
How far away,
We, together
Are, one from another?
Love me a little
Though love is brittle
And as tortuous
As the water-way.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERNARD SHAW

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

ONE of the most oddly significant commentaries upon the Anglo-Saxon indifference to the great ideas of the century whenever they are concretized into the form of actable drama, is furnished by the amazing unanimity, on the part of dramatic critics in both England and America, in denying the actual existence of such an entity as the Shavian philosophy. So irreparably is the average theatrical newsman, by courtesy dubbed Dramatic Critic, divorced from the real life of philosophy, ethics, politics, and sociology; so hopelessly is his critical perception warped by the romantic conventions, senescent models, and classic traditions of the stage; so entirely does he breathe the air of box-office receipts, shine in the reflected halo of "stars," or dwell in the unreal atmosphere of stage human nature, that when the new truths of a new philosophy present themselves to his judgment, his power to recognize them as valuable or even as truths, is irretrievably lost. And if perchance the dramatist, accepting as a mere rhetorical question Horace's "*Quamquam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*" possesses the genius and the hardihood to embody his profoundly serious views of life in brilliantly witty and epigrammatic expression, let him beware of the penalty of being regarded as a frivolous and light-headed near-philosopher!

Stranger still, one might even venture to say almost remarkable, is the attitude of the leading English and American dramatic critics, who are men of the world in the large sense, thoroughly cosmopolitan in spirit. Mr. Walkley is quite willing to admit that Bernard Shaw has let in a fresh current of ideas upon the English drama; and yet, in that airy manner of his with which he brushes aside, but does not dispose of, real problems, he

nonchalantly dubs these ideas the loose ends of rather questionable German philosophy. There seems little reason to doubt that Mr. Archer was quite sincere in his expressed belief that Bernard Shaw's philosophy may be picked up at any second-hand bookstall. Mr. Huneker is by no means unique in the opinion that Shaw's dramatic characters are mere mouthpieces for the ideas of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Ibsen.

It might be imagined that the verdict of Continental Europe, where so many of the most modern conceptions, most vitally fecund ideas, originate and flourish, would carry with it some weight of authority. America inaugurated Shaw's world-renown by recognizing in him a brilliant and witty personage who succeeded in entertaining the public through the adventitious medium of the stage. It was not until Shaw's plays swept from one end of Europe to the other that Shaw came to be recognized abroad as a man of ideas rather than a mere theatre-poet; indeed, as a genius of penetrative insight and philosophic depth. Forced by the example of America and Europe to recognize in Shaw a dramatist of Continental calibre and range, England at last accorded to Shaw, the dramatist, the acknowledgment so long and so discredibly overdue. Nevertheless, the English dramatic critics still continued to refer Shaw's philosophy to Schopenhauer, to Nietzsche, Ibsen, and Strindberg, "knowing nothing about them," as Mr. Shaw once remarked to me, "except that their opinions, like mine, are not those of *The Times* or *The Spectator*."

It is at least worthy of notice that Shaw does not *claim* to be a great novelist, or a great dramatist, or a great critic; for, as Mr. Chesterton says, he is very dogmatic,

but very humble. Indeed, Mr. Shaw once wrote me that he does not *claim* to be great: either he is or he is not great, and that is an end of the matter. But it is highly significant that Shaw does specifically claim to be a philosopher. Shaw's philosophical ideas have been regarded by English and American critics either as of undoubted European derivation, or else as fantastic paradoxes totally unrelated to the existing body of thought. "I urge them to remember," Shaw remonstrates, "that this body of thought is the slowest of growths and the rarest of blossomings, and that if there is such a thing on the philosophic plane as a matter of course, it is that no individual can make more than a minute contribution to it." An earnest effort to discover Shaw's original "minute contribution" to the existing body of thought is, it seems to me, a much more worthy undertaking than glib accusations of plagiarism; and the introduction of chronological evidence and personal testimony may tend to prove that Shaw is essentially an independent thinker, with a clearly coördinated system of philosophy. Let us critically endeavor, then, in the language of political economy, to award Shaw his merited "rent of ability."

My studies of the life and work of Bernard Shaw have led me to the unwavering conclusion that every phase in his career is the logical outcome of his socialism. His philosophy is the consistent integration of his empirical criticisms of modern society and its present organization, founded on authority and based upon capitalism. In essence, Shaw's drama is socially deterministic; his characters are what they are, become what they become, far less on account of heredity or ancestral influence than on account of the social structure of the environment through which their fate is moulded. Economist as well as moralist, Shaw attributes paramount importance to the economic and political conditions of the *régime* in which his characters live and move and have their being. His drama has its true origin in the

conflict between the wills of his characters and the social determinism perpetually at work to destroy their freedom. The germ idea of his philosophy is rooted in the effort to supplant modern social organization by socialism, through the intermediary of the free operation of the will of humanity.

Shaw's fundamental postulate is that morality is transitory, evolutionary — a concomitant fluxion of civilization. "What people call vice is eternal," he once wrote; "what they call virtue is mere fashion." This is only an extravagant, epigrammatic mode of stating that morality is not simply "*purement géographique*," as an eminent Frenchman once observed, but a creature of occasion, conditioned by circumstance and environment. Historically considered, progress connotes repudiation of custom and abrogation of authority; the step from the premise that morality is a variable function of civilization to the conclusion that salvation lies alone in revolt, is inevitable. Huxley says in a passage truly Shavian, "History warns us that it is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions."

To the student of modern art and thought, there is nothing especially paradoxical, or even novel, in the notion that morality flows. "The ideal is dead; long live the ideal!" is the epitome of all human progress. In the nineteenth century men ceased to be always on the side of the angels and the devil began to get his due. The day of the *advocatus diaboli* of the saintly anarchist, has dawned. The whole anarchistic spirit of our time is summed up in the words of a character in one of Ibsen's plays: "The old beauty is no longer beautiful; the new truth is no longer true." Every age has its dominant, accepted ideas and forms, petrifications, crystallizations; but, as Georg Brandes has said, "Besides these it owns another whole class of quite different ideas, which have not yet taken shape, but are in the air, and are apprehended by the greatest men of the age as the results which must

now be arrived at." The ideas of the evolutionary trend of human ideals, of the triumphant hypocrisy of current morality, of the necessity for repudiating the code of the multitude, were in the air; they were slowly being arrived at by Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Stirner in philosophy; by Lassalle, Marx, and Morris in economics and sociology; by Ibsen, Mark Twain, Shelley, Ruskin, and Carlyle in literature and art. Bernard Shaw epitomizes the movement in a phrase: "Duty is what one should never do;" and embodies his faith in a perfect epigram: "The golden rule is that there are no golden rules." The literature of the age resounds with the "rattle of twentieth-century tumbrils."

The destruction of the principle of alien authority involves the necessity for the creation of the individual standard. Nietzsche has defined freedom as the will to be responsible for one's self. And Max Stirner, scorning the claims of the species, avers that "to be a man is not to realize the ideal of *Man*, but to present *one's self*, the individual. It is not how I realize the *generally human* that needs to be my task, but how I satisfy myself. I am my species, am without law, without model, and the like. It is possible that I can make very little out of myself; but this little is everything, and is better than what I allow to be made out of me by the might of others, by the training of custom, religion, the laws, the State, etc." Whilst differing fundamentally from Nietzsche merely in the advocacy of socialism, and from Stirner in profound concern for the progressive evolution of the species, Shaw is in agreement with them both in desiring the autonomy of the individual. Like many a great master from Molière to Whitman, from Rabelais to Rousseau, Shaw raises the world-old cry, "Back to Nature."

The repudiation of the idea of duty, and of the principle of alien authority, throws the source of action upon the individual; and to Shaw, *naturam sequere* means to heed the voice of instinct

in the conduct of life. Shaw turns from the guidance of "conscience," so-called, to the dictates of natural impulse; and is unwavering in urging to the fullest extent the Protestant's claim of right of private judgment in all matters of conscience. And in doing so, he realizes full well that whilst "heterodoxy in art is at worst rated as eccentricity or folly, heterodoxy in morals is at once rated as scoundrelism, and, what is worse, propagandist scoundrelism, which must, we are told, if successful, undermine society and bring us back to barbarism after a period of decadence like that which brought imperial Rome to its downfall."

I do not believe that I am exaggerating in saying that Shaw's life-work, ethically considered, has consisted in an attack upon the conception that passions are necessarily base and unclean; his art works are glorifications of the man of conviction who can find a motive, and not an excuse, for his passions; whose conduct flows from his own ideas of right and wrong; and who obeys the law of his own nature in defiance of appearance, of criticism, of alien authority—in a word, of any external trammel whatsoever. "The ingrained habit of thinking of the propensities of which we are ashamed as 'our passions,'" Shaw has pointed out, "and of our shame of them and of the propensities to noble conduct as a negative and inhibitory deportment called our conscience, leads us to conclude that to accept the guidance of our passions is to plunge recklessly into the insupportable tedium of what is called a 'life of pleasure.' Reactionists against the almost equally insupportable slavery of what is called a 'life of duty' are nevertheless willing to venture on these terms." But, according to Shaw, the would-be wicked ones find, when they come to the point, that "the indispensable qualification for a wicked life is not freedom, but wickedness."

The difficulty of personal conduct guided by instinct, with its oftentimes appalling consequences, is fully recog-

nized by Shaw; and yet it must be clearly grasped that he does not see anarchy as the outcome of repudiation of duty. Instead of accepting the nude anarchistic formula of Maurice Barrés, for example, — *Fais ce que tu veux*, — Shaw may be understood to enjoin: “Form your moral conscience, and act as it directs you.” This morality is no new thing under the sun; for Maurice Maeterlinck has declared that our morality of to-day has nothing to add to this injunction, found in the *Arabian Nights*: “Learn to know thyself! And do thou not act till then. And do thou then only act in accordance with all thy desires, but having great care always that thou do not injure thy neighbor.” Even when we do form our moral conscience and act as it directs us, the difficulties are still immense, as both Shaw and Nietzsche have pointed out; and the “experiment” — for it can only be regarded as a tentative proposal — requires great strength of purpose and great force of will. “For too long a time man regarded his natural bents with an ‘evil eye,’” writes Nietzsche, “so that in the end they became related to ‘bad conscience.’ A reverse experiment is *in itself possible* — but who is strong enough for it?”

Maurice Maeterlinck is committed to the view that great ideas belong to the species, not to the individual; and even justice appears to him as an *instinct* whose tendency is the defense and conservation of humanity. Shaw likewise sees in truth and justice, not abstract principles external to man, but *human passions*, which have, in their time, conflicted with higher passions as well as with lower ones. Temperament, guided by passion and operating instinctively, is Shaw’s picture of the free, natural man to whose state a return is, in his eyes, desirable. Mr. Shaw once went so far as deliberately to assure me that the universal application of the Shavian philosophy does actually take place. America’s greatest living man of letters, after a long life of the most varied experience, recently expressed his

conviction that every human action found its primary and invariable source in the egoistic instinct for self-satisfaction predominant in every human being. Pursuant to this view, he epitomized the philosophy of a great life — his own — in the admonition: “Diligently train your ideals upward and still upward towards a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, *while contenting you*, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbor and the community.”

It seems to be true that, in reality, the great majority of people do not do what they please, but, aside from scruples of conscience, find it vastly more satisfactory and more convenient to conform to prevailing standards of right and wrong. Indeed, the real limitations to the application of the Shavian philosophy are given by Shaw himself in the assertion that “the men in the street have no use for principles, for they can neither understand nor apply them; and that what they can understand and apply are arbitrary rules of conduct, often frightfully destructive, but at least definite rules enabling the common stupid man to know where he stands, and what he may do and not do without getting into trouble.” That is, most people can and actually do fulfill their desires only within the limits prescribed by the prevailing code of morality. The average man is neither a philosopher nor a moralist; and so he is unable to get through the world without being told what to do and what not to do at every turn. “As the race evolves,” Shaw pertinently remarks, “many a convention which recommends itself by its obvious utility to every one, passes into an automatic habit, like breathing; and meanwhile the improvement in our nerves and judgment enlarges the list of emergencies which individuals may be trusted to deal with on the spur of the moment without reference to regulations; but there will for many centuries to come be a huge demand for a ready-made code of conduct for general use, which will be used more or less as a matter of over-

whelming convenience by all members of communities."

The final effect of the Shavian philosophy is to substitute *conscience* for *conformity*. Readiness to over-ride tradition, to act unconventionally, to violate the current code of morality, requires moral courage of the very highest order. The sense of responsibility is infinitely deepened. One of John Tanner's epigrams is, "Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it." Shavianism is the philosophy for the reformer who is driven by the "passion of a great faith." The prime restriction of Shavianism is that it is, in Nietzsche's illuminating phrase, "the privilege of the fewest." Its fundamental limitation inheres in the step of exchanging the golden rule of personal conduct for the iron law of personal responsibility. Shaw celebrates the heroism of the man who believes in himself and dares do the thing he wills, — a heroism requiring great force of character, great moral strength. Emancipation comes only when man fulfills his duty to himself; but one's duty to one's self, as Shaw has reminded us, is no duty at all, since a debt is cancelled when the debtor and creditor are the same person. Its payment, in Shaw's phrase, is simply a "fulfillment of the individual will, upon which all duty is a restriction." Giving free rein to one's natural instincts means nothing more or less than the fulfillment of the individual will. This is the goal toward which Shaw's philosophy is directed. In his plays he has sought to reveal to us instinctive temperaments whose motives are deep down in the will itself.

Shaw appears to many people, especially to women, as a cynic, because he nonchalantly proceeds in the firm belief that, whereas people imagine that their actions and feelings are dictated by moral systems, by religious systems, by codes of honor and conventions of conduct which lie outside the real human will, as a matter of fact these conventions do not supply them with their motives but merely serve as very plausible *ex post facto* excuses

for their conduct. Some people see only repulsive greed in the injunction, "Take care to get what you like, or you will have to like what you get;" whilst many are revolted by Ann Whitefield's motto, "The only really simple thing to do is to go straight for what you want and grab it." And the charge that Shaw depicts only frauds, impostors, poseurs, cads, bounders, hypocrites, and humbugs, is quite fully disposed of by Shaw's expressed conviction that it is conceit, and not hypocrisy, that makes a man think he is guided by reasoned principles when he is really obeying his instincts.

Let us make quite clear to ourselves, before proceeding further, that there is no substantial basis whatsoever for the charge that Shaw is a mouthpiece for the ideas of Stirnir, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Ibsen. "If all this talk about my indebtedness to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche continues," Mr. Shaw laughingly remarked to me one day, "I really will have to read their works in order to discover just what we have in common." I have never heard Mr. Shaw speak Stirnir's name. I do not recall any mention of Stirnir in all of Shaw's works, and I have no reason to believe that Shaw is indebted to him in the slightest degree. Whilst Shaw accepts the metaphysics, or, as he prefers to call it, the "metaphysiology" of Schopenhauer, he utterly repudiates his profoundly pessimistic conclusion that life is not worth living.

"I cannot accept for a moment," Mr. Shaw once averred to me, "Schopenhauer's fundamental doctrine that the will which urges us to live in spite of the fact that life is not worth living, is a malign torturer, the desirable end of all things being the Nirvana of the stilling of the will, and the consequent setting of life's sun 'into the blind cave of eternal night.'"

It is quite true that, like Stirnir, Shaw is an intellectual anarchist; but he has no real sympathy for Stirnir's *Eigentum*, for the reason that, though Shaw is an individualist, he is likewise a constitutional

collectivist. He sees no real conflict — and here stands out his fundamental disagreement with Stirner — between individualism and socialism. Shaw has always deliberately affirmed that the alleged opposition between socialism and individualism is false and question-begging; and he once went so far as to propound the following striking definition: "Socialism is merely individualism rationalized, organized, clothed, and in its right mind." Like Nietzsche, Shaw is firmly convinced that our old morality is a piece of comedy; and he is at one with Ibsen in the assertion that neither our moral conceptions nor our artistic forms have an eternity before them. Yet, as a matter of chronologic fact, Shaw had written novels saturated with "Ibsenism" before he had ever read a line, or even heard, of Ibsen. And I have it from Shaw himself that the charge that his *Quintessence of Ibsenism* derived its philosophy from *Jenseits von Gut und Böse* for the first time directed his attention to Friedrich Nietzsche. Dr. Georg Brandes makes the curious mistake of attributing to the influence of Ibsen the social discontent of Bernard Shaw, who had been a vigorous socialist propagandist for five years before he became acquainted with Ibsen's works. Signor Mario Borsa finds a rationalist *pur et simple* in Shaw — in Shaw, who regards the reign of reason as *vieux jeu*, and declares again and again that man will always remain enslaved so long as he listens to the voice of reason! Indeed, nothing so utterly separates Shaw from Schopenhauer as Shaw's refusal to fall into Schopenhauer's cardinal rationalist error which consisted in making happiness the test of life. Shaw regards happiness and beauty as mere by-products; and his celebration of instinct explains his real opposition to Romance as the great heresy which must be swept off from modern art and life.

The keynote of Shaw's philosophy — the "Shavian Philosophy," as he denominates it — is pursuit of life for its own sake. Life is realized only as *activity that*

satisfies the will: that is, as self-assertion. Every extension or intensification of activity is an increase of life. Quantity and quality of activity measure the value of existence. Bernard Shaw sees in life, not the fulfillment of moral law, or the verification of the deductions of reason, but the satisfaction of a passion in us of which we can give no account.

The liberation of the natural instincts of man, as we have seen, amounts precisely to fulfillment of the individual will. Shaw accordingly proceeds to posit a great purpose informing the universe — a genuinely mystical concept paralleling the Christian's idea of God, Schopenhauer's concept of the *Wille zu leben*, or Nietzsche's concept of the *Wille zur Macht*. This force, which Shaw calls the Life-Force, he identifies with the human will. "The Life-Force must not be imagined as standing apart from ordinary things," says Mr. Holbrook Jackson in his acute study of Shaw. "It is neither an outside and independent deity nor a metaphysical toy. On the contrary, the Life-Force has for Shaw no other existence than that of living things. Just as there is no such thing as poverty, but only poor people; just as there is no such thing as happiness, but only happy beings; or no such thing as beauty, but only beautiful things; so, for Shaw, there is no such final and complete thing as the World-Will, but only a world willing itself towards ampler certainty of its end."

Bernard Shaw is not a materialist or natural selectionist, but an idealistic optimist in direct line of descent, astounding as may be the contrast, from Schopenhauer, Lamarck, and Samuel Butler. Contrary to the popular estimate of him as a case of intellect almost pure, Shaw is a man of tremendous passions, of humanitarian and truly philanthropic origin. Scorning to subscribe to the Biblical teaching that man is vicious by nature, Shaw has argued upon the scientific assumption that progress can do nothing but make the most of us all as we are. The passion for the expression of individ-

uality, for the deification of the sovereign will,—of the new man who, in the possession of a “long infrangible will,” has his own standard of valuation,—this has animated him throughout his career.

Before he came to Wagner, Shaw had discovered the impossibilities of anarchism: his clearer vision soon enabled him to see that “the individual Siegfried has come often enough, only to find himself confronted with the alternative of government or destruction at the hands of his fellows who are not Siegfrieds.” In fine, Shaw came to realize, in his own phrase, that it is “necessary to breed a race of men in whom the life-giving impulses predominate before the New Protestantism becomes politically practicable.” The matured form of Shaw’s ideal is the ethical man, convinced of the bankruptcy of education and progress, inspired with the faith of the World-Will, and resolved, not to adopt a new philosophy, but to develop and perfect the human species. To the Socialist in his magnificent optimism, nothing is necessary for the realization of Utopia but that Man should will it. “Man will never be that which he can and should be,” wrote Richard Wagner, “until by a conscious following of that inner, natural necessity, he makes his life a mirror of nature, and frees himself from his thralldom to outer artificial counterfeits. Then will he first become a living man, who now is a mere wheel in the mechanism of this or that Religion, Nationality, or State.”

The cardinal point in the New Theology enunciated by Bernard Shaw is the identification of “God” with the Life-Force.

“There are two mutually contradictory ideas which cut across each other in regard to the relative powers of God and Man,” observed Mr. Shaw to me one day. We were then, as we walked along the lanes of sleepy Hertfordshire, concluding a long discussion of Shaw’s theologic and philosophic views. “According to the popular conception, God always creates beings inferior to Himself: the creator must be greater than the creature. I

find myself utterly unable to accept this horrible old idea, involving as it does the belief that all the cruelty in the world is the work of an omnipotent God, who if He liked could have left cruelty out of creation. If God could have created anything better, do you suppose He would have been content to create such miserable failures as you and me?

“As a matter of fact,” Mr. Shaw continued, “we know that in all art, literature, politics, sociology,—in every phase of genuine life and vitality,—man’s highest aspiration is to create something higher than Himself. So God, or, as I prefer to concretize it impersonally, the Life-Force, has been struggling for countless ages to become fully conscious of Himself—to express Himself in forms higher and ever higher up in the scale of evolution. God does not take pride in making a grub-worm because it is lower than Himself. On the contrary, the grub is a mere symbol of his desire for self-expression.”

To Bernard Shaw, the universe is God in the act of making Himself. At the back of the universe, in Shaw’s conception, there is a great purpose, a great will. This force behind the universe is bodiless and impotent, without executive power of its own; after innumerable tentatives—experiments and mistakes—this force has succeeded in changing inert matter into the amoeba, the amoeba into some more complex organism, this again into something still more complex, and finally there has been evolved a man with hands and a brain to accomplish the work of the will. Man is not the ultimate aim of this Life-Force, but only a stage in the scale of evolution. The Life-Force will go still further and produce something more complicated than Man, that is, the Superman, then the Angel, the Archangel, and last of all an omnipotent and omniscient God.

This conception, which M. Auguste Hamon finds of somewhat theosophic aspect, sets off Shaw distinctly from other thinkers with whom he has many points of contact. In reality, Shaw is a confirmed

Neo-Lamarckian in the view that "where there's a will, there's a way." As Mr. Shaw once expressed it to me, Schopenhauer's treatise on the World as Will is the complement to Lamarck's natural history; for will is the driving force of Lamarckian evolution. Shaw accepts Samuel Butler's anti-Darwinian views to the extent of regarding selection as, in Butler's own words, "a purely automatic conception of the universe as of something that will work if a penny be dropped into the box."

Bernard Shaw's religion is the expression of his faith in life and the will. He regards man as divine because actually he is the last effort of the will to realize itself as God. And yet Shaw has assured me that he does not believe in personal immortality. At bottom, he agrees with Weissman that death is only a means of economizing life. The vital spark, the life principle within us, goes on, Shaw believes, in spite of personal annihilation. "This is the true joy in life," he has written, "the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

Socialism is the *alpha* and *omega* of Shaw's life. He believes in will, engineered by reason and inspired by faith, because he sees in it the only real instrument for the achievement of socialism. Like all pioneers in search of an El Dorado, he has found something quite different from the original object in mind. Indeed, in his search for freedom of will, he has really succeeded in discovering three checks and limitations to its operation; and to-day he has abandoned the paradox of free will. For he has discovered, as first limitation, the iron law of personal responsibility to be the alternative to the golden rule of personal conduct. Second, the desirability of the sacrifice of the individual will to the realiza-

tion of the general good of society through the progressive evolution of the race. And third, the personal, temperamental restriction which forbids him to accept anything as true, to take any action, to allow any free play to his will which would seriously and permanently militate against the progressive advance of collectivism.

In the manuscript of an unfinished work, which Mr. Shaw recently loaned to me, I discovered a notable passage which throws a flood of light upon Shaw's philosophy as an index to his entire life and career. Perhaps it may distill the quintessence of the Shavian philosophy.

"The man who is looking after himself is useless for revolutionary purposes. The man who believes he is only a fly on the wheel of Natural Selection, of Evolution, or Progress, or Predestination, or 'some power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness,' is not only useless, but obstructive. But the man who believes that there is a purpose in the universe, and identifies his own purpose with it, and makes the achievement of that purpose an act, not of self-sacrifice for himself, but of self-realization: that is the effective man and the happy man, whether he calls the purpose the will of God, or Socialism, or the religion of humanity. He is the man who will combine with you in a fellowship, which he may call the fellowship of the Holy Ghost and you may call Democracy; or the Parliament of Man, or the Federation of the World, but which is a real working, and if need be fighting, fellowship for all that. He is the man who knows that nothing intelligent will be done until somebody does it, and who will place the doing of it before all his other interests.

"In short, we must make a religion of Socialism. We must fall back on our will to Socialism, and resort to our reason only to find out the ways and means. And this we can do only if we conceive the will as a creative energy, as Lamarck did, and totally renounce and abjure Darwinism, Marxism, and all fatalistic, penny-in-the-slot theories of evolution whatever."

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN COMMERCE

BY AVARD L. BISHOP

THE economic development of this country during three centuries of colonial and national life, has reached the point where the question how to develop our foreign trade is becoming of vital importance. Until recently this was a matter of little concern, owing to the fact that the problems of internal development were taxing all our energies. Consequently, domestic trade and its encouragement were considered of first importance. Foreign trade was too inconsiderable to receive serious attention. But the marvelous achievements of science and their application to the arts have recently made such rapid strides that the material development of the United States has proceeded at an unprecedented pace. Even as late as 1870 the population of this country was less than 39 millions. The total foreign trade was valued at \$828,730,176, of which the imports and exports respectively were \$435,958,408 and \$392,771,768. Since then the population has more than doubled. The foreign trade has expanded so that it passed the three billion-dollar mark, for the first time, in the calendar year 1906. For the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1907, it was valued at \$3,315,272,502, of which the exports alone amounted to \$1,880,851,078—nearly five times their value in 1870.

But it is not only the marked increase, but more especially the change in character, of the export trade which has called forth movements for its promotion. Until comparatively recently, agricultural and other raw products, notably the cereals and cotton, formed the greater bulk of our shipments abroad. Foreign nations stood in need of such commodities, and a ready market was generally available. Under such conditions the export trade could, in a large degree, take

care of itself. To-day, however, manufactured goods constitute about 40 per cent of the value of our exports. Ten and twenty years ago the corresponding figures were 30 and 21 per cent respectively. This rapid increase of manufactured goods among the exports warrants the assertion that ere long they will form more than half the value of our foreign shipments. To insure a ready market for manufactures we must be able to compete with such advanced nations as Great Britain, Germany, and Belgium. For years these older countries, by means of private initiative, commercial organizations, and governmental activity, have been exploiting foreign markets through careful organization of their export trade. Experience has enabled them to evolve business methods as yet entirely unpracticed in this country. Consequently, in order to compete successfully with our future commercial rivals, there must be well-directed organized efforts on the part of all concerned to cope with the new problem of expanding foreign trade.

It should not be overlooked that trade conditions in foreign countries are essentially different from those at home, and that each particular market requires special study on the part of exporting firms. The greater the adaptation to such peculiar conditions, the greater is the chance for success. But there are certain larger and more general considerations that must be attended to in order that the lines of least resistance to trade may be developed. In this connection, it is interesting to note that already several movements are in progress. Of these, the most significant are the following:—

1. The reform of the consular service.
2. Attempts to revive the merchant marine in the foreign carrying trade.

3. Organized efforts by Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade.

4. Investigation of trade conditions in foreign countries by special agents of the Bureau of Manufactures in the Federal Department of Commerce and Labor.

5. The creation of a National Council of Commerce.

Reforming the Consular Service

The consular service is now a well-recognized factor in trade expansion. Until comparatively recently, the commercial function of the consular official had scarcely been conceived. The reason lies in the fact that foreign trade, as mentioned above, was looking after itself, and the various expedients to facilitate its development had not been devised. Gradually, however, the possibilities involved by requisitioning the services of carefully selected and trained consuls in the work of exploiting foreign markets came to be realized. Consequently the industrial and trade associations of the country brought pressure to bear upon the government to reorganize the service on the basis of practical business methods. It has never been contended that the government's representatives may give much direct aid in winning foreign markets; what they can do is to render assistance to the trained agents of individual firms sent abroad to solicit orders. Besides this, they can do a great deal toward maintaining a cordial relationship between our people and those of other nations. Prejudices thus are reduced to a minimum, and the way becomes paved for actual business.

Again, if the consul has business instincts and ambitions, as he should have, and is a student of markets and of conditions and competition that must be met, he can digest and catalogue information of this order. This can either be forwarded in reports to the State Department, or be kept accessible to American salesmen. Much has already been accomplished in this way, and it furnishes merely an index of what might be done

were the whole consular force composed of men of the right stamp.

It seems clear, therefore, that there should be the same careful selection and incentive to good work among the consuls as prevail in the business world. In most of the European countries such is the case. In Belgium, for example, the candidates must pass a competitive examination. They must be familiar with the French, German, and English languages. They must have a certificate from the Institute of Commerce at Antwerp, and a degree in law or science from some recognized institution. When once in the service, promotion follows only after diligent work. The excellent British system, and its freedom from politics, is too well known to require comment. In general, in most European countries, the political opinions of consular applicants are not considered.

Until recently our method of appointing consuls offered a striking contrast to the above, because the system was still "in politics." At certain posts our officials compared favorably with those of other countries. Yet vacant positions were filled, in a large degree, from the ranks of "respectable indigent gentlemen who had failed here," and by appointing troublesome politicians whose needs rather than qualifications were the basis of selection. Such appointees were more likely to be competent to report upon such topics as the peculiar flavors of tobaccos and wines consumed in their districts than upon trade conditions of public interest. It was only reasonable to expect that such a state of affairs would not always be tolerated by the American public. Soon after the middle of the last century half-hearted attempts at reform were made at different times, but with little result.

As early as 1894 certain leading business associations began to interest themselves in consular reorganization. It was soon realized, however, that little could be accomplished without a united effort. Luckily, the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, backed by a number

of other leading commercial organizations, finally evolved a plan that proved effectual. They firmly believed that Congress would respond by proper legislation if it were demanded with sufficient emphasis; also, that the business interests of the country were practically unanimous in desiring reform. Accordingly, a Consular Reform Convention was called at Washington, D. C., in March, 1906, when Congress was in session. It was arranged to have a satisfactory reform bill before Congress at the same time. The result was that the reform measure passed, and became effective as law on June 30, 1906. The consuls-general and consuls are now graded and classified, so that it is possible to confine original appointments to the lower grades of the service, and to apply the merit system in promotions. Heretofore, a new appointee was assigned to a definite post, and not to a certain grade in the system. Without mentioning the other features of reform, it is fair to say that the reorganization of the service is satisfactory so far as it goes. The failure of Congress to incorporate in the act certain desirable provisions relating to the procedure governing first appointments to the lower grades and promotions to the higher ones, immediately called forth an executive order covering these omissions. Since the successor of President Roosevelt will not be bound to follow out the provisions of the latter's executive order, it is now highly desirable that it be enacted into law. The business and commercial interests are practically unanimous in this matter. If this can be accomplished, it seems reasonable to expect that the *personnel* of our consular service will be greatly improved, that it will be given a permanence hitherto unknown, and will become an active ally of the great business interests of this country in the expansion of foreign commerce.

Our diminishing Merchant Marine

For the past quarter of a century the problem of increasing our merchant ma-

rine in the foreign carrying trade has been widely discussed. Since the opening of the present century, extraordinary efforts have been put forth by business organizations, students of trade conditions, legislators, and others, to arrive at a solution satisfactory to the American public. In general, the various schemes proposed involve some form of direct governmental aid to the shipbuilders and operators, or legislation intended indirectly to further their interests. Among the devices most seriously considered are federal subventions or subsidies; the admission, free of duty, without any limitations, of all shipbuilding materials; the adoption of the free-ship policy; and the levying of discriminating tariffs and tonnage dues. Within recent years, a number of organizations have been formed to forward some special propaganda. Of these, noteworthy examples are the Merchant Marine League of the United States, with headquarters at Cleveland; and the Shipping Society of America, at Denver. The former is an ardent advocate of subsidies; the latter, of trade regulation by discriminating dues and duties. In spite of conflicting policies, all such associations are bent upon reviving the merchant marine, so that, in addition to other benefits, our foreign trade can be carried largely in American ships.

The advantages that would thus accrue to our export merchants are too evident to require more than passing mention. We are now almost entirely dependent upon other nations for transporting our goods abroad. Ninety per cent or more of the foreign trade is carried in foreign bottoms. Some of the very nations that are our greatest commercial rivals are our principal carriers. In these days of keen business competition it is only reasonable to expect that American shippers should be discriminated against by alien steamship companies, and such is the case. Comparatively few complaints arise regarding the service provided to Europe. But it is unquestionably true that our merchants engaged in the South

American trade are severely handicapped owing to the almost complete monopoly by foreign lines of the transportation service between South America and the United States. The same is true with reference to the Orient, and it is particularly in both of these directions that our shippers are anxious now to reach out.

The shipbuilding and foreign shipping interests of this country have not only failed to share in the great wave of material expansion, but they have actually declined since the Civil War. In 1860, the merchant marine in the foreign carrying trade was 2,379,396 tons register. In 1907, it was only 861,466 tons — over 100,000 less than in 1810. There seems to be little chance of any material increase above the present figure until the government comes to the rescue with some measure that will offset the advantages now enjoyed by our rivals' subsidized marines. The defeat in Congress of the subsidy bill, framed by the Merchant Marine Commission after an exhaustive investigation of the whole situation, seems to have relegated the question to the background for the present. The business interests of the country, in their ambitious desire to win foreign markets, are not satisfied, however; for they appreciate more keenly than others the great handicap under which they will continue to be placed until the United States becomes less dependent than now upon foreign countries in shipments abroad.

The Convention for the Extension of Foreign Commerce

The most significant movement of the commercial organizations is shown in the "National Convention for the Extension of the Foreign Commerce of the United States," held at Washington, D. C., in January, 1907. The call was issued by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation to all of the leading business associations throughout the country. Besides, the governor of each state was requested to appoint ten commissioners. Seven hundred and fifty delegates were

present, representing thirty-one national and ninety local organizations, nearly all the states, as also Hawaii and Porto Rico. Undoubtedly this was the most representative collection of business men ever assembled in this country. Alert beardless upstarts, and gray-haired veterans bent with long years of fruitful toil; imposing politicians, and reserved, but thinking, capitalists; those present out of selfish motives, and those whose country's welfare was chiefly in mind; manufacturers and shippers from the East; cattle-rangers from the West; cotton planters from the South; millers and lumbermen from the Northwest, met face to face for the first time to discuss trade issues of national interest. The avowed purpose of the convention, as announced in the letter requesting the appointment of delegates, was that of "considering and devising measures for the enlargement of our foreign trade, and to promote the demand abroad for the products of our farms, workshops and mines."

As a result of three days' discussion and deliberation, a number of resolutions were adopted, and later submitted to Congress for consideration. In substance, the most important were those that favored the adoption of a maximum and minimum tariff schedule, with a 20 per cent margin, as a basis for treaty arrangements with foreign countries; the establishment of a non-partisan commission to study trade relations with other nations, and to recommend, from time to time, such modifications in customs duties as seem desirable; the revival of our merchant marine; the enactment into law of President Roosevelt's executive order of June 27, 1906, concerning appointments and promotions in the consular service; the extension of American banking facilities in foreign countries; the development of a uniform and simple system of through bills of lading for foreign shipments; and the preparation and recommendation to colleges and universities of a course of study adapted to the needs of young men who are to engage

in business and commerce, the curriculum to be prepared by a committee consisting of the presidents of sixteen representative colleges and fifteen leading business men.

It is impossible, as yet, to measure the results of this convention. Probably it is only the beginning of a larger movement. The general impression seems to be that so much good already has resulted that another convention will be called within the next few months. The business interests of the country are bent upon losing no opportunity to further their aims in developing foreign trade, and they keenly appreciate the fact that one of the best means to this end is organized effort.

The Work of Government Agents

The practice of sending special government agents abroad to study market conditions has been followed by most of the European countries for a considerable time. It appears that Mr. Cortelyou was the originator of the scheme in the United States. In his plan for the work of the Department of Commerce and Labor the first year after its formation, he suggested an appropriation for this purpose. Accordingly, \$30,000 was at once set aside for the work. Later the yearly sum available was increased to \$50,000. The Bureau of Manufactures was given charge of the investigations. A number of expert inquiries were undertaken, and the results, embodied in special reports, were published and distributed among interested parties.

The fields already studied include Canada, the Latin-American countries, India, Asiatic Turkey, China, Japan, and Korea. As regards specific commodities, the markets for cotton products and leather and its manufactures have been given special attention. That the services of the government agents are considered of value by the business men of the country is shown by their numerous appeals to the Bureau urging that investigations be undertaken, similar to those made of cotton and

leather, of markets for their own special products.

The further value of such expert agents is clearly set forth by the Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures in his report for 1907, as follows:—

“ Important service was performed by several of the special agents immediately following their return to the United States. The expert who investigated the Lancashire district obtained samples of every grade of cotton piece-goods exported from that district, including a number of fabrics not manufactured in the United States, but the manufacture of which, it is believed, can readily and profitably be undertaken; and upon his return to the country an itinerary was arranged for him, which embraced the principal cotton-manufacturing centres of the Southern States. He thus met and conferred with the managers of mills in those states, exhibited samples, and supplied information with fullness of detail that could not be given in a written report. The samples from England, and those furnished from Egypt, India, and China, were sent, upon application, to manufacturers and their export agents in almost every section of the country. The expert in leather also met leading representatives of the associated leather industries in New England, and advised with them concerning their interests in foreign markets. At annual gatherings of national associations of manufacturers, held at New York and Philadelphia, addresses were made by special agents of the Department, their observations and experiences abroad forming subjects of discussion.”

This feature of the work of the Bureau has received the strong approval of representative business men, who urge its continuance and extension. Moreover, the general indispensable value of the expert agent, in the broad scheme of promoting our foreign commerce, already has been clearly demonstrated.

The Bureau of Manufactures has just rendered another important service by preparing a volume of 256 pages, en-

titled *Winning Foreign Markets*. It contains numerous suggestions for the extension of trade, on such practical subjects as obstacles to trade, shipping facilities, proper packing, foreign advertising, and the parcel post. The preparation of the monograph was prompted by numerous letters received by the Bureau from manufacturers, inquiring as to the best methods to pursue in seeking foreign markets.

The National Council of Commerce

The most recent effort, and one whose influence promises to be far-reaching, was the formation, in December, 1907, of a National Council of Commerce. The purpose of this body is to establish a connecting link between the Department of Commerce and Labor and the business organizations, thus making team-work possible in the matter of developing foreign trade. The necessity of making his department of real service to the business men of the country was keenly appreciated by Secretary Straus upon assuming office. In order to profit by the experiences of European countries, he directed Mr. N. I. Stone, a tariff expert, to study and report upon the work done by those departments of foreign governments corresponding to our Department of Commerce and Labor. Germany was the country to which particular attention was given, for there the work of promoting foreign commerce is carried on in a thoroughly systematic manner.

Without attempting even to sketch the outlines of the German system, it is clear that the organization and efficiency of the government's work is unsurpassed by that of any other country. Moreover, the work of the Chambers of Commerce, which are semi-official institutions in that their functions and activities are regulated by law, is equally as well marshaled. But the one feature of the whole system which makes toward efficiency and maximum of usefulness is the close coöperation between the government and the business interests. The connecting link is the Imperial Consultative Board, created

in 1898. It consists of thirty-two members. One-half are appointed by the Chancellor of the Empire upon the recommendation of the German Agricultural Association, the German Association of Chambers of Commerce, and the Central Association of German Industry. The other members represent the same general interests, but receive their appointments directly from the Chancellor. As pointed out by Mr. Stone, this commission rendered invaluable assistance in the preparation of the new tariff, by taking an industrial and commercial census of the Empire, and by digesting the data. Moreover, it was this body that carried on the elaborate investigation, in which over 2000 technical experts gave evidence, to shed light upon the tariff question. It is merely a consultative board, but its opinions are in a large part the determining factor in governmental action in matters of foreign commercial policy.

It was largely with a view to establishing a similar close relationship between our government and the business world, along the lines best adapted to our peculiar system of government, that the scheme for a National Council of Commerce originated. Upon the invitation of Secretary Straus, delegates from thirty-seven leading business-men's associations from the principal cities of the United States assembled at Washington in December, 1907. A tentative plan designed to accomplish the desired results was submitted to the convention, and, in all of its essential features, was adopted. A National Council of Commerce was created, to be composed of one member from each of the leading commercial and industrial organizations representing the principal lines of commerce and manufacture in every section of the country. An Advisory Committee, consisting of fifteen members, appointed by the larger body, is to come into direct contact with the officials of the Department of Commerce and Labor. But the council hears and acts upon the reports of the committee of fifteen. More specifically, the latter is to

receive reports and communications from commercial bodies as to their needs, as also unpublished information from the Department which may be of interest to the business world. It will then confer with the officials of the Department regarding the above. Again, it will furnish the Secretary of Commerce and Labor with authentic information as to the needs of different industries when commercial treaties are under consideration. Furthermore it will act as an intermediary between the government and the business organizations in preparing exhibits for international exhibitions, and will keep the Secretary of Commerce and Labor informed as to the remedial legislation approved by the National Council.

The establishment of this connecting

link between the Department of Commerce and Labor and the business organizations, whereby united effort is now made possible in foreign trade development, is unquestionably a most timely move. It should combine with those other conscious movements toward the same general end, as outlined above, to open up for our merchants and manufacturers the lines of least resistance to trade. If such is the case, it seems reasonable to expect that the United States, in view of her abundant and diversified natural resources, and the indomitable energy of her captains of industry, should, ere long, not only compete successfully with her older rivals, but eventually win out in the keen struggle for the control of foreign markets.

MUSICAL SUGGESTION

BY REDFERN MASON

THERE is a kind of brain which regards music as mere formal sound and denies it any beauties save those of design. By persons cerebrally so constituted, the idea that music may possess virtues not to be measured by theoretical compasses is utterly scouted. They look upon the art of tone as a sort of audible mathematics, absolute in its processes as the growth of crystals or the polarization of light. That music can express ideas, feelings, suggest moods, present mind-states; that it is indeed a kind of language, unlimited by the conditions which set a term to the expressiveness of words,—this they absolutely deny; and, when music-lovers of another order persist in associating with certain compositions definite moods or emotions, these stern theorists accuse them of self-delusion. They deny that music can be anything more than an artistically ordered succession of sounds, or that it indicates the personality of the

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composer in any way save by a manner of arranging and combining the notes peculiar to himself. Holding this view, they remember with satisfaction that some of the finest numbers of *The Messiah* were originally written as love-songs; they remind us that, in its first estate, the German chorale, "O Sacred Head now Wounded," was an amorous ditty; they note with satisfaction that many modern ballads, played slowly, make capital voluntaries.

But there is another side to the picture. What was it that made George the Second rise in his place when they sang the "Hallelujah" Chorus, thereby setting an example which is followed to this day? What was it in the Finale of the Fifth Symphony that drew the Napoleonic veteran to his feet with the exclamation, "The Emperor!"? What sanctity in the Ambrosian hymns moved St. Augustine to tears? During the wars of the

French Revolution it was forbidden, on pain of death, to play the "Ranz des Vaches" in the hearing of the Swiss soldiers, for so acute a longing for home did it bring upon them that they deserted in hundreds. Are we to think there was no virtue in the music itself, and that the effect produced was the outcome of purely accidental circumstances? The Austrian government forbade Berlioz to play the "Rackoczy" march at Buda-Pesth, fearful of its effect on the inflammable Hungarians. Was the fire of patriotism kindled by the mere knowledge that the melody symbolized Hungary, or did the notes speak with tongues of flame?

Music is not a substance to be analyzed in a laboratory, or a natural force to be tested by physical manifestations. Yet the law of cause and effect is as inevitably operative in art as in physics, though, in the former, its working is more difficult to follow. If a composer is a lover, a patriot, a man who delights in nature; if his compositions arouse the like feelings in others, then we have certitude (certainty belongs to exact science) that the emotion which he felt at the moment of creation has permeated his music. It is not wonderful that delicate tone-pictures should be variously interpreted. A Burne-Jones woman differs in meaning according to the mental complexion of the beholder; a passage of Browning may set in motion, in readers of diverse psychic experience, trains of thought seemingly contradictory, although they often prove not to be so. But there is no divergence of opinion as to the meaning of the great, positive things of art. Nobody misunderstands the grief of the Niobe group, or the deep meditation of Michelangelo's Jeremias. In like manner the "Forest Echoes" of *Siegfried* affect the multitude with a uniform sentiment; the "Dead March" in *Saul* compels universal grief; the "Blue Danube" suggests the intoxication of the dance to hearers of every age and nationality.

But the expressiveness of music is not limited to the portrayal of primitive emo-

tions. It is as full of fine shades of meaning as poetry; its range is infinite. It can be naïve as the shepherds in the miracle plays, melodious as the rival swains of Virgil and Theocritus, artificially rustic as Florian and La Fontaine, symbolistic as Mallarmé's fawn. For music is a tonal prism, which reflects, not merely the conceit which the composer has it in mind to set down, but something of the character of the composer himself. It tells the measure of his sensibility; it reveals the artistic ideal of the day in which he lived. Every age has its musical idiom, partly inherited from the past, partly original with itself; every people has its own dialect of the great musical language; every great musician has a way of singing which is peculiar to himself. Climate, civilization, experience, character, a hundred influences, combine to give the music of the masters a definite and recognizable personality, an ego. When, at some future day, the psychology of music is elaborated, it may be possible to discern a composer's character in his work, to draw his musical portrait as firmly and truthfully as Holbein limned the courtiers of Henry the Eighth. For, if we put something of ourselves into what are commonly regarded as indifferent acts, how intimately must we express ourselves in anything which moves us so profoundly as music does!

Take, for instance, the old English ditty, "How should I your true love know?" sung by Ophelia in *Hamlet*. It has the simplicity and directness of the lovelorn idyll which it tells. The melody is as documentary as the ballad; it could only be the outcome of the English genius. Its sadness has that characteristic note, inclined to the sinister, somewhat smelling of the mould, which Taine detects in the poetry of the Saxons. Compare this strain with the beautiful air, "La Belle est au Jardin d'Amour," a flower of the French hedgerow of Ronsard's day, or Villon's. Simple it is, but not shallow. There is something deep in its ingenuousness, a profound clarity, like that of

the water of a well; it is prophetic of the soul-searching music in which Debussy pictures the soul of Melisande. In the Southern song of "Magali" we catch the aroma of the honeysuckle, a prophecy of the cloying sweetness of Gounod. The peasants of the Midi sang rose-scented notes centuries before Ambrose Thomas wrote "Connais tu le Pays?" Germany too, though she commonly loves in a more full-blooded way, is familiar with the lotos strain. It dreams in such songs as Franz's "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," and Schumann's "Lotosblume." More characteristically Teutonic, however, are the love songs of Franz Schubert, the most beautiful ever written. What a tremor of gossamer wings in "Love's Message;" what rapturous expectation in "Unge-duld;" what devotion, fathoms deep, in "Who is Sylvia?" what morning ecstasy in "Hark, Hark! the Lark!"

Puccini, in *La Bohème*, shows what the Italian genius can do with the hothouse sentiment of Murger's Bohemia. So potent, however, is the influence of the littérateur that the composer becomes Gallic. When Mimi sings, "My name is Lucia; but they call me Mimi, I know not why," the spirit of the music is French, not Italian, and yet the phrases have a honeyed something about them that belongs to the South. Music is full of such perplexing amalgams of temperament. The Polish Moszkowski, for instance, loves to write in the Spanish vein. So too did Bizet. Carmen's song, "Amour est un oiseau rebelle," is purple with gypsy fatalism, blood-red with the passion of Spain. Where is the casuist in cases of musical conscience who will explain how this wonderful "Habanera" found expression through the brain of a Gaul?

Shakespeare's saying about the jest's success is applicable to music. The fortune of a composition "lies in the ear of him that hears it." Each of the love-songs just mentioned is beautiful in itself, and needs no recommendation but its own loveliness. Yet it is impossible for "How should I your true love know?" to

make the same moving appeal to a hearer ignorant of *Hamlet* that it makes to one who wept over Ophelia in childhood, and, even in age, cannot withhold the tribute of a sigh. The figure of the hapless lady smiles wistfully through the music. So again, "Know'st thou the Land?" puts on new beauty when Mignon is part of our dreams. The harmonies of Debussy, with their hues of mother-of-pearl, assume an even more delicate spirituality if we know Melisande through the poetry of Maeterlinck.

The simplest folk-songs are vested with a rarer beauty for him who hears in them the naïve first attempts at self-expression of a people in the dawn of artistic consciousness. Music depends in part for its meaning upon the hearer. We listen with the mind and soul, as well as with the outward ear. It is probable, therefore, that no composition sounds just the same to any two auditors. In this fact we may find an explanation of the differences of opinion as to the meaning of certain compositions between people of taste and learning. Weber utterly failed to appreciate Beethoven as a symphonist, while Berlioz, creatively Weber's inferior, knew him for one of the Olympians. So sharp a cleavage of opinion could only be the outcome of difference of mental outlook. The mind is a mirror and modifies the image which it receives, just as the trembling surface of a lake modifies the reflection of overhanging boughs. Weber looked first and foremost for perfection of form; to Berlioz the all-important consideration was the spiritual content.

It is surely unphilosophic to have regard only to the thing heard, and refuse to recognize the bearing on music of the character and temperament of the hearer. To the critic who takes a broad view, a composition will not seem clear until he knows the ego of the composer, with all those predisposing conditions of mind, body, and environment, which affect a work of art as the atmosphere affects a landscape. It would be possible to re-

gard the "Dies Iræ" as merely a string of notes; but, rightly understood, it is the mystery of death and judgment put into music. Why otherwise would Saint-Saens parody it? He makes it a valse, with the devil for musician, fiddling for the midnight merriment of the dead. It is uncanny, grotesque, weird. Irreverently clever, he perverts the solemn chant of the Church into the diablerie of the witches' sabbath. Verdi sophisticates it in another way. He substitutes for the liturgic thrill of the ancient death-chant the vociferous grief of opera; the music throbs with melodramatic woe. The great Italian is like the servant-girl who loves the story which makes her weep. Nor is this entirely a fault in him, for, in the hands of a master, servant-girl sentiment may be the medium of great art. The hymn of the Bagpipers, sung before the crib in St. Peter's, by Calabrian peasants on Christmas morning, is child-like in its simplicity. Yet on this very hymn Handel based the "Pastoral Symphony" of *The Messiah*. Bach, too, felt the magic of its ancient rhythm,—the lilt of the Pastorale, time out of mind,—and developed it in the "Shepherds' Music" of his *Christmas Oratorio*—one of the brightest stars in the firmament of music.

In the same field of worship-music must be remembered the "Ave Maria" of Arcadelt, with its memories of some Belgian carillon, heard long before the composer became famous. How differently does the same prayer inspire Gounod. Taking as his undersong the noble first Prelude of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," he weds it with a strain of tender rapture. Wagner's sacred music never quite frees itself from sensuousness. The "Grail" music in his *Lohengrin* overture is typical. It is an orchestral ecstasy, the music of shimmering light, but more like a volatilized thing of sense than such pure music of the spirit as, say, Palestrina's *Mass of Pope Marcellus*. When Mozart wants to end his grandest symphony on a note of sublimity, he takes the Gregorian intonation of the "Gloria

in Excelsis," and upon it builds a fugue of unsurpassable grandeur. It is apocalyptic; it is the expression in tone of that glimpse into heaven which Milton gives us in his "Blest Pair of Sirens."

In truly great music we seem to be assisting at the unfolding of a drama, not merely as spectators, but as participants,—our fate bound up, in some mysterious way, with what is taking place. The composer seems to have crystallized in himself the aspirations and the vague terror of humanity. How else can we explain the poignant interest we take in such a work as Tschai-kowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony?

All art is autobiography. There is more than drama in Shakespeare's plays. The poet's life-story is there, could we but read the mystic hieroglyphs. So it is with music. Tschai-kowsky admitted that the "Pathetic" Symphony had a programme, and significantly added that it should never be known. But there is no need of personal assurance to declare the work tragic. Its grief is tidal; frantic insurgence against fate alternates with deepening despair. Truth to tell, Tschai-kowsky is not brave. He loves to parade his sorrows, to unpack his soul with music. But the work, as it stands, is eloquently descriptive of the man. The themes droop as though, like Seneca in the bath, his life-blood draining off through the opened arteries, he felt the vital forces ebbing away. How different is the sadness of Beethoven in his "Appassionata"! Shut out from the world of sweet sounds by every channel save the imagination, parted from the "Deathless beloved one," solitary as Dante, the grief of the grand Teuton becomes heroic. Nor is he obsessed by sorrow. The Allegretto of the Eighth Symphony shows him jovial as the immortal gods.

All is grist that comes to the composer's mill. Like Molière, he takes his fortune where he finds it. A temporary dweller in America, Dvorak interprets the New World with characteristic ingenuousness, preferring to see it through the Negro

and Indian airs in which his sensitive and childlike nature found comfort. His "New World" Symphony is, in reality, not a symphony at all, but stories of love and mystery, babyhood dreams and goblin dread—such tales as might be told by an old darkey mammy, by the fireside on a winter's night. Stephen Heller translates his ramblings into "Wanderstunden." If Henley had been a musician, his *London Voluntaries* would probably have been cast in the Heller mould.

Nor is humor a stranger to music. Bolzini's "Dancing Doll" is Hans-Christian-Andersen-like in its whimsicality. In Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" we have the dirge of Punchinello, humorous and melancholy in turn. The clumsy drollery of Bottom and his Athenian "mechanicals," Warwickshire men all, is done to the life in the Bergomask in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music.

Nor does music lack the genius of place, nor yet the race-spirit. MacDowell's "Deserted Farm" is haunted by a New England wraith, and in his Indian sketches the hapless idealist interprets the Redman's affinity with forest and mountain as deeply and as truthfully as Longfellow did in verse. In his picture of the steppes of Central Asia, Borodine gives us the magic of those wild wastes where the Tartars rode. Schumann's "Oriental Pictures," Goldmark's "Sakuntala," and Grieg's "Anitra's Dance," are the musical equivalent of literary orientalism. What these composers painted in pigments of tone was the Orient of their dreams. To literary inspiration we also owe Massenet's "Phèdre" Overture, and the shapely Hellenism of Gluck. Reading Shakespeare, young Felix Mendelssohn caught the tripping of fairy feet and the drowsy measures which smooth the couch of Titania.

No page of life, or of the poetic interpretation of life, but has its musical analogue. Do we want the pride and gallantry of seventeenth-century Spain? Mozart gives it us in his *Don Giovanni* Minuet, with an opulence of suggestion unrivaled in painting or poetry. The wit of France, when Molière turned the *Précieuses* into immortal ridicule, still sparkles in the miniatures of Rameau and Couperin. Wagner read the whole spirit of England in the opening measures of "Rule Britannia," and the same firm note of self-reliance rings in the familiar "Pride and Circumstance" theme of Edward Elgar.

There is something distinctive in the music of every race, an element immediately recognizable, yet so subtle as to defy analysis. Whoever took "Au Clair de la Lune" for anything but a French chanson, or "Schöne Minka" for aught but a Polish song? "The Last Rose" could belong to no people but the Irish; and, though most of us know it as "My Maryland," "O Tannenbaum" is as German as the Rhine.

If we would appreciate music aright, we must remember that its beauty depends, not upon the composer alone, but upon ourselves also. Deep calls unto deep; and the harmony of sound, though appealing primarily to the outward ear, must be answered by a harmony from within ourselves. The more culture we bring to the hearing of music, the wider our sympathy, the more exquisite will be the echoes which it awakens in the soul. If we would understand the composer's message, we must coöperate with him. We must reach out to him with all our faculties. If we do that, the revelation of music will ceaselessly renew its beauty, ever turning unimagined aspects to gladden us.

THE GUITAR-MAKER

BY EDWARD H. THOMPSON

WE have no reason to believe that the ancient Mayas ever made guitars. They certainly did build great structures of stone, whose massive beauty is the wonder and despair of archæologists; but if they ever made the musical instrument now known as the guitar, their history, as engraved on walls, incised on tablets of stone, and painted on surfaces of parchment stucco, does not record the fact. Who did make the first guitar anyway? Who knows? But if not the pre-historic Mayas, wonderful race, at least Nicolas Kantun made guitars, during his time, some fifty years ago, and such guitars! Stradivarius made fiddles, Tomassi made fiddles also, Kantun of Yucatan made guitars. Fortunes have been offered and paid for fiddles made by these men. Crimes were committed, and as time went on, lives were lost in the frenzied attempts to become owners of these coveted musical toys of bent wood and catgut. Maestro Kantun, humble Indian and modest artist, made guitars, each one of which, though a musical poem itself, sold for a song, when compared with the prices paid for the old violins.

The Mayas were and are a musical race; the Spaniards, — well everybody knows what music, especially the music of a tinkling guitar, is to a Spaniard.

Consequently, is it necessary to state that the native Yucatecos, high or low, whether descendants of Spaniard or of Maya, like music, and know good music, especially the music of a good guitar? Kantun never lost time in seeking purchasers for the guitars he made. His clients sought him, he had his price, and his figures were never questioned or haggled over by his expecting purchasers, that is, by the wise ones; the others ceased to be expectant for the reason that he de-

clined to serve them at any price. Like other geniuses, he was a master in his caprices, and since his guitars could not stand haggling, they lost their temper when he did his, and were never so good afterward.

So Maestro Kantun made his guitars in his own way; he had no apprentices except his son, no quarrels, and enough money to fill the simple needs of himself and wrinkled old Chepa, his mate. Musicians, artists who played on guitars, were spoiled for other guitars when once they fondled, with fingers vibrating rhythmically one of the guitars old Kantun made. His fame never spread abroad, because Yucatan was until lately a sort of hermit kingdom anyway; and then Yucatan itself absorbed all the guitars that the careful, slow fingers and musical sense of the old Maestro would let him make and sell. Later, when old Nicolas Kantun was dead, a foreign artist, master in guitar music, said, as he fondled an age-browned Kantun guitar, that as a genuine Stradivarius was to an ordinary modern violin, so was a guitar of the elder Kantun to the ordinary everyday work-a-day-made guitar. Nicolas dead, Tomas his son became Maestro Kantun, and it was he who sat on his haunches, of a yellow-tinged afternoon, back of his house, looking as stolid and wooden as the thick, round, broad stool in front of him. When a Maya Indian thinks deepest, he wears his most stolid look. Maestro Kantun was thinking deeply. The precious pile of wood, the pile that helped his father make the Kantun fame, and his inheritance, helped him to keep up the fame of the Kantun guitars. This precious wood, of unknown age and strange virtues, was at last exhausted; but one small log remained, and even this was warped and

twisted by long pressure of those above it.

Truly Maestro Kantun had good reason to think, and think deeply.

He well remembered the pile in his earlier, younger days, when he was but just married.

The pile then was new and large, a great pile of rusty dark-colored logs, so old and water-soaked and dirty that no man gave them a second thought, except to wonder that so knowing a man as Maestro Kantun should take the trouble to house such damp old logs, when he could easily buy nice dry faggots that would kindle quick and burn with a heat like tinder. Again, when a fire broke out, close to his house, and threatened to burn everything near it, he left the saving of his home and his household goods to the efforts of his neighbors, while he climbed like an aged monkey upon the thatch of the old out-house that held the pile, and like a man frantic with desperation, poured bucket after bucket of water on the smoking thatch, until, soaked and steaming, it showed no sign of flame, and the precious pile within was free from danger.

This was the strangest of all strange freaks of old Maestro Kantun, in his neighbors' eyes; but then old Nico Kantun was a strange old man anyway, and withal one not to be lightly gainsaid or questioned in his freaks, so long as they harmed no one more powerful than himself; so they shrugged their shoulders and thought of easy things.

When the time came for the old man to go, let us hope to where the celestial music rings, he called for his son. He lay in his old worn hammock, gasping and panting for the breath that came feebly, and when Tomas came to his side, lithe and strong, the old man said to him, "Son! bring my old guitar." He took the age-browned instrument in his trembling, weakened hands, and thumbed it affectionately for a second, then he laid it carefully on his chest, and turned his head slowly toward his son, saying feebly, "The stranger was right, Tomas, when

he told me of the wood and how it could serve me. I took care of him when sick, and when he got well, he told me the secret of the wood, where I must seek it, and the virtue that there was in it, for me, the maker of guitars. I sought for the wood, where it should be, long, and for a while vainly; then just as I had despaired of the search, and felt like cursing him who sent me on the useless quest, the good San Isidro sent me into the great cenote at the foot of the sierras, where the valley bites deep into the hillside, and the great Chacmol is cut into the face of the rock. There I found it. You —"

His breath failed him, and his trembling fingers fell on the strings of the guitar; a soft, low mingling of chords filled the darkened room, — a farewell that the old man could not utter. Then, as the last low notes ceased sounding, a silence closed over all, the stillness that comes only with death.

All this came back to Tomas, as clear as if it were yesterday, while he sat moodily musing.

Finally Fernanda his wife, who had been quietly eying him for some time, said, "Tomas, what ails you? are you feeling bad?"

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"There," and Tomas pointed to where the log-pile used to be.

"Huh!" she exclaimed, and looked dazed for a moment; then she brightened up and thought for a while; then said again, "Huh! You mean the wood has gone, and you can't make any more guitars, until you get more wood; is n't that true?"

"Yes, woman, it is so."

"Huh! Then why don't you get more wood? We are not poor: you have silver, and I have my gold earrings, and chains, and rings, and —"

"Be quiet, woman; this wood is not to be had for the asking, neither can simple silver buy it."

"Huh! Your father got it, and when he got it, he was poor; are you not your

father's son, and you have a peck measure full of silver."

And Tomas answered with sullen impatience, "Fernanda, your tongue works easily; it's a pity your understanding does n't keep it company. Where am I to get the wood?"

"Huh! that is easy to answer. Get it where your father got his."

"Keep quiet, woman, and let me think."

Fernanda, with a final "Huh!" went about her grinding of the Indian corn, and left the whole affair to Tomas, knowing well that a woman's counsel is lightly thought of by the native Maya. The next day Tomas spoke to Fernanda, briefly but to the point.

"I am going on a voyage to-night, and may not be back for several days. Get me ready a suit of old clothes, and a suit of good ones, make me a ball of posoles, some tortillas with chile and salt, and put two bottles of anise rum in my sabucan."

With a "Huh!" of assent, Fernanda went on with the interminable grinding of the Indian corn for the daily bread.

Early next morning, before the dogs had ceased barking at the moon, Tomas was off and away.

Fernanda could not sleep any more, so she went to work grinding corn for the morning meal. But while her arms were deftly moving the roller-stone of the mill, her thoughts were moving still more swiftly.

Why did Tomas decide to go so suddenly? To that the answer was clear: he had gone to get some more logs with which to make more guitars. But where was he going, and how was he going to get them; for he took no silver with him, neither did he ask for her chains or rings or earrings, to pawn, or leave as gage if necessary.

She went on grinding, and her arms moved faster; he was not going to any pueblo or city, for he took with him posole, chile, and salt, and Kantun was too well known all over Yucatan to need

to carry these, where there were people who played on guitars.

He was, then, going into uninhabited places.

The trip was not a short one, for he took with him new soles for his worn sandals, and a good part of it must clearly be made on foot.

He took with him two bottles of rum flavored with anise. This would not be unusual to most natives; but Tomas was not a drinking man, and only took drinks of the anise rum when exposed to cold rains, or when long immersed in well-water, assisting neighbors, as was the custom of the region, in clearing out their wells. It was the dry season, and no rains could be reasonably planned for. He certainly did not go to clean out foul wells.

What then? She gave it up; she recalled the days early in her married life, when the old Nicolas Kantun, her husband's father, then poor and hard-pushed for money, although a good musician, and better guitar-maker, came home and took not only his wife's chain and ring, but also hers, and without more than a word or two with his son, went away again. She did not say a word in protest, for it is not the custom to rebel against the acts of the husband, much less the husband's father; but she did rebel inwardly, for the chain was double, long, and very heavy, the marriage gift of her father, a goldsmith. She said nothing, and her husband's mother said nothing either, but the two went on grinding corn. The days passed; then came old Kantun, and after him, one load, two loads, three loads of deep, dark logs, that looked half-decayed, but rang like metal as they touched each other and the floor of the hut, wherein they were snugly piled.

Then the father and son made guitars once more, and their guitars were the wonder of the musicians and the despair of their fellow craftsmen.

They worked slowly, and used their precious wood with greatest care, and so, although they did not make many guitars,

each one sold for several times more than other guitars sold for.

Before long, the women had their chains back once more, and with them other chains and earrings, and many rings of pure gold, made by the native smiths; and as these are things dear to the heart of the native woman, both were made very happy thereby, and esteemed themselves favored above most women, in having husbands so prosperous.

Then the old woman died, and left her all the chains and earrings and rings of solid gold; and the old man died, and left the house, a peck of silver coins, and the pile of wood, now used up and gone.

All this Fernanda thought of and remembered, as she ground and ground and ground the Indian corn.

Meanwhile Tomas, in the soft gray dawn, was going along silently and alone with his thoughts. With head muffled in his jerga, as most natives go in the early dawn, he went with the tireless lope of his people, and soon left the drowsy pueblo far behind. As he entered the open, the low-swooping night-hawks fluttered in the path, close by his feet, and the last few belated bovine pilgrims breathed their fragrant breaths inquiringly at him as he passed.

He struck the forest, and still kept on until the high noon, when he crouched down at the foot of a great zapote tree, and made himself a bowl of posole; then he made a tiny fire, ate a few tortillas seasoned with salt and chile, smoked a cigarette, stretched himself, tightened his belt, and went on.

That night, at the first owl-hoot, he camped before the yawning mouth of a great open water-hole, a cenote. Strange thoughts came up, borne on the cool damp air of the great water-cave. His father said the cenote was twenty yards deep before it reached the water's edge.

He made knots in the rope, a yard apart, and tied it securely around a large tree-trunk. Then he took off his clothes, tied them up with the new clean suit, and hid them in the forest.

He hung his little Relicario on a near branch, and prayed softly before it, as he put on his old ragged drawers, and tied about his head the shirt in which a flint and steel and candles were wrapped. Then he put his machete and a bottle of rum in the band of his drawers, took a last drink that emptied the other bottle, and after testing the rope, by a final heave swung himself slowly and cautiously into the velvet darkness of the great hole underground. Only the twisting and creaking of the new rope straining, showed signs of human presence.

Three days later, when Tomas Kantun, travel-stained but elated, came into his house, and almost without a word went to the family trunk and treasure-box combined, and took therefrom, not the peck of silver or any part thereof, but a pair of old gold earrings, Fernanda only said, "Huh!" But when he came up to her and took from her neck the heavy gold chain, warm with the heat of her body, her favorite "Huh!" took on rather a surprised tone. Hearing it, Tomas called back, "This my father did, and who am I that I should change the way, because I now have silver?"

This reasoning to an Indian is most logical, and Fernanda, satisfied, went back to her grinding.

The next night but one, Tomas came back filled with joy and also with some liquor, — not enough to hurt him, but enough to make him talk more freely than his wont. When he had eaten and bathed, and smoked away, communing for a time with himself, he lay back, with a sort of self-elation, swinging in his hammock, and told the story of his adventures.

"I found the water-cave, as my father told me, in the woods, at the foot of the great hills, where the valley bites deep into the side of the highest. I found the great tiger carved by the 'Old One,' cut deep in the ledge-rock, as he told me I should, right by the side of the great hole as black as the darkness of a night with-

out stars. I am a man not frightened by many things that man fears, and you know it, but I now say there are things that frighten me, and that day that black hole in which I swung and trusted, clinging to a knotted rope in the darkness, was a thing to be frightened of. But the blessed relic about my neck kept me in my senses, and cool, although frightened; and so, by God's aid, and that of the Virgin Mary, I soon stood on the great rocks at the bottom, close by the water's edge. I shut my eyes closely for a while, and then, when I opened them, the darkness was so far broken that I could see dimly, as one sees on a dark night, just as the moon rises, a little light to outline things, nothing more. Step by step, I felt my way, for no one knows how stony or solid the cave-floors are. I struck the flint, and lit the tinder, and the candle, and then I looked around me. I saw my father's foot prints, made in the damp cave-dust forty years ago, and they were there as though made yesterday. I trod in his footsteps, as a son should do, and they led me as they led him, him and his elder

brother, to the place in the cave where great piles of wood were stored, trunks like those he brought up to the house. Who put them there? Who knows? God may, but I do not think that man does. Father said that when he went there, there was a kind of altar upon them, and around were strange figures, made like the earthen vessels. Of a truth, who knows? but I know that I have bought the cave and land about it, for less than the price of one guitar, and now I go straight to the Padres, to pay for a mass and singing in behalf of my father's soul; my father who gave me the light and the knowledge that lets me do these things and do them wisely."

The eldest son of Tomas Kantun now helps his father make guitars, and his father says with a little tone of pride, but not before him, "Tomas can beat me making a good guitar, when he wants to, but little Petrona Ku has turned his head, so I expect that he won't be good for much now until he marries her, and settles down to work again."

Which is all right, and as it should be.

WHERE THE FAERIE QUEENE WAS WRITTEN

BY ALICE MEYNELL

ENGLAND and Ireland should be friends, as it were behind the backs of politicians, by reason of their kindred landscapes. The characters of the lesser country do but gently outdo those of the greater. Are hedgerows and small fields distinctively English, the Continent knowing little of them? Fields are smaller in Ireland, and hedgerows more conspicuous, climbing little banks and carrying their flowers and blackberries aloft. Are our skies low, the soft cloud stooping as though it would walk the world? Lower are the Irish skies; they fly like swallows before rain. Is England green? A little

greener yet is pastoral Ireland. And English deciduous trees would be the chief giants of Europe if the trees of Ireland did not overtop them. Thus there is an understanding, a league of landscape against the rest of the world, the greater part of Scotland being as manifestly excluded as France, America, or the East.

The hedgerow alone should be enough for a very covenant of friendship between the two pastoral islands. One has but to travel the vague and strange lands of northern France in order to value this incident of the fields. Italy needs no hedges, for she has not, in the sense fa-

miliar to us, fields. But French fields lack hedges, so do the dismal lands above Düsseldorf or thereabouts. Who was it who first made the hedgerows of these happier lands? The business of history has been so much occupied (to use the Scriptural phrase) with the dynasties and families, weddings and begettings, of kings, that she has had no leisure to tell us who he was, and in what age he lived, who opened the doors of the sweet country to us by making gates to close. A country without boundaries might as well be shut once for all; and doors are invitations. The wood has a hundred doors, the field maybe but two, that make us guests of its charming house of entertainment.

Who, even in full summer, would ask for hospitality from the unfenced fields of France? To sit down in them would be a grotesque action. What, no background for our solitude, no leaves near our heads, no curtain, no chair, no state, nothing enconced? and if we would make a throne, happier than Constance's, of the earth, no canopy thereto? all houseless, and no inclosure of the sky? not so much as a cloud that we can call our own? That is very well for mountains and the libertine mood of a climber, but not for the order of docile work-a-day rambling. Even the long walls of Cumberland pastures are better than no fences at all and the uncertain lands. Whosoever planted the English and Irish hedges made a thousand thousand sequestered intimacies between man and his fields, closing, comforting, secluding, cherishing, confiding to him all wild flowers and berries.

And as to the low skies, how friendly together should not those countries of the earth be which are both so much of the earth as to have low skies — which are, that is, so little like the moon! In the March weather of California the acute prosaic lights and the sharp shadows, with little perceptible atmosphere to carry the light and dark and mingle them entangled with atoms, may remind us of the yet harder and even less dreamy, less gentle landscape of the dessicated moon.

But our two islands breathe, respire, and exhale the humid, lighted air, and the Atlantic brings them clouds of the same shape, and the names of the winds have in English and Irish ears the same significance. Scotland, in this, shares with the two, but then how different are low clouds caught and torn upon the pointed Highland hills, and low clouds volleying across the tender Irish fields! Besides, there is no need, in regard to England and Scotland, of our peacemaker of climate.

It was with this thought of an alliance and sympathy of rain-cloud and pasture that we drove over rough and smooth to a gentle hill looking round the horizon to five ranges of mountains; and there stood the ruin that was Spenser's castle of Kilconan. It seemed to stand up in opposition to that inarticulate treaty. Twelve years of rule in this tower of tyranny have left memories more perdurable than any committed to books.

It was the small keep of a shattered fortress; a castle that had belonged to the Desmonds, and had been given over, by a brief method of conveyance, to Edmund Spenser. It was by means of fortresses, plenty of fortresses, that Ireland, by his counsels, was to be subdued.

The road gradually disappeared in grass; there was but one cottage in sight (a cottage with a few goats and as many children moving about its door); and as we climbed the hill we met the cottager. If he could read, it is probable that his father, and certain that his grandfather, could not; but he inherited history from them, and memories of Spenser. Courteously, however, seeing us to be strangers and compatriots of the tyrant, he felt his footing in conversation, and would say no more than that Spenser thereabouts was not well liked; neither he, added the cottager, nor Sir Walter Raleigh, who visited him in yonder tower when it was a stronghold.

If the fields and the colors of England and Ireland are alike, the complexion of the landscape and the division of the fields alike, different are the ruins. In

England ruins are given over to gardeners; we have all passed their little iron turn-stiles; we have spared their grass and footed their gravel, dry-shod. But ruins in Ireland are steeped in nettles and dew. Nowhere is

The darnelled garden of unheedful death deeper in the desolation of our humid latitudes; not the desolation of drought nor that of slender random vegetation, but that of great trees, weeds breast-high, and unsunny greenery. In the eyes of the Irish people the ruin of the priory carries unlapsed the ancient consecration, and they bury the recent dead where no bell sounds, in narrow clearings of the melancholy flowers.

But the memories of Kilconan are unconsecrated. There indeed the *Faerie Queene* was in chief part written; a window in the shattered keep looks as though it might have lighted, high above the noise of the hall, those numerous pages. Here were the *Amoretti* turned; and the stanzas of the *Epithalamion* take their burden —

That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring —

from this prospect, then tall with forest trees and bright with a lake. It is the country Spenser soothed in his verse, and wasted by famine in his politics. The still windowed fragment of a tower saw other literature than the *Faerie Queene*. Here he and Raleigh made ready their recommendation of the means whereby the country should be brought low. A shepherd he calls himself, shepherd keeping his flocks “amongst the cool shade” of the Mulla’s banks, and thither the sound of his pipe drew to him a guest whom he splendidly names “the shepherd of the Ocean.” Fresh from his flocks of waters, this visitant, Raleigh, found him there, piped to his singing, and anon sang to his piping. Poet to poet handed the sweet instrument by turns, and tuned his own throat. And the two men — men they were, though it is hard to find the men between the nobility of poetry and the pitilessness of politics, be-

tween the pastoral trick and the ferocity of government, between the shepherds and the men of office — these two men “charmed the oaten pipe,” and by and by consulted together to another purpose, thus: —

“Those four garrisons [counsels Spenser] issuing forth, at such convenient times as they shall have intelligence or espiall upon the enemy, will so drive him from one side to another, and tennis him amongst them, that he shall finde nowhere safe to keep his creete in, nor hide himselfe, but flying from the fire shall fall into the water, that in short time his creete, which is his chiefe sustenance, shall be wasted with preying, or killed with driving, or starved for want of pasture in the woods, and he himself brought so low that he shall have no heart nor ability to endure his wretchednesse . . . for one winter well followed upon him will so plucke him on his knees, that he will never be able to stand up againe . . . For it is not with Ireland as with other countryes, where the warres flame most in summer, and the helmets glisten brightest in the fairest sunshine [hear the poet!], but in Ireland the winter yieldeth best services, for then the trees are bare and naked which use both to cloath and house the kerne; the ground is cold and wet which useth to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter to blowe through his naked sides and legges; the kyne are without milke which useth to be his only food, neither if he kill them will they yeeld him flesh; besides, being all with calfe, they will, through much chasing and driving, cast all their calves, and lose their milke, which should relieve him the next summer. . . . He shall want milke and shortly want life. Therefore if they be well followed but one winter, you shall have little worke with them the next summer. . . . The proof whereof I saw sufficiently exampled in the late warres of Mounster. . . . Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legges could not beare them; they looked like

anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carrions, yea and one another soone after, in so much as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves . . . that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast; yet surely in that warre there perished not many by the sword, but all by extremitie of famine."

Through that wide and lovely country with its cloudy but clear horizon, its sombre but not gloomy climate — the purest skyline left by industrialism in Europe, albeit the sky is so low that it hardly climbs the hills; toward the Waterford mountains to the east, toward the Ballyhowra heights to the north, or, as Spenser calls them, Mountains of Mole; southward away to the Nagle hills, and westward to those of Kerry; following the River Mulla with his careful eye, commanding the farthest distance and the lightsome outline of Killarney mountains, the poet measured the way, and, as it were, lay in wait for the men that were to die, and for the cattle that were to drop.

Mulla mine, whose waves

I often taught to weep.

Spenser is here ambiguous; the sorrow he "taught" these wild waters was evidently something other than the "pathetic fallacy" of his verse. Nevertheless let me add that he possesses pity, and so too does his counselor "Eudoxius," who is Raleigh the Shepherd of the Ocean. For the south country of Ireland, before havoc and famine befell, had shown them examples of its beauty, "beside the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yealde all kinde of fruit that shall be committed therunto. And lastly the heavens most mild and temperate." "A sweet country," he calls it, "being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes." If any prince were absolute lord of that land, with its woods, commodious for ship-

building, writes the poet, bent on utility to, and favor from, his sovereign, that prince would soon hope to master all the seas, and ere long the world.

The woods now are fewer, whether or not they were sent, as Spenser hoped, down to the sea in ships; the lake has so sunken as to leave no more than a trace under the castled hill. From Spenser's report we receive the impression of a multitude tragically great, here as in "Mounster." Famine is the great effectual weapon against numbers; numbers are the food of hunger; it brings each man to equal anguish with his neighbor, so as to forestall human pity and to prevent reciprocal succor; and the numbers were there, naked mankind in the naked woods. There is no multitude now; there are no more cries, if there are no songs. The beautiful soft country seems in need of hard men. For little tillage and much pasture show a people not only few but idle, and nature much at work in the fostering and fattening of their herds. The south of Ireland altogether looks like a vast free farm with feeding flocks of geese and goats. As for the delight of the eye, the Irish homestead is not lacked and desired as is the English in the vacant English country, and as the Italian or the French would be if their lands too were vacant. For no country, surely, shows us duller villages or less sweet cottages or less charming country towns than these of southern Ireland. Bleak is the hamlet, the dwelling-houses modern and yet not trim, and the cottage has no paved garden-path, no little close for flowers, no little croft for fruit. Gray are the streets, the public houses many, the churches of the Gothic as Horace Walpole understood it.

It is not by the village or the farm that England and Ireland are to be allied, but only by the fields. This solitary landscape, then, is cheerfully excused by the tourist eye, sensitive to the picturesque. But the solitude is none the less a human misfortune, and all too significant of evil past and actual. "No part of all that

realme shall be able to dare to quinch," says Spenser. Something must depend upon the meaning we may choose to attribute to the act of quinching. The view from Kilconan Castle suggests that what quinching may have been attempted did not prosper. But he who recommended

the defeat of Southern Ireland by famine fled from some partial quinching after twelve years of his government, leaving this castle in flames; and the baby of a poet, the child of the bride of the Epithalamion, was burned to ashes in its cradle in this tower of memories.

THE DIME MUSEUM

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

"EVERYTHING has been said," remarks Mr. Bernard G. Richards, "but not everything has been contradicted." Surely not everything has been contradicted concerning the Dime Museum; although so little has been said, and on the whole so ill said, that contradiction should scarce be difficult. A single adjective sums up the universal bromidiom: the institution is "morbid." The lowly, argue those who know not, repair thither to gloat over the affliction of their oversized, under-sized, and otherwise peculiar fellow mortals. Then how comes it that they scan the exhibits with awe-struck reverence? How comes it that they keep a straight face while the lecturer heaps grandiloquent adulation upon his freaks? How comes it that every curio esteems himself a special pet of Providence, as who should say, "Behold the marvels that God hath wrought in my person!"

Often, I daresay, you pass the museum's entrance. Before its open lobby, you receive an impression due to a blaze of gilding, a riot of flags, a pandemonium of mechanical music, a fever of red paint. Perhaps you tarry a moment to admire the many enticing canvases that line the lobby's walls. Masterpieces are they. They suggest the adored primitives — so naïve, so direct, so sincere is their neo-archaic craftsmanship. You suspect Cimabue. Only, whereas the primitives

wrought in distemper, we have here the work of artists who wrought in extreme amiability. They have added a cubit to the giant's stature, subtracted an ell from the dwarf's, and idealized the fat lady by joyously augmenting her tonnage. Well may our arbiters of taste proclaim the superiority of art to photography; yonder, in immense gold frames, behold the camera's portrayal of those same celebrities, and note how sorrowful the falling off!

Surveying these presentments of the marvels within, you exclaim with the self-taught Latinist, *De tastibus non guspudandum!* An indolent subterfuge. Rather let us discuss tastes with some vigor; they interpret mentality; they are in turn interpreted by it; comprehended, they make for tolerance. And in this case we have to do with a mentality that suffers more grievously than ours from a tendency by no means uncommon — the tendency, I mean, toward getting one's philosophy upside down. Despite our education, we wonder at the whirlwind, the earthquake, the flaming mountain; and are not they the two-headed men and bearded women of physiography? The wonder is not in the whirlwind. It is in the almost uniform absence of whirlwinds. The wonder is not in the earthquake and the volcano. It is in the almost uniform absence of earthquakes and volcanoes. Who are we that we

should scoff when the ignorant — those who now stand marveling before the pictures and presently slouch toward the ticket-window — worship the rare accidents and misdemeanors of variation, forgetting that by virtue of their consistent normality it is they themselves who will constitute the only really marvelous exhibits in Curio Hall?

I counsel you to follow them in. They represent the substratum of society. Upon their foolishness rests the perpetuity of our institutions. It takes pluck, though, to apply for the greasy yellow ticket, now sold for the nine-thousandth time. What will the ticket man think? What will your friends think, if they happen by and see you? What will other applicants think? These last will think nothing, being preoccupied with curiosity as to midgets and giants, most of them, while a certain small residue are given over to grim memories awakened by the presence of a wax policeman, with redundant side-whiskers and a real uniform, who leans upon the railing before the box-office. Not sinful in itself, the Dime Museum becomes a haven and heaven of sinners; consequently a happy hunting-ground for detectives when in quest of fugitives from a neighboring reformatory.

You pass the door, and instantly obtain a realizing sense of the sordidness within. Says an ancient sage, "With the nose we know." Some modern sage might devote study to the graded aromas of our entertainments: at the opera, the breath of roses; at Professor Griggs's lecture, the scent of crushed violet-stems; at the amusement park, the fragrance of peanuts; at the "grand sacred concert" (Zitella, the Flying Cazenoves, trained monkeys, and allied sanctities), the reek of cheap perfumery; at the home of burlesque, an unwashed odor, mitigated with vile tobacco; at the Dime Museum, this morning, the same and more of it, though unfortunately without the tobacco.

Now, nose and conscience lie not far

apart. That is why men speak of things evil as "in bad odor." As you march through the corridor, shoulder to shoulder with your disinherited brethren, you experience an impulse toward retreat. Then you bethink you that monstrosities have played perhaps as large a part in your own education as in theirs. In classic and mediæval and Renaissance art and literature, lo, what "Gorgons, Hydras and Chimæras dire," what cupids, centaurs, furies, satyrs, and griffins! Give me Polyphemus, the doughty giant, Trimurti, the original three-headed wonder, and Anubis, the precursor of dog-faced boys; give me these and a handful more, among them Michael Angelo's horned Moses, a Hermes with winged feet, and a bogy or so from the Inferno, and I will furnish forth a Curio Hall of such sort that it will be packed with gaping visitors, till the sole way to make room for more spectators would be to do as Barnum did: set up an alluring finger-board inscribed, "To the Egress!"

Whereas you treasure monstrosities in marble, in bronze, and in deckle-edged editions, the humble do but treasure the only monstrosities that fall within their ken. And after all, is it not less degrading to contemplate the abnormalities of the body than to witness those of the mind and heart? You applauded "Candida," while the *soi-disant* elect will tolerate those writers who from time to time suggest improvements upon holy wedlock.

Such reflections hearten you quite as Virgil's reassurances heartened the venturesome but timorous Dante. You press forward, and come to a tall room, with square posts to prop its ceiling, walls freely kalsomined in red and yellow, and along the walls the cages, booths, thrones, and stages of greatness. This is Curio Hall. No seats; everybody is standing, gazing open-mouthed upon a freak, and listening with rapt deference while the "professor" declaims his "lecture." You get an impression of weather-worn Derby hats, with here and there a tawdry bonnet; likewise an impression that justifies

Niceforo's conclusions concerning "the poor as a race," showing them to be inferior in stature, in development, in endurance, and in comeliness, to the well-to-do. You recall DeQuincey's horror of castes, yet perceive that in young America, not less than in immemorial India, caste prevails. For in every nation there are two nations. Divided, age after age, flow twin streams of population. Side by side, they refuse to blend, save as an occasional Dickens or Gorky may pass from the dark stream to the bright, an occasional house of D'Urberville renounce its birthright, an occasional mad marriage defy eternal distinctions.

But look! On a lofty throne, beneath a pink-and-green canopy, sits a young lady of some presence. You have seen her photograph outside. You recognize the figure, designed by Montgolfier, the full-blown cheeks, the quintuple chin. You remember the label under the portrait: "Dainty Cherrie Burnham, Weight only 610 Pounds." Surely the lady exaggerates! Not so; those arms, sublimely fat and displayed bare, carry conviction.

And listen! From a towering platform, "Professor" Bumpus is lecturing. An extraordinary person! Fourscore at least, he seems a blend of moribund clergyman, aged actor, and superannuated statesman. He wears a frock coat and a white cravat. He leans upon a gold-headed cane, the gift of his admirers, who have dubbed him "The Grand Old Man of Dulwich Square." His past they embroider with legend. According to some, he anciently adorned the pulpit. According to others, he was once a renowned mathematician. One thing is clear, though: he is the last of the orators. As Jules Claretie said of Maître Barbou, he would "descend into the subway as into some grotto of the Eclogues." His discourse bulges with erudition, reverberates with rhetoric, coruscates with Biblical and classical allusions, as befits the mission of him who has essayed to do for freaks what Winckelmann did for Greek sculpture and Ruskin for the paintings of Turner. Note

his words. Received with laughterless respect by the folk around you, they become a very significant and illuminating reflection of proletarian ignorance — the ignorance which has been for centuries the cornerstone of the state.

"Behold," he cries, thumping mightily with his cane, "behold, ladies and gentlemen, the lovely Cherrie Burnham, the fair, the beautiful! Marvelous! Marvelous! Stand up, Cherrie! There!" (thump, thump) "look at her! A mighty girl, fat, magnificent. Five chins! Cheeks like the sun-kissed melon! Arms like vats of luscious Falernian wine! Watch her, now! Watch her! No wonder you're proud, Cherrie! Few women of modern times have equaled you. Six hundred and ten pounds! Twice the weight of Queen Victoria, three times the weight of Boadicea" (thump, thump), "four times the weight of Delilah!

"Next we have a very remarkable couple, very remarkable indeed: Signor and Signorina Pastorelli, known throughout the world as the tattooed Mars and Venus. Mars the god of war, Venus the goddess of love!" (Two very Celtic-looking young persons shed their bathrobes, come to the edge of the high platform, and bow, displaying as much of their cuticle as convention permits, all solidly covered with etchings in color — mainly in red and blue.) "This couple are from sunny Italy — Italy the land of Savonarola and Marconi, the land of the olive and the peasant, Italy the home of the arts! Look at their forms! See the man's splendid development! Mars the god of war!" (Thump, thump.) "Does he not look it? Look at his eye! See that fire! And look at the pictures on his body! Pictures of beasts and of birds, of foreign lands, of scenes from the songs of Jesse, the son of David. Ah, but he is patriotic: even though an Italian boy by birth, he loves our country! See, in the middle of his back — Turn around, Signor Pastorelli; we'll excuse your back, even if it is n't as handsome as your face, for what's on it. See there — the Star-

Spangled Banner!" (Thump, thump.) "Oh, long may it wave." (The piano plays the tune. Great applause.) "Now look at the lady! Venus, the goddess of love, as those old pagans called her!"

Why so much oratory, when the exhibits should kindle admiration unassisted? Because a low-browed, rat-eyed audience has to be told what to admire? Precisely. In like manner there came to Italy in the old days a horde of Grecians to point out to scholars the beauties of the rediscovered classics. By a sort of analogy, not irrational if you consider the themes he descants upon, you may call Professor Bumpus a humanist. And reflect, I beg you, that we too need prompting, on occasion. When the acrobat has completed a feat of skill, he stands erect, holds both hands, palm up, at his breast, and executes a double gesture, horizontal-wise. But for this, we should forget to applaud. Reflect also that it is only very recently that the Odéon and the Gymnase dared think of suppressing the *claque*.

Besides, there are the freaks to manage. Deprived of adulation, even a dainty Cherrie Burnham might cease to give thanks that she is "not like other girls." She might acquire a degree of skepticism touching the rationality of her claims. At present, she rejoices that, whereas others may achieve greatness, or have it thrust upon them, she is to the manner born. They are monstrously vain, the freaks; consequently quarrelsome, in which they resemble missionaries; and jealous, in which they resemble university professors. Endowed with an heroic individuality, freak harmonizes no more sweetly with freak than missionary with missionary. Intensely self-centred, the curio resents the crowd's interest in other curios, quite as a botanist frets when his students waste their time and stultify their intellects by sitting at the feet of a mere historian. Not for pleasure do bearded women embroider doilies, and giants chew gum, during intervals of neglect; it is to assuage bitterness.

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So exalted — so sublime, almost — becomes the freak's vocation that the ignominy of normality seems to many an aspiring soul no longer supportable. The Museum is besieged by those who have won distinction, or hired cunning artificers to confer it upon them. Some school their systems to consume lamp-chimneys. Some court the confidence of pythons. Some persuade a reluctant gullet to harbor sabres. Some flee to the tattooist (I know an excellent one, should the reader crave his ministrations), and thus gain entrance to the Hall of Fame.

Just here, alas! lies the shadow of a cloud upon the otherwise sunny demesne of freakdom. The plethora of human marvels has depressed salaries, and it is very humiliating to a proud and sensitive freak to see himself quoted at the pittance that now obtains. Nor does his chagrin find much relief when he observes how the overplus is still further augmented by the play of the tender passion, which tempts greatness to wed beneath it. As Sir Lionel Goldthwaite may espouse a scullery-maid and make her Lady Goldthwaite, so the Living Skeleton may select a bride from among the despised normal faction and lift her to the rank of a Circassian queen. But wedded bliss fades as swiftly in Curio Hall as in what Mr. Dooley has denominated "thim halls iv luxury and alimony." With fashionable promptitude, the pair separate. The Circassian queen marries a truckman, obtaining for him the billet of a wild man. The slim Cophetua stoops to honor a waitress, leading her to the altar and thence to a cage filled with snakes. In this romantic fashion the aristocracy is recruited wholesale from among the commoners.

For the bitter consequence, consult the tattooed man. A person of ordinary area can have his epidermis quite sumptuously decorated for a hundred and fifty dollars. Theoretically, the patient is then fitted to sit at receipt of custom the rest of his life. Ten times a day he will stand up and be admired; but most of the while

he will enjoy a complete repose of mind and body, broken only by the writing of letters — or is it his autobiography? Letters, more likely, since there exists no central bureau for freaks, and they get engagements by correspondence. Theoretically, an engagement should be readily obtained and should mean sixty dollars a week. Actually, it means thirty dollars a week for a tattooed couple, who count themselves lucky to be employed at all. Says the well-known ditty: —

"'T is perfectly true :
You can beat a tattoo ;
But you can't beat a tattooed man ! "

Nevertheless, the competition of other tattooed marvels can — till the dean of the guild has retired in disgust, devoting his sunset years to relieving the woes of the untattooed; also to untattooing the tattooed, as happens when naval recruits are found to possess embellishments not harmonious for Jackies. Moreover, the slump in pictorial humanity has been accentuated by the managers. Wantonly, or through sheer ineptitude, they have organized "congresses" of tattooed men, thus acquainting the public with their diminished rarity.

Blame the management, too, for the decay of faith among museum-goers. Heresies have sprung up as a result of humbug pressed too far. Though the sword-swallower permit the spectators to handle her swords, and the strong man distribute the fragments of ten-penny nails he has broken in his fingers, credulity comes hard; for now and then the people recognize in the Wild Man of Borneo some local mulatto, while every one may read the dealers' advertisements of "snakes fixed safe to handle," and a key that "unlocks any handcuff, and can be carried in the hair." Such disclosures should forfend the promotion of out-and-out frauds — frauds, let us say, like "the living suicide: he kills himself every fifteen minutes."

No little blame attaches likewise to retired freaks, who sow broadcast the seeds of unbelief. I regret this, especially as

it affects the Circassian queen. It has been a joy to have numbered among my uncles one who stood before that potentate's throne, removed his hat, revealing a glistening scalp, and said to her, "Madam, you see how unevenly things are distributed in this world. That is what makes some folks socialists!" To have had such an uncle, and then to learn that "Circassians" distend their tresses by drenching them in stale beer, is indeed harrowing — almost as painful as hearing that the Moss-haired Man, acclaimed by two hemispheres, wore a wig! These deceptions and their kind will occasionally make trouble for those who inquire not very prudently as to what's what and who's who. My friend Denslow became so interested in the needle-swallower that he took him out to lunch. A year later he saw the same feat performed in the same museum by a girl. Coming closer, he discovered it was the same performer as before. He looks back to that tête-à-tête luncheon with squirms of ethical incertitude.

Let us remember, though, that there are shades of belief, just as there are shades of doubt. The proletarians accept Major Popocatapetl and General Microbe as genuine exponents of bigness and littleness. They pin their faith to fat ladies and living skeletons. Toward the tattooed and toward bearded women, they admit a degree of skepticism. Are not the pictures perhaps put on with a brush? Is not the hirsute damsel perhaps a man decked out in feminine finery or a woman made up with false whiskers? In point of fact, only the dismal science of the needle can produce those lovely pictures, and among managers it is a point of honor never to proffer a humbug bearded woman. And, as concerns sword-walkers, fire-eaters, and analogous wonderworkers, the humble incline toward espousing what Professor Satterlee was wont to call "the tenth theory." After enumerating nine hypotheses to account for the Man of the Iron Mask, he would exclaim triumphantly, "And the tenth

theory, gentlemen, is that we — er — ah — don't know!"

This margin of dubiety has led managers to pad Curio Hall with extraneous allurements — attractions filched from the circus, from vaudeville, and from the amusement park. They introduce "the beautiful La Bella Rosa, creative and sinuous invasionist of the art Terpsichore." They advertise "The man-eating lion, Nero; no living man can enter his cage and live!" They summon Swiss yödlers, Cossack raiders, plantation troubadours, with galaxies of tumblers, equilibrists, trapezists, and contortionists, and, perchance, an astounding novelty like Miss Rosetta Davis, "America's fistic empress, who will box any lady of her weight in your city." Such phenomena have at least the merit of exerting no undue strain upon "the will to believe." Meanwhile, Curio Hall affords lodgment to penny peep-shows (of which the less said the better), to a Punch-and-Judy show, and to a peanut-stand, a palmist's lair, and a photograph gallery. "Maybe you think you ain't handsome, gents," cries the photographer, "but we'll fix you up all right, all right!" Few yield. Some even betray symptoms of a decidedly active reluctance, having sat for their portraits before — under compulsion.

But now, when Professor Bumpus has completed his elucidation of the remaining exhibits, come tidings of supplementary delights — as might have been expected. At the circus, the "gentlemanly agents" crawl over and through the spectators, selling tickets for the "grand concert after the performance." In Bowery fake-shows, the manager bawls, "In de rear room, gepmen, dere's a exhibition of such a nature dat no ladies an' no boys under sixteen is allowed! Ten cents admits each an' every sport!" The rear room contains several Indian relics and a tame bear. The museum, you see, follows distinguished precedent when it proclaims its "magnificent stage-show lasting nearly an hour. Reserved seats

one dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar."

Through a grimy door and a grimmer passage, you enter darkness. It is a more than Egyptian darkness; it can be smelt. Once inside, it's not so dense. Gradually your eyes become accustomed to it, and trace the outlines of a long, narrow cavern with a ceiling so low that spectators in tiny galleries seem to serve as caryatids. Groping and stumbling, you select a greasy opera-chair before the miniature stage. Presently you can make out details — a drop-curtain daubed with a wonderful Spanish landscape, a single proscenium box containing friends of the performers, an orchestra with chairs for four poverty-stricken musicians, and a rabble of patrons pouring in in a never-ending stream. When you saw them standing, close-packed, in Curio Hall, you underestimated their numbers. Now you begin to realize what hordes of your fellow citizens find leisure during work-hours for pleasant relaxation. Who are they? Plumbers gone "back to the shop for tools"? Perhaps. Library loafers enjoying a release from their arduous studies? Again, perhaps. Housemaids who have discharged their mistresses? Tramps who have been "rendered a little assistance"? Socialists who abhor competition too profoundly to engage in it? In each instance, once more, perhaps. In the main, though, these people represent the casual laborer, with an admixture of the casual prison-bird. Their presence here is no more extraordinary than the multiplicity with which they collect where the digging of cellars, or the erection of buildings, demands their patient oversight.

Before you, within the railing that defends the orchestra, sits a wan little gentleman reading a periodical by the gleam of a shaded electric bulb. As he turns the leaf, you get a glimpse of the title, "The International Musician"! Despised, both because he is a musician and because he is not, he nevertheless keeps himself *au courant* with whatsoever be-

falls in the domain of Music. Heavenly Maid, while upon his sensitive ear crashes the din from the machine-band out in the lobby. Neither can he relish the braying of the peddler who passes to and fro among the audience, shouting "Chewin'-gum, song-book, last number of de 'Chorus-Goil' — five cents all t'ree! Chewin'-gum — preserves de teeth, softens de gums — song-book, 'Chorus-Goil.' Who'll be de next?"

After a very dismal season of delay, the lights pop up, three additional musicians appear, and there ensues an overture consisting mainly of drum. Indeed, one might call it a drum obligato. Condemn it not. Music less barbaric would fail to penetrate the proletarian consciousness. And now the Spanish landscape soars aloft — or as far aloft as the squat proscenium arch permits — and reveals a stage seemingly contrived for marionettes. Here begins a vaudeville. Think of the stupidest vaudeville you remember, magnify its stupidity a thousand diameters, then repeat the process till you ache, and by comparison with what follows you have achieved hilarity. So be it. You may say of humor as Mr. Dooley said of profanity, "'T is precious; don't spill it.'" Fun, in this cave of dullness, were sheer waste. Once, a soubrette upon yonder stage proffered jokes, real jokes, and seeing their ineffectuality, took umbrage. "Say," she cried, "ain't it hard to sleep out there with all the light in your eyes?" Trying further witticisms with like want of result, she snapped, "I thought I smelt chloroform!"

Don't imagine, though, that no laughter peals forth during the "magnificent stage-show." Its comedians excite much mirth by the grotesquerie of their make-up. Museum-goers define humor somewhat as Ruskin defined architecture. As architecture is not in the shapeliness of a structure, but in the ornaments that embellish it, so humor is not in the man and the matter and the manner, but in comic habiliments. A beneficent theory! It thins the otherwise overcrowded ranks

of hod-carriers, longshoremen, and ditch-diggers by flinging wide the portals of art to any who will put off overalls for motley.

The show is fetched to a conclusion by the biograph, which displays a series of dim, flickering, bespeckled films known to the profession as "junk." Then up come the lights, down comes the curtain, and from afar you hear the accents of Professor Bumpus: "Behold, ladies and gentlemen, the lovely Cherrie Burnham, the fair, the beautiful! Marvelous! Marvelous!" (Thump, thump.) "Stand up, Cherrie!"

You have completed the circuit of a maelstrom, which is now in its second lap. Emerging from the theatre, you find yourself once more in Curio Hall, with its "royal climax of extremes," its galaxy of "exclusive living oddities." Now, for the first time, you see merit in the stage-show. It avenges an ancient grudge. Whereas the circus houses its freaks in a subsidiary tabernacle, making them second fiddles to art, here art plays second fiddle to freaks. The curios are the performing elephants; the comedians, the sideshow.

So ends your visit. You come away well qualified to praise this temple of inanity. In the main, it is honest, giving just return for the dime. It promotes happiness, delighting the lowly while transforming the sorrows of curios into radiant felicities. Though perforce it refuses admission to many an ambitious monstrosity, it has called into existence its reduced replica, the Nickeliseum, which serves as a "Salon des Indépendants" for celebrities blackballed by Curio Hall. Moreover, it shelters arts that in other keeping might lapse into lamentable disuse. No matter how superb your virtuosity as a snake-charmer or as a consumer of fire or swords or glass, you will fall among doubters unless you come close to the spectators. The theatre won't do. Accordingly, the Dime Museum not infrequently stands between genius and the almshouse — or worse, namely, work. Again, you will praise this sordid institu-

tion for its delicacy. Although ministering to a public not renowned for sensitiveness, it almost uniformly avoids scandal. If here and there in the land there exist Dime Museums not worthy their high calling, set them down as rare and unrepresentative exceptions.

But it is the social philosopher, methinks, who should be most grateful to Curio Hall. Its existence spells safety for the existing social order. Think you it is the progress of enlightenment that sanctions and perpetuates our scheme of human relationships? Far otherwise. Rather is it the survival of benightedness. So long as endures the gallery of "exclusive living oddities," with pitiful blockheads to gape at them, so long will there abound those scullions, scavengers, stokers, flunkies, and wretched wage-minions upon whose docility we depend for our maintenance. Given intelligence to perceive the joke implied in their adoration of abnormalities, they might detect the huge, historic, practical joke played upon them by destiny. At long, long intervals — for us happily long — they get

fleeting glimpses of its point. When that occurs, there results the process known as revolution, which Charles Dudley Warner defined as "turning society over, and putting the best underground as a fertilizer."

Meanwhile the thing has its brighter side. Who is this at your elbow as you come forth from the Dime Museum? An ash-man, let us say. Put yourself in his place. Ask yourself if all your fortitude could enable you to make out a tolerable existence on the terms allotted him. You know it could n't. The ash-man, however, leads a life not unlit with happiness. By ancestry, nurture, discipline, and social suggestion, he has achieved a density of mind that excludes complaint. Chief of his blessings is his lordly inability to think. In his place you would think — and blow out your brains. Between the ash-man and desperation looms a vast and beneficent foolishness — a foolishness monumental, which some Gargantuan Bartholdi might symbolize in a statue of Dainty Cherrie Burnham Darkening the World.

AN EXPERIMENT IN POPULATION

BY WALTER WEYL

FRANCE is trying an experiment, and the nations are looking on. France is keeping down her population, reducing her birth-rate, considering the quality, as well as the number, of her citizens. It is what Americans call "race suicide," premeditated race suicide. What does it mean, for present and future, to France and to humanity? Does it portend national decay and death, or does it usher in a new era for mankind? France, so often the leader of the world, is trying the experiment, and the nations are looking on.

The experiment is with the third child.

A third living child means a large increase in population; two living children merely replace their dying parents. In France less than a third of all families have a third child. The two-child system is a national institution. Paternity and maternity on a large scale have gone out of fashion. The appearance of the third child becomes yearly less frequent. From 1801 to 1905, one hundred and five years, we have statistics of the number of children born in France. During all that period, no year has produced so few children as the last. Not only in cities, but in all parts of the country, in towns and villages, on the

coast and in the mountains, the birth-rate falls. The contagion spreads through the land.

There are men in France who dread this contagion. Strongly nationalist in tone, they believe that France is decadent, that the low birth-rate means low vitality, that the nation, unless it speedily recovers, will be overrun by fecund Germans, as the Roman Empire was overrun fifteen centuries ago. To them the fear of the child, the dread of maternity and paternity, portends the downfall of the French Republic, the dissolution and extinction of the French race. "Obey the divine command to increase and multiply," they say, "or the nation will disappear and the country become a huge graveyard."

But for new ways of saving life, this analogy of France to a graveyard might be pertinent. If the average Frenchman lived no longer than did his grandfather, the population would rapidly have dwindled. The progress of medical service has not left France untouched. Year by year, new discoveries by Frenchmen and others render the chances of life greater. Pain is banished, illness cured, early death, once inevitable, averted. Decade by decade, the new-born child plants his baby feet a little firmer on the planet; unceasingly mortality decreases. In France the death-rate is one of the lowest. Yet though decreasing, it does not fall as rapidly as does the birth-rate. A hundred years ago there were in France many tens of thousands of births in excess of deaths; the christenings enormously exceeded the burials. Fifty years ago, the excess had diminished; twenty years ago, it had decreased still more; at the present time, the two are almost equal. The birth-rate maintains a small precarious lead over the death-rate. Soon perhaps, fear the partisans of the third child, soon the balance will change. The population, at first wavering about a constant point, will diminish, at the beginning slowly, then more rapidly, finally at a fatally accelerating speed. Then, France will be

doomed. It will be the beginning of a catastrophic end.

Compared to other nations, France already declines in population. Every year it increases by a few tens of thousands, while Germany in a decade gains seven millions, and Austria-Hungary four millions. France has already fewer inhabitants than Russia or Germany, than the United Kingdom or Austria-Hungary. Soon it will be threatened by Italy, which, despite its enormous emigration, continues to increase in population. In the midst of fecund Europe, France finds herself the only sterile nation. The increment in population acquired by France in a year is gained by Germany in a fortnight. For every additional citizen added to France's population, three new subjects come to the King of Italy.

Nor does the population of France lose by emigration, as is the case with Italy, Germany, and England. The Frenchman does not emigrate. The magnificent French territories in Algiers and Tunis are overrun, not by French, but by the hardy sons of Italy and Spain. "In France," according to a current expression, "one emigrates only in the government offices." Nor does the Frenchman emigrate to America or other foreign lands. "Why should I travel?" a Parisian asked me. "We have everything at Paris." In fact the migration is in the opposite direction. Year by year, Belgians, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards infiltrate the near-lying French departments. These men, attracted by higher wages or better opportunities, flow from their denser home populations to the more rarefied population of France. Moreover Paris, *la ville lumière*, attracts its yearly tens of thousands, some of whom "to business, some to pleasure take." There are over a million aliens in France. But for this influx of foreigners, France would feel the effect of its low birth-rate still more acutely.

In many departments, the lessening birth-rate is felt poignantly enough. The small increase in the national population

is absorbed entirely by the cities. Though France is not a nation of great cities, in the sense that England, Germany, and the United States are, such urban centres as the country possesses attract the villagers with irresistible force. France is highly centralized, and to Paris flocks a growing proportion of a growing army of officials and functionaries. In the cities are the great schools and universities, and every year the on-coming rush of students leaves a deposit in the sterile towns. Universal army service has the same effect. The peasant soldier, living in city barracks, forms connections which tie him permanently to the city. The population of many departments declines. During the last decade, over two-thirds of all departments, including over two-thirds of the territory of France, actually lost in the number of their inhabitants.

"What is the matter?" asks the French nationalist. "What cancer is eating at our vitals?" The disease is plainly not racial. The French in Alsace-Lorraine contrive to increase their numbers; the people of French origin in Belgium are fertile. As for the French in Canada, they belong to the most fecund of races. No race is physically barren. It is a question of psychical or social sterility. Whether or not the French population increases, depends upon the individual determinations of ten millions of families. Yet each of these families decides according to conditions which are general throughout the length and breadth of France.

Some of the alleged causes for the barrenness of the French are puerile. Many authors maintain that the low birth-rate is due to the frivolity of the upper classes. The society woman, *la mondaine*, does not wish children. She prefers her social career, her nervous, enfeebling life, to the joy of holding an infant in her arms. She submits to maternity, if at all, with a bad grace, and then but once. Upon her single child she lavishes an affection which should have been distributed among many. The child grows up, weak, spoiled,

without tenacity or virility. His seat at the dinner of life is prepared; the silver spoon is in his infant mouth, an obsequious servant stands behind his chair. The sole heir of a fortune leads an idle, useless life, and after a few years of ostentatious dissipation, declines into matrimony to repair his shattered fortunes.

This is true in France as elsewhere, but it is beyond the mark. The upper classes, so far as wealth determines social classes, might commit suicide each generation without seriously affecting the numbers of the population. It is the rank and file, the great body of peasants and artisans, who have obstinately refused to bear large families. For every rich family in France with a lazy *fils unique*, a hundred hard-working, hard-saving families, living from wages or the product of small farms, limit their children to one or two. The problem of the depopulation of France lies deeper.

Comparisons between the population of France and those of England, Belgium, or Germany are misleading. The situation of France is special. The country is largely agricultural, self-supporting, industrially independent. The land is not rich in mines of iron or coal, not well adapted to the creation of a large export of staple commodities.

Commerce does not and cannot develop in France as in England and Germany. What other countries attain by foreign commerce is secured in France, as in America, largely without foreign commerce. France must look to its own territory to support its population, instead of relying, as do Germany and England, upon the commerce of the world. As the city of New York, enjoying free trade with all parts of the United States, can draw upon that vast territory for the support of its population, so the commercial countries can draw upon the world. In proportion to area, France is very much less settled than Germany, England, or Belgium. Yet the populations of these three countries may grow without endangering their prosperity, while France, re-

lying, as agricultural countries do, upon its own soil for its support, would more quickly feel distress, if its numbers increased with excessive rapidity.

Yet even relying upon its own territory, France is not overcrowded. Therein consists its experiment in population. Many countries, once densely settled, have lost their population through war or pestilence. A change in the current of trade obliterates a nation; a transformation in industry causes even the name of a once thriving city to be forgotten. Misery, famine, persecution, war, all destroy nations. But France is faced by no such conditions. Never was the country more prosperous; never was that prosperity laid upon so firm a foundation; never were the ties which unite the various sections of the country so close as at present. This very prosperity is, in a large sense, responsible for the low birth-rate. It is this prosperity which the hard-working, hard-saving peasant has determined not to put to the touch.

It has often been noticed that the more provident a nation or a group of people is, the lower, other things being equal, is the birth-rate. In the rich wards of a city the birth-rate is usually lower than in the poor wards. The members of provident societies seem universally to have smaller families than the average. The French are proverbially provident. From the millionaire, not daring to risk his fortune in hazardous enterprises, to the wife of the small shopkeeper, keenly testing each *sou* that crosses her counter, the watchword of the nation is thrift. It is perhaps an excess of caution; the unco' thrifty has his ugly side. But in any case it is prudence — hard, cold, far-seeing prudence — that acts upon the average Frenchman through his entire economic life.

The conditions under which the mass of Frenchmen live, and the laws regulating their mutual relations, reinforce this prudence a hundred-fold. Put a man on a frontier, where land is valueless and labor invaluable, where a man's fortune consists of his children, and he will in-

crease and multiply without let or restraint. Put the same man in an upgrowing factory town, where there are wages for all, and his family, though smaller, will be still large. Place him in the position of the French small proprietor, and he will think twice before he indulges in the luxury of a large family.

Pierre has a little farm of twelve acres. Upon his right hand is Neighbor Jacques, upon his left, Neighbor Jean, both as hard-working, as avaricious, as land-greedy as Pierre. The land has remained in the same hands for generations. It will not stretch, it will not produce more than a given amount; it is hard, inelastic, inalienable. Pierre knows the difference between twelve acres and six; he knows exactly how much labor is required to give his farm the fine, finished, intensive culture which it possesses. He knows that all that he has, all that he will ever get, all that he can devise, lies in these smiling acres, inexorably bounded by the acres of Neighbor Jean and Neighbor Jacques.

If Pierre has two children, a son and a daughter, the one will inherit, and the other receive her *dot*, and things will remain as they are. Perhaps the son will marry Neighbor Jean's daughter, and the daughter, Neighbor Jean's son. If there are two sons, there must be a division, but the *dot* of each ekes out the land inherited. With three children, the question becomes more difficult, with four it becomes harassing, with six or eight, insoluble. In case of intestacy, the law gives the right to all the children to inherit equally; there is no favoring of the first born. Nor is there an outlet for the other sons. The Frenchman, with an inheritance and a *dot* in expectation, does not emigrate; the call of the city is not so strong for the landed as for the landless; there are no great export industries willing to absorb an unlimited number of adventurous children. The professions are overcrowded; government service, so beloved by the French, is intolerably congested. Pierre comes back to the land.

His narrow acres must support his family. Generation becomes a problem in short division, and the dividend being constant, the life-giving quotient must be smaller, the larger the divisor. The logic is inexorable. Pierre has but two children.

What is the effect of this abstention upon the welfare of France? The pessimists assert that as a consequence, the French nation loses ground in literature, science, music, art, industry. They claim that the intellectual influence of a nation is bounded by the currency of its language, and they point out that while French was once the most widely-spoken European language, it is now greatly exceeded by both English and German. This contention is of doubtful validity. Greek was not widely spoken in the days of Plato or Aristotle, and the influence of Jewish thought has extended far beyond the bournes set by the knowledge of Hebrew. In these days of translation, when Ibsen has a greater vogue than Hauptmann or Shaw, one may well doubt whether the intellectual influence of the French must decline because other nations exceed it in the number of children. The culture of the world rapidly becomes cosmopolitan. What one nation gives is received by all; what one nation produces is consumed by all. There seems no reason to believe that French influence, if really declining, is being lost because of the low birth-rate.

For many years now the evils of depopulation have been dinned into the ears of the French. The discussion has left them rather callous. "*Tant pis!*" says the shopkeeper or workman, when he is told that unless France has more children, Germany will eat up France, like the wolf who ate Red Ridinghood's grandmother. But the shopkeeper does not increase the size of his own family.

Of late years, clerical, reactionary, and royalist writers have made capital of the so-called depopulation. One nobleman ascribes the evil to the pernicious liberal principles of 1789; others lament the materialism, the egotism, the unbounded

religious indifferentism of the people. "What is needed," says one author, "to build up again the French population is the three-fold blessing of poverty, reformed inheritance laws, and a revival of faith. The French must not wish their children to be rich; they must be content to have them Christians. The parents must obey the law of Moses and multiply; the women must be content to be mothers and housewives; the authority of the father must be reëstablished; the people must resign themselves to the conditions under which their ancestors grew to be a great and populous nation. For its part, the government must pass laws giving special advantages to the fathers of many children, and laying special burdens upon celibates and childless married men. Generation must be recognized as a duty, and he only must be rated a good citizen who gives his country patient laborers and obedient soldiers. Only so can the population grow, and France be reformed."

But France does not wish to be reformed. If it must choose between poverty and restriction of population, it will choose restriction. The whole mass of literature favoring an increase of population, from Zola's *Fécondité* to the last screaming brochure, meets with only the eloquent Gallic shrug of the shoulders. France has made up its mind to be content and happy, and as it looks abroad and sees the swarming, breeding poverty of foreign lands, it determines to guard itself as well as may be against any such contingency.

The students of poverty have shown the curve along which run the fortunes of the poor. The first years of marriage, before the advent of children, form a period of comparative prosperity. Then, as children come, one after the other, the situation of the family grows steadily worse. During this formative period, when the conditions are the worst, the seeds of physical and moral disease are sown. The children grow; those who survive the misery of the early years are put

to work and earn a pittance, and the fortunes of the family revive. Then, as the children marry, the old people again fall into misery, and the new couples prepare for the same cycle of comfort, misery, comfort, misery, the cycle which means privation, child-labor, overcrowding, disease, death, the workhouse, and a pauper's grave. So it is in London, York, and many other English cities; so, if the French can prevent, it shall not be in France. France is not to share the fate of the fabled old woman who lived in a shoe.

Many French observers believe that economically, politically, and socially, the experiment is a success. They believe that as the population grows in prosperity, it grows also in intelligence, in humanity, in consciousness of its own ends. They believe, and statistics seem to bear them out, that the other countries in Europe and America are slowly preparing to follow in the path which France is blazing. They believe that every progress made in saving life, in conquering disease, in increasing longevity, means an intensifying of the need of restricting population. As the years go on, as the standard of living increases, as the quality of men becomes more important as compared with the mere number of men, as the principle becomes recognized as practicable of giving each man a right to lead a well-rounded, full, active, and satisfying life, the policy of limiting population will become more active. It may only be temporary; the increasing intelligence and the technical and social knowledge of the next generations may make place for, and may even make necessary the presence of, new hundreds of millions of men. But the principle must steadily gain ground. The sum total of human happiness must depend more upon quality than upon number. Forty millions of cultured Frenchmen are better than a hundred million starving French helots.

But in the mean time there is a danger in progressing too rapidly. In his ascent, man dropped his claws and developed

finger-nails. It was a useful and a beautiful evolution, but it would have been fatal had he lost his claws and donned his gloves prematurely. If, as a result of her weak population, France succumbs to the stronger nations of Germany or Russia, the beneficent effect of her experiment will be lost.

This is held to be the great danger. But there are other facts to be considered. In the first place, the strength of Germany, and the population of Germany, really depend in the last analysis upon her great manufacturing resources, resources denied to France. If France is unable to cope with Germany now, it is by no means sure that she would have been better able to cope with this formidable rival, had she been poorer and more populous. Warfare is a matter of money as well as of men. England conquered Napoleon with money. No country in Europe could stand up against certain hostile combinations; with favoring combinations, any country, even Belgium or Switzerland, can maintain its independence.

Moreover, it is possible that the other nations now hostile to France may themselves slacken their rate of increase, and it is also possible, even probable, that present conditions of hostilities will cease. New York could easily conquer Connecticut, or Pennsylvania Delaware; but the thought even of such a conquest is now absurd. Before France is overwhelmed by hostile neighbors, it is probable that the feared hostility will be a thing of the past.

The rising democracy is clamoring for an evolution of the individual in a free, conscious, developed society of his fellow-men. The democracy demands for the man freedom from the burden of providing for excessive families; for the woman, freedom from the burden of bearing many children; for the child, the care and attention that limit inevitably the number of his brethren. That is one side. The new democracy does not want an army of unemployed men; of useless and un-

usable men and women to fill the gutters, to swell the ranks of criminals, and to promote decay in the social body. Finally, it does not want human food for powder. The development of the race is away from

bloody international conflicts; away from poverty, ignorance, disease, and crime; away from excessive families and excessive populations, to which these human miseries have always been linked.

THE FOOD OF THE CITY WORKER

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

OUT of the gray dawn, from smoky stations where grimy engines pant and heave, by lighted subways in swift, silent trains, or through the barren shuttered streets in clanging car, pour the great hosts who do the city's work. That restless river springing from the morn bears in its flood the total of the city's wealth. From its requirements rise the varied activities of the city, whose total economic power is built by massing the single units of the moving throng. The energy of this human river gathers the resources of sea and earth, and turns the wealth it gains to the use and the service of man. On the preservation of that energy, therefore, depends the effective work of the city. Higher and better living for all would come from its general increase.

To gain energy the individual has but one means at his command, his food. Just as surely as the red flame of any coal-fed fire dies down, left unreplenished, so man dies, once his food-supply is stopped. That is so evident, so personal, that it is remembered. It is equally true, but less commonly remembered, that as a furnace with dead ashes about the walls yields little heat despite the fire within, so insufficient or wrong foods, poisoning or dulling the worker, give him little energy for his tasks, little strength to bear his part in the world's struggle. Many a manufacturer thinks thousands a year well spent in buying good fuel instead of bad, in keeping his machines in a maximum degree of efficiency by repair and

replacement. Many such a man has never thought that like care as regards his workmen's food, the substance that furnishes them both fuel and repair, might bring an efficiency to his factory, an increase of power to his force, which would make his other saving seem trifling by comparison.

Stated in its simplest form, the problem of the city's food-supply resolves itself to this: how can we provide the consumer with healthful food which shall be in a normal condition when it reaches the table? If we can solve that problem, we can furnish the army who are attacking the work of the world with a proper commissary; and so supply it with a requirement second to no other. If Napoleon's famous remark, that an army traveled on its stomach, applied a century ago to the invincible legions that so long dominated Europe, it is quite as true to-day that in our desperate struggle for commercial supremacy that nation which is best fed, that city which pays the most attention to the food of the workers within its walls, stands the greatest chance of ultimate victory.

Visualizing to our entire satisfaction the vegetable garden of the farm, or the white butcher's-cart of the village, as the basis of our food-supply, we, as a nation, have long been inclined to neglect the widespread sources from which we draw our bodily energy. As in so many other civic conditions, the tradition of the immediate plenty of the American farm has

overcome the actual reality. What the city-dweller should visualize are the thousands upon thousands of tons of perishable food-material which are brought yearly into the city; for these, on their way to our homes, must pass through a cordon of attacking foes. The armored trains which carried provisions from place to place in the Boer war, and the forts in which those provisions were received, have no distant parallel in the refrigerator cars and the cold-storage warehouses of the city. Like supplies hastened to beleaguered fortresses, our foods are exposed to destructive agencies from the time they leave their place of origin to the time they reach their final destination. The foes that the foods encounter are of two classes, the natural and the unnatural, the forces of nature and those of greedy or ignorant men. Both types of evil can be avoided by the community, if it will raise against them certain well-recognized guards. To raise those guards some definite knowledge of the dangers which surround the food-supply is imperative.

In common parlance we say that an orange which has turned soft, or a piece of meat which becomes tainted, is spoiled. The housekeeper looking over the contents of the ice-chest says, "This must be eaten to-day, for it will not keep until to-morrow." In such expressions we instinctively recognize the existence of destructive agencies. It is comparatively seldom that we fully realize that what we call the spoiling of food is one of the great movements of natural order in the world, that it is the attempt of nature to do one of two things: either to encourage new life at the expense of a substance which has lived its allotted time, or to destroy and clear away matter which has served its purpose and is ready for removal. Food-materials, left under conditions where plant life can exist, become fertile soil. Decomposition of food-materials is produced by micro-organic life growing in that soil, life which is attempting to clear away organic wastes from the face

of the earth, and return the substances which have composed those wastes into such elemental form that they can serve once more as food for plant life.

All round us, in library and kitchen, in office and laboratory, on hill and valley, through winter cold and summer heat, flourishes the garden of the air, a garden filled with countless myriads of tiny plants. There may be found threadlike molds such as form on bread or cheese; wild yeasts, such as ferment fruit juices and change sweet cider to hard cider; and bacteria like the mother of vinegar, which turns hard cider into vinegar, or like those other types of the same group of tiny plants which, by decomposition, break down the organic structure of the foods in many fashions.

The molds, the yeasts, and the bacteria, all of which may be grouped as micro-organisms, share certain general peculiarities. All three belong to the great general group of fungi, a group of plants which take their nourishment from the soil on which they rest; and, like their relatives of this group, these organisms, as they grow and take in food, break down the organic matter which affords them lodging and nourishment. All three of these plant-types thrive best under conditions of darkness, warmth, and moisture. All three flourish in dirt, and dirt is laden heavily with these tiny bodies. Cleanliness and cold are two great guards by which we can protect food against the attack of decomposing micro-organic life. The clean, cool ice-chest preserves food in the home. The hot, moist kitchen destroys it. The first, by cleanliness and low temperature, tends to retard micro-organic growth. The second, by the increased opportunity for dirt and dust and by a higher temperature, fosters the plant life of the air.

Micro-organic decomposition is a necessity of nature no less unchanging than the cycle of carbon, that circle of mystery by which the carbon of the organic world, eternally renewed by fire, springs into new life when it becomes carbon dioxide,

the food for the living world of green. The normal tendency of leaf, of flower, and fruit is to turn at last to cellulose, the woody fibre of the tree-trunk. In the action of the fungus which attacks the fallen forest tree and, decomposing it, returns its elements to the ground from which they sprang, may be seen the agencies through which old life is constantly exchanged for new. Were it not for such action the fresh and living plants which give us food might, ere this, have become locked fast in harsh, unyielding, woody fibre, which offers nutrients to neither man nor beast. Nor does such action show the only value of micro-organic life. The modern sewage plant has already been referred to in this series of articles as a pile of rocks on which bacterial films gather. The bacteria of those films are fulfilling their action as earth's scavengers when they break down the sewage flowing over them, and turn the harmful organic wastes to harmless inorganic forms.

A few short phrases sum up conditions. The natural enemies of food-preservation are micro-organic plants which flourish the world over, ever ready for their tasks of decomposition. With foods as a common habitat, these organisms in their process of growth break down the structure of the foods into forms unpalatable and often directly injurious to man. Yet the growth of such micro-organic life is a necessity of nature. Man can only oppose it in some part. He can, however, control it, in so far as necessity requires, by cleanliness and a cool temperature. The preservation of the city's food by dryness, a third protection against the decomposing organisms, is impracticable for many of the foods because of their normal content of water.

The incoming of the city's foods is of itself a splendid pageant. Wheat trains, rushing from the wide horizon of the West; fishing schooners, tacking up from off the Banks; refrigerator cars, hastening across the continent, laden with the spoils of a thousand herds; high-topped wagons

hauled by sturdy Percherons, looming in over the country roads in the freshness of the earliest dawn; crates filled with golden oranges, with luscious peaches, with heavy hanging grapes, hastening upon their city way; huge motor-vans, piled high with dainties, speeding through the bustling streets; all such intruding, converging evidence of natural plenty offers a wide breadth of thought, a feeling of greatness, a sense of pride in this rich and glorious country in which we live.

But there is a dark reverse to this splendid shifting curtain. Down on the East Side lives a Russian Jew, a vendor of fruit, who finds a hand-barrow quite large enough for all his meagre stock in trade. A weary day has gone, whose long rounds have been profitless. Back comes the wretched stock to the home in the hot tenement, to go out again, already well on in the process of putrefaction, to be offered for sale the next morning in the sweltering streets. The fruit-peddler's action in selling his damaged goods may be deliberate or ignorant; whichever it is, matters little as regards results. Nature makes no allowances. Her laws are inexorable. Food such as this, uninspected and uncondemned, ravages the weakened frames of the city's poor, and the exhausted doctors, those warriors of the high-walled streets, report after such a sale, "Another epidemic caused by rotten food." One great necessity for inspection is laid bare by such conditions.

While ignorance, while deep need (for the loss of one day's stock may mean starvation to the seller), while greed, can control the actions of the small provider of food to the ranks of the poor, the city must guard its children. Go into the slums of your city, and enter the small grocery and the butcher-shop. *Cleanliness* and cool temperature I gave as the two great guards against the decomposing action of the micro-organisms. See how the shops of the tenement streets provide those guards, and then read the general death-rate from intestinal disease in the summer. Put milk in a separate

category, for that is a still greater problem, and, even with that omission, you will have much to ponder over.

The men who use adulteratives, the sellers of "embalmed beef," and the vendors of other substances which have been treated with injurious types of preservatives, can hardly plead ignorance as an excuse for the continuance of their methods. The discussion of pure foods which has gone on in recent years, the pure-food laws which have been passed by federal and state authorities, have been sufficient to enlighten any manufacturer as to the necessities of the situation. But so long as crime is committed for the sake of gain, the public must be guarded against the deliberate attempt of unscrupulous manufacturers and dealers in foodstuffs, who work injury in the pursuit of their own profit.

Indeed, it may hardly be too general to say that the evil done to the city's food by its unnatural foes may be divided into three classes. These may be stated as follows. First, men may deliberately offer for sale food which has begun the process of decomposition. Second, they may treat food with preservatives which, while they destroy or prevent the action of micro-organisms, are injurious to the human frame. Third, they may adulterate, or substitute cheaper, poorer foods for better, more nutritious foods.

"But," the reader will very possibly cry in surprise at this point, "I thought all that had been settled. How about the pure-food laws that have been passed? How about the work of the Boards of Health? How about the crusade of the last four years, mentioned a moment ago? We may not be able to control the natural foes of food, but surely there are laws to control the unnatural ones."

It is almost a national fallacy to believe that once a law has been placed upon the statute-books safety has been secured, even though such a law has been passed without sufficient enforcing power, or sufficient money to provide for proper en-

forcement. Much has been done; no inconsiderable beginning has been made; but large bodies move slowly, and the impetus necessary to arouse general feeling to the point where the American people will require proper inspection and control of all food-supplies is still far from attainment. Without attempting to enumerate the merits or defects of all the statutes which have been passed for our protection, suppose we consider for a moment certain difficulties which surround the most general law of them all.

Whatever the local condition around him, the citizen who thinks of the matter puts his trust chiefly in the Food and Drugs Act, passed by Congress on June 30, 1906. Three analogous pieces of work accomplished by the national government; the law just cited, with its regulations, alterations, and amendments; the work done on standards of purity; and the so-called "Meat Inspection Amendment," which regulated the meat control of the Department of Agriculture, contain much that is admirable. From the very nature of the relation between the federal and state authorities there are many things that the nation cannot do. Two brief quotations from the Food and Drugs Act may serve to make this clear.

This is "An Act for preventing the manufacture, sale, or transportation of adulterated or misbranded or poisonous or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, and liquors, and for regulating traffic therein, and for other purposes." Section 1 provides, "That it shall be unlawful for any person to manufacture within any Territory or the District of Columbia any article of food or drug which is adulterated or misbranded, within the meaning of this Act." Section 2 provides, "That the introduction into any State or Territory or the District of Columbia, or from any foreign country, or shipment to any foreign country, of any article of food or drug which is adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of this Act, is hereby prohibited."

Those brief quotations show the limit-

ations of federal law. The Territories and the District of Columbia are under the direction of Congress. The shipments of foods from state to state, like export and import, can be controlled by officers of the national government; but the traffic in food-supplies which goes on within the borders of any state must be regulated by the government of the individual state. Each of these bodies politic presents a different solution of the question. Certain states have met the problem bravely, have endeavored to solve it by the aid of expert opinion and without reference to the clamors of special interests. Some few (a most essential point) have endeavored to back up their laws by boards of control, with inspectors to carry out their mandates. In other cases, the cry of selfish interests still dominates the assemblies. Laws, if passed at all, are passed without sufficient reference to expert advice, and by their verbiage are practically nullified. The thousand demands for money which the long-established departments of our commonwealths bring forward, leave little to spare for the newer sanitary inspection, necessary as such a department is for the health of the citizen.

Multiply the difficulties of the nation by fifty, more or less, and you have the difficulties which confront proper food-regulations in the states. Multiply the fifty of the states by hundreds reaching into thousands, and you have the difficulties which are before the municipalities when they desire properly to control the food of the individual citizen. Yet, as we get down to the intra-mural conditions of the municipality, some balancing conditions appear. These we shall consider in a moment.

That crowded concourse, the modern city, which has left behind the possibilities of individualistic control, has been forced, step by step, to a collective control of its prime necessities. The paving of the streets, the protection of the houses from fire and theft, the education of the children, have long been wisely placed

under the municipal government. Defective administration of these departments calls for swift correction. Is the insurance of the healthfulness of food, that vital question which so intimately touches the welfare of each individual, of less importance than these? The body in which the control of food is vested is commonly the Board of Health. Have you seen headlines in your morning paper within the last year or two, referring to the holding up of an appointment to that body, or to the rejection of a candidate because of political beliefs? How many cities have reached the point of making a man trained in scientific methods, especially a sanitarian, a member of such a board? The medical men of such bodies are doing an invaluable service. How many of the problems which confront them could be solved by men with the training of the engineer? The state can do little in regulating the affairs of all the municipalities within its lines. The adjustment of home conditions must depend upon the men whom you elect in your cities. Once more, bring the matter to the *argument ad hominem*, what do you personally know about the health-control of your own city?

Fortunately, our instinctive training of centuries past does much for us in the way of protection. The table of our earliest forbears was limited in the extreme, and its variety could be enlarged only by experiment. A tempting cluster of berries on some shrub in the neolithic forest might be a delicious dessert, or it might be a violent poison. Brave experiment alone could determine which. It was a hard predicament. If the early-research man guessed right, he had a valuable addition to his diet. If he guessed wrong, he died. Blunted as our senses are by centuries of civilization, the instinctive training which primeval man received in the choice of good and bad food has persisted to this very day. The evidence of the senses is no mean aid to assist the buyer of the household's food-supplies to ward off evil. But the senses are an insufficient

guard at best. Two factors in the city are constantly arrayed against them. First, the resources of the man who deliberately doctors his damaged goods in such a way as to disguise their real condition—the seller who renders impure goods savory to the taste and pleasant to the eye; and second, the desperate need of the poor. And after all, defective conditions in the city always bear most heavily on that class, on the ones who can endure them least easily. The poor suffer most from bad air, bad water, and wretched food. In few respects are they more heavily handicapped than in their choice of food. The lesser cost of damaged goods is a fearful temptation to the slender purse of the ignorant woman of the tenements; the stores where she buys her food-supplies offer but little choice for well or ill. Few more immediate duties confront the municipality to-day than the guardianship of its poor.

We cannot better conditions by not recognizing them. While money rules the world, men will sell impure or damaged food-supplies ignorantly or wickedly; and since the national law cannot affect the sale of goods of this sort within the boundaries of the state, we must pass state and municipal laws for our own protection. To make them effective they must be entrusted for enforcement to competent men, backed by ample supplies of money. Obtaining a maximum of control with a minimum of money is a theme inseparably connected with the centres of sale of food-supplies, the markets, abattoirs, and bakeries. That brings us directly to those important considerations.

The old world shows the market in its first stage and in its last. The new world, save here and there in scattered foreign quarters or in the great marts of trade, shows stages in between. Rise early any morning in the little German town, and stroll along the cobbled streets to the square where the church so often forms the background of the market-place. There you will find the direct successor of the *ἀγορά* of the Greek, the *forum* of the

Roman. The market-woman under her broad umbrella; the picturesque peasant with his rude country-cart filled with fresh produce; the frocked butcher weighing a piece of meat in his niche in the wall: each is selling his wares under practically the same conditions that prevailed two thousand years or more ago. Such markets offer an example of the most primitive type of trade, direct barter between the producer and the consumer; a barter, carried on, in some German towns at least, under strict surveillance of the health authorities. In more than one market of that type I have seen a cleanliness and an order foreign to far better theoretical conditions in American cities.

Paris offered to the world the first great example of the modern market, built and controlled by the government. Napoleon the First, warrior, statesman, jurist, and sanitary engineer, found time among his many labors to accomplish many salient municipal and governmental reforms. The great “Halles Centrales” of Paris, those iron-pillared, zinc-roofed pavilions through which run covered streets, were planned under his direction, and begun in 1811, in his reign. These markets are said to cover not far from twenty acres, and their pavilions are subdivided into numerous tiny stalls. The early example of the Halles Centrales has been carried on since by similar markets built in other parts of Paris, and the profits which the municipality has realized from these sources have been large.

London, Berlin, Vienna, and other European cities, soon followed Paris in the work of regulating the food-supply, and have raised markets on an almost monumental scale during the last half-century. The American markets cannot be compared with those found abroad, in size, completeness of equipment, and ease of control. To particularize, such markets as the Fulton or Washington in New York, or the Faneuil Hall Market in Boston, are not in the same class with the great modern markets of the European capitals.

While the single market in the town square sufficed temporarily for the small segregated town, the gradual spread of population soon carried with it separation of the centres of food-supply, so that grocery and butcher-shops sprang up in every little sub-centre of population. The opening of such scattered shops has greatly increased the difficulty of bringing food in its best condition to the consumer. Berlin, with its fifteen great markets, can control each one by an individual corps of attached inspectors, and do this at a minimum of expense. To secure thorough inspection of the widely-scattered food-shops of New York and Chicago is vastly more expensive and trying.

If we assume two premises, that a proper control and inspection of food-supplies makes for the good of the city, and that such control and inspection should be carried out at a minimum of expense, four questions confront the interested citizen with regard to the markets of the community. What are the advantages of centralized markets as opposed to our present separated ones? What should be the general location of such markets? what the general internal construction of the buildings? Should the ownership of the markets be vested in the public, or should they be under private control?

City reservoirs have long taken the place of the garden well; and city water, because of its distribution from a main source of supply, can be readily inspected for its purity. The furnishing of food-supplies must always remain a problem strongly distinct from the furnishing of the first-named great necessity; yet city water, entering at a single point and radiating out through different streets to individual houses, may furnish us with a valuable analogy. By a system of centralization comparable to that already employed with water, the establishment of centralized markets will do away with a large part of the difficulty of control. Such movements have proved direct magnets to trade. Such markets have become the centre of the food-movement

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of the city. Centralization has shown other merits besides the primary one of control. In the smaller city a single market may be used for wholesale trade in the early morning hours, and for retail trade during the day. In the greater city a division into parts, with a great wholesale market as a main source of supply, and a radial series of retail markets placed at sub-centres of population and fed by the central market, would seem to be the ideal arrangement. Such a hub-and-spokes arrangement should prove particularly effective when we consider its possibilities with regard to building markets for the poor, a matter to be considered in some detail a moment later.

The general location of the markets should be determined chiefly by the conditions of transportation. With vegetables and fruits, as with milk, it is essential to their purity to transmit them to the consumer in the shortest possible space after their preparation. Those markets accomplish the swiftest transfer of goods to the receiver where cold-storage cars can deliver directly to the doors, where the laden wagons from the adjacent country-side can most readily bring their fresh gathered goods, or where inland waterways or ocean docks are close at hand. Every such central market should have its cold-storage warehouse, and its devices for supplying cold storage to the tenants who rent the stalls. Convergence of transportation to a single point is one of the best safeguards of food. Swiftness of delivery, and continuance of low temperature, oppose the decomposing action of the plants of the garden of the air. The location of the sub-markets in a radial system must, of course, be controlled by the position of the centres of population. In these days of motor-wagons and tube systems of delivery, the problem of transportation from a central point to the minor parts becomes a by no means difficult matter.

Not the least argument in favor of centralization may be found in the increased facilities afforded as regards garbage re-

moval. The need for a satisfactory service of this kind may be readily recognized when two statements are placed side by side. The natural enemies of pure food flourish almost beyond belief in the organic wastes cleared from the food-shop. Some of our better ordered municipalities think it sufficient, even in mid-summer, to collect garbage but once a day. Other less progressive cities believe their duty done when the accumulated wastes are removed twice a week.

The construction of markets is, in its detail, a matter for architect and engineer; but since laymen must use the finished work, the simple details laid down by William Paul Gerhard, in his excellent work on the *Sanitation of Markets and Abattoirs*, may be quoted:—

“The chief constructional requirements [of markets] are the following:—

“1. The halls must have ample light.

“2. They must not be draughty, yet be well ventilated.

“3. They must afford plenty of floor space and storage-room.

“4. They must have plenty of exits and passage-ways, also driveways for the unloading and loading of wagons.

“5. They must be well and substantially constructed.”

Those five sentences sum up the requirements well.

Now for the answer to the last of the four questions, public versus private control. If our modern theory is correct, which assumes that it is a part of the duty of the municipality to care for the health of its citizens, it is surely a legitimate function of the municipal government to undertake the building and ownership of public markets. The tradesman who rents the stall from the municipality comes, by that act, directly under the rules which may be laid down for the control of the market. The inspector who condemns goods in accordance with such rules has no mean moral support behind him. In consequence, the customer who buys his household supplies from the centralized municipal market has a better

chance of protection than in buildings where private companies, seeking the largest dividends possible, may be in conflict with the officers of health. Nor need such a venture be an altruistic one. The ownership of public markets has proved no losing venture for many cities. Yet the municipality, if the movement is to prove of its utmost value, should not look for too large dividends, for the ultimate purpose of such ownership is not the immediate pecuniary gain, but rather that more general gain that results from the better health and greater energy of a well-nourished people. Beyond all else, markets so built and so controlled should result in advantage to the class which needs them most, the city's poor.

Few luxuries are more expensive than the five cents' worth of the poor. The cost of lodging and food, the two absolute necessities of community life, is a tremendous problem to the great majority of the city dwellers. To the poor the margin by which these are secured at all is scant indeed. It is the more pitiful, therefore, that only in the luxurious shops of the rich do foods cost as much as among the tenements. The small quantities consumed, the meagre variety, the hand-to-mouth method of buying, all combine to make the nourishment obtained far less than it should be for the money expended.

Municipal markets placed less to accommodate the rich or well-to-do than to reach the buyers of the tenement district, markets whose stalls offer the variety desired by the many races who make up our cosmopolitan whole, are a most immediate necessity. The Italian emigrant woman, bewildered for years by a new land and by strange customs, will seek the dirty Italian shop in the back street if there are no stalls in the public building where she can chaffer in her own tongue. The extortion of the small shop cannot continue where the entering buyer passes a hundred stalls offering the same quality of goods. Once more let us reiterate a salient point. The cost of stalls in such markets, the necessary run-

ning expenses for keeping up the business, should be distinctively lower than those charged by the tenement landlord outside. The municipality cannot afford to have its markets too profitable an investment. Sickness from poor food, lack of energy from insufficient nourishment, are fearful drains on a city's total resources. The proper control of markets is a step along the lines of preventive medicine.

The meat-stall of the market must buy its goods from the slaughter-house or abattoir. No other part of the providing of the city's food has come to the attention of the public as has this single trade. Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel *The Jungle*; the report of the commission named by President Roosevelt to consider conditions in the abattoirs; the work of the illustrated weeklies and the daily newspapers, — all have combined to stir the public deeply. The past is a matter of history, and the former conditions of many of the slaughter-houses have proved to be wretched beyond belief. The reforms accomplished have already been considerable, a result due largely to the fact that most of the abattoirs are engaged in interstate commerce, which fact places them under the control of the national government. Numerous smaller abattoirs catering to local trade still exist, however, and the same general statements that apply to the public ownership and control of markets may well apply to these.

Certain characteristics of the work of the abattoirs differentiate their problems from those of the markets. The very nature of their business is of a more filthy and disagreeable sort, and demands especial precautions with regard to cleanliness and the preservation of the products. The wholesale nature of the trade allows the abattoir and the stockyards, which normally are adjacent to it, to stand in a location outside the centres of population. Not only the unpleasant features of the slaughtering business, but also the odors due to utilization of the by-products, such as the making of soap and the handling of hides, horns, and hoofs, make it

extremely inadvisable to locate abattoirs in residential sections of any class.

One model abattoir erected recently in New York has commonly been referred to of late as presenting an excellent example of what a plant of this type should be. Abattoirs may be divided into two general classes: those but a single story high and extending over a considerable ground area, and those which are several stories high and extend over a comparatively limited area. The abattoir of the New York Butcher's Dressed Meat Company is of the second type.

In this slaughter-house the cattle coming from the cars at the gates follow two white bell-wethers up long graded inclines, rising story after story, till the roof is reached, where the pens for the steers are located. Below the beef-pens are pens for calves, sheep, and lambs. All of these are open to the air. From the roof the operations of the abattoir go on in regular order downward from floor to floor. The floor below the roof holds the slaughtering-room, where all slaughtering is done in "kosher" fashion. Below are the refrigerating rooms, which are kept at a constant temperature of two degrees above freezing. Below these are rooms for the utilization of the various by-products of the slaughtering. Every part of the animal is used for one purpose or another, and cleanliness is the law of the establishment from start to finish.

The market stands before our eyes: the abattoir carries on its work beyond our vision. Yet the same need exists for both, — control brought into being and sustained by a firm public spirit, a reliant public opinion.

The bakery, a third general distributor of food-supplies, needs the same protection against the enemies of food as that claimed by the market and the abattoir; centralized municipal ownership is hardly practical in this case, but the need of civic regulation is a vital need which presses more urgently year by year.

The disappearance of the art and practice of cooking in the homes of the city

is one of the noteworthy signs of the age. The girl in employment, whether she gains her wage by labor in the mill, the department-store, or the office, has had little chance or inclination to take up the household sciences before marriage. Her mother, though of the generation before, is likely to have had much the same experience as the daughter, can offer but slight knowledge, and has little skill as a teacher. As an inevitable result, thousands of families fall back on the baker to make up in some part the deficiency in home training. City after city uses baker's loaves to the number of tens and hundreds of thousands. The enormous increase in the production of cooked food in the city is pregnant with matter for careful consideration.

Stand waiting for your car beside a corner bake-shop, when the mills are pouring out their living stream at night. Watch the long line entering the bakery, standing at the counter, receiving the evening loaf or leaving the doors laden with pastry and cake. Much of the bake-shop's wares offer a soil as fertile for bacterial hosts as the goods of the market can afford. The market's goods are commonly uncooked. They must pass through the antiseptic processes of cooking. The bake-shop's viands are cooked and ready to be eaten. Note the cloying, sickish smell about the ordinary bake-shop on a summer's day, and observe the herds of flies striving for entrance. Flies are notorious carriers of disease. The bake-shop, the source of most of the cooked food of the community, offers a problem distinct from, but no less important than, that of the market or the abattoir.

The salesroom of the bakery may or may not be attractive, but the real crux of the problem does not lie there. You will find that in the bake-room, commonly a close room situated behind the shop, or perhaps below it, in a dim cellar. Strange to say, the condition of the bakeries, with their possibilities of the direct transmission of disease, has been largely overlooked in the crusade that has gone

on during the last few years. Grave possibilities of danger inhere in unclean bakeries, heavy with fetid air, hot with the constant radiation of the ovens, and fouled by the burning of gas-jets that strive against the dusk at midday. Massachusetts has done good work in clearing up the wretched bakeries of the slums, and for this the commonwealth should be given credit. Here are two quotations from the state law on the subject which are aimed directly against certain of the chief evils which exist in this trade.

Chapter 75 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts provides in Section 20: "All buildings which are occupied as biscuit, bread or cake-bakeries shall be provided with a proper wash-room and water-closets, having ventilation apart from the bake-room or rooms; and no water-closet, earth-closet, privy, or ash-pit shall be in, or communicate directly with, the bake-room of any bakery." Section 29 says: "Furniture and utensils in bake-rooms shall be so arranged that they and the floor may at all times be kept clean and in good sanitary condition."

Space is precious in the tenements. Air and light are costly. The sale-room shows. The bake-room is hidden. Only through municipal or state control and proper inspection can we be sure that the evils of the bake-shops are avoided. Nor should this subject be closed without reference to the individual public spirit of some of the men engaged in the bakery business on a large scale. Some of them have done excellent work in this regard, and their efforts should receive a greater support from the community. With the exception of the large biscuit or cracker bakeries, the national laws in general have nothing to do with these food-producers. Their trade is commonly carried on within the confines of the city which they serve.

The sinister threads which mark the pathway of the pathogenic organisms, of the germs of disease, run blackly through all the discussions of those common necessities of mankind — air, water,

and food. Ever at the gates, they watch for the chance opening which shall give them entrance. Control of the diseased employee, the tuberculous patient, should not be confined to his relation to air, water, and milk; every man who handles food-supplies in market or abattoir, every worker in the bake-shops, should undergo constant and vigilant inspection. The danger of food injured by decomposition may be somewhat less in the bakery than in the market or abattoir, but the danger to the public from adulteration, substitution, or the transmission of disease, is quite as great.

Back through the hurrying, home-bound crowds, into the dusk where the lamps are gleaming, returns the city worker at the close of day. Whether

the weariness of the night gives place to rest and power in the morning depends largely upon the food that the home table provides; and the healthfulness of that food, gathered as it is from many different sources, must be controlled by the individual citizen, in the end. Only by the deterrence of the knowing criminal who furnishes impure food, and by the teaching of the ignorant, can general safety be secured. Nor is it enough to insure our own safety only. This complex latter-day organism, the city, when injured in one fibre, transmits the hurt throughout its frame. Whether we wish it or no, to keep ourselves we must be our brother's keeper. Only when we strive to guard our neighbors as ourselves are our own walls secure.

LINCOLN

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

YON red orb, in fame's azure hung,
Is Alexander's; flushed and young,
The Sword of Macedon
In world-wars long ago.

Beyond it, poised where no clouds are,
Flashes, alone, the cold keen star
Of Cæsar, where it clomb
High over seven-hilled Rome;

Shine next, as naked greatness can,
The rival lights of Charlemagne
And that fair Saxon king
Who knew no wicked thing.

Brave stars, against the darkness bold
Shine for the mighty men of old,
Who, as the strength was given,
Leapt into memory's heaven.

But he that never thought to climb,
Our crownless king, of later time,
Who walked the humble way,
Coming as comes the day;

He that, for kings and princes all,
Would once more read the mystic wall, —
Spell out, there, what was meant
Whereso the Finger went;

He that, over the anvil lowered,
Would beat the plowshare from the sword,
Lest peace from man depart,
Yea, hope out of his heart; —

Earth held to him. The rough-hewn form,
Looming through that unnatural storm,
Hinted the rude, mixed mould
Ere chaos loosed her hold;

A lone, wind-beaten hill-top tree,
His that pathetic majesty;
Forlorn even in his mirth,
His roots deep in the earth.

Earth's is he yet. When from the hill
The warm gold flows, and hollows fill,
The sunlight shines his fame,
The winds blaze Lincoln's name.

Ay, Earth's he is; not hers alone.
Blood of our blood, bone of our bone,
Love folded him to rest
Upon a people's breast.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON THE HEN

NOWHERE in the lower creation does the better sex prevail so triumphantly, and maintain so clearly its segregated and individual self, as in the poultry-yard. Whatever else a hen may be, she is conscious femininity. She has a certain thrift of conduct, and a halo of all the proprieties, equal to that of any honored dame in a country parsonage. The arch debating eye with which she surveys a pleasant garden-plot after a rain is worthy of a Millamant choosing gems. Her gait and flutter while crossing before the highway wheels will remind you of some Early Victorian lady-love. She belongs to a gynæocracy, and consequently has no grievances. *Taceat mulier* does not keep her out of Parliament; if there be a Sunday meeting, she is there, starched and foremost; if Master Bantam be arrived at that manly period when he can be taught the discreet art of worm-hunting, it is Diana who tutors him.

The imperious gentleman who is pleased to call himself head of these stirabouts may be as great a buck and braggart as he may; until the silent partner shall lay his first egg, he is indeed a minus quantity. He may offer, if so it please his soul, what the Carolian Duchess of Newcastle calls "the careless Neglects and Despisements of the masculine sex to the female," but his scorn cannot carry; a cohort of empresses shall smile him down. A cock seems to have no personal estate save his beauty and his challenge-cry; all that divine Philosophy has given him for stay, among many ills, are the faithful pennons of gold and purple on his tail, and so much vocabulary as his ancestors brought out of the ark: dramatic, but painfully tautologous. No human fop, airing his maiden eloquence, could point a farce and adorn a guffaw as doth this

sophomore creature on his trial crow, a sound which must move tears from stones. In fine, the superfluous lord of the hen-house is born to be ridiculous. Like Nero, he means, at least, to be an artist; but his very underlings scoff his flattering tenor, and withdraw, at the mere hint of a solo, to remoter nooks.

Hens, who are somewhat plain of face and figure, must consider what we term good looks as the sign of imbecility, seeing these from one year's end to another on the irresponsible citizens of their commonwealth. To be fair, with them, must mean to be freckled, low of comb, beady of eye, economic of tail, and of a certain Chinese pudginess; everything, in short, that HE is not! On the same showing, a sprawling step must amount to a breach of morals, a loud accent to slander and mendacity; and a spur, once a baronial ensign, should imply nothing short of a profession of atheism.

For manners, our clucking friend takes the bell, with her air of polite semi-cynicism, born of a mood never too eager or gullible, and her strangely fascinating timidity. As in other houses where the husband and father lies heavily on the general conscience, the juvenility takes on an air of maturity and equipoise, unknown in a more even domestic atmosphere. A kitten may be a hoyden, and a young bee go over to Bacchus on his first flower; but the tenderest she-chick is a very mistress of etiquette. It talks much, in a silver key, softly, and never to the point; charming are the curvets and sallies with which it wins your eye; it would rather not feed of your delicacies, while lacking your references, but must needs fly to its parent, and first get her opinion concerning your character and the complexion of your set.

A hen's meal-hour is a matter of Napoleonic brevity, and is so distributed as to

leave her nigh twelve hours of the day for the study of chemistry and natural history, and for contemplation of the arduous affairs of state. Nothing is nicer than her choice of table dainties, nothing more delicate and epicurean, unless it be her aim, which is like that of an accomplished archer or salmon-catcher. She is not as we, who pause between the tricklings of soup for conversation, and affect languor at the entrées; or like Thoreau, of all dishes choose the nearest. With fine decisive candor, she sees what she wants, reaches for it, and, never missing her point, "nicks the flying goodies as they pass," two hundred neat engorgements to the minute; beautiful as the best jugglery, and, like that, never to be acquired by an alien.

Our own relationship with hens had a romantic opening: nothing less than a love-feast, in that first year of happy expatriation from town, when childhood in rural scenes was as childhood at the pantomime. Before long we became aware of the clumsy aviary, as of actors worth a glance and a nod. One day we discovered that the dressiest mother-hen had married again. She had grown uppish with her seven soprano children, to whom she had been, hitherto, kind and fond. It seems that a compliment from the pedigreed cock had turned her head. They were denizens of the same borough, though they had never been introduced. Domestic cares had engrossed her; and the sapient ladies who had made him all he was, fluttered, a beguiling bodyguard, about their prodigal prince. But he had strategies of his own. With a superb strut of approach, and a too genial wink of his long-baffled eye, he met her one morning alone, under the grapevine, and blurted out, in a tone which would have overturned the nerves of his schoolmistresses, "You are the most beautiful widow that ever I saw!" She giggled, and pattered off. Nevertheless, her family found her a changed little being from that moment. Inside a week, they sat, with their fourteen orphan wings pressed close together,

on a separate roost; and they saw their country squire of a stepfather, snubbing all his former relatives, lead her in, and help her to crumbs and corn; and they knew that it was the wedding-breakfast.

Be it said that the young strolling audience at this curtain-raiser long looked upon the sun-saluting biped and his harem as upon the most absurd, puppet-like, and grotesque of creatures. But disdain is a ticklish sauce to first acquaintance. In the end the home-keeping fowl forced acknowledgments of their just deserts. We do, verily, take them still for odd gentry; something to be treated handsomely, if need be, and not questioned too closely. We have a true British attitude towards our foreigners, and are agreeably affected to find them alive, pert, and killable. Gravity, proper ambition, and prudence, the hen seems to possess, and admirable powers, not quite of irony, but certainly of sarcasm. But we cannot, for the life of us, get on sympathetic and clubable terms with her. Our animosities, like Tom the terrier, are ready at any moment to run full tilt into her downy shrewish synods. We are on a footing of affable courtesy — yet, one never knows! Those arched lips are but horny nippers, after all; that thin serpentine tongue is a remembrance of lost Eden; that golden hand, too, hath claws. They that can fly or swim are foes with resources. She is the *ewig weibliche*; one prefers to respect her.

Well, we give you joy, poor wayfarers, —
(Dominique, Langshan and Rock are ye,
Wyandotte, Cochon, whatever ye be), —

of any weapon in the midst of conspiracy, where life is but a losing fight, and every avenue looms terrible with the guillotine. Thy most hallowed ideals and uses, in our inhospitable star, are as naught, O Iphigeneia, to the Christmas market; thy very lights and livers are open to confiscation; the old largesses of eggs innumerable plead lamely, or not at all, for thee, at the farmer's bar; the selfsame family which once held relations with thee as with a friendly power, promotes thee to be

a dinner; the innocentest babe builds auguries on thy dried wish-bone; and the chance spectator (perhaps with the chicken-heart in him which thou hast outgrown) may watch thine indomitable severed mortality violently flying at a fence, or cackling posthumous defiance at this too barbarous world.

IN DEFENSE OF THE VERB

I HAVE just had the pleasure of reading, in the October Contributors' Club, a defense of the adjective. It is always balm to the soul of the professor of rhetoric, to hear the dignity of any part of speech insisted on. This defense of the adjective, however, is achieved largely by subtle animadversions upon the verb. The teachers of composition and rhetoric — I confess myself, here, of the clan that, over countless undergraduate themes, dies daily in defense of grammar — are accused of discrediting the adjective in these terms: "A thing is better described by a statement of what it does than by the attribution to it of qualities. Speak in verbs, that is, rather than in adjectives. Examine the works of the writers who move you. You will find that they write in words of motion, in verbs." I am conscious, myself, of having given some such advice, a score of times, in my own lecture-room. Perhaps, for the honor of all dispensers of marginal criticism, I may be allowed to speak briefly in defense of the verb.

In the first place, let me say that, to the practiced ear, the counsel quoted has the unmistakable ring of counsel addressed to the student, to the amateur, to the young writer eager to create. Practical advice is never the last word of theory, scientific or æsthetic. The superior importance of the verb to the adjective, in the sum of æsthetic effects, might perhaps be successfully defended; but this is not the place for an essay toward the psychology of style. Nor, save in rare instances, can one put — even to a group of embryonic novelists — the question,

"Which is the most important part of speech?" One's aim is to get all the parts of speech wisely and effectively used. But there are times when the eager creator of literary effects himself puts the pathetic plain query, "How can I make this conventional stuff of mine convincing?" To such it is usually necessary to say, "Leave your friend the adjective, and cultivate the acquaintance of the verb."

The advocate of adjectives has, I am inclined to think, taken our practical advice too literally. Both verbs and adjectives, in any printed page, there must be. The only question sanely at issue is not of the mere presence, but of the preponderance, of the particular part of speech. Further, he confuses his literary *genres* as the detested "rhetorician" may not. One might fancy, from his quotations, that prose and poetry were subject to the same laws, and that literature, whether prose or poetry, consisted most legitimately of pure description. Prose and poetry are not subject to the same laws, as the weary lecturer knows. The critic admits satirically that the "New Narrative" may perhaps be the place of the verb. We grant that the tasks of description and narrative are originally different. But no description, save of dead things, can do without some of the vocabulary of change — and even after death there is decay. One has only to read Blair's *Grave*. πάντα ῥεῖ. A great deal of description, even, is done in the narrative spirit: the *English Mail-Coach*, for example, or the *Fall of the House of Usher*. Indeed, it is often difficult to say whether a page is preponderatingly descriptive or narrative. The critic has rested his argument, so far as possible, on passages so short that the narrative element is barely evident. Is it, indeed, quite fair to go to Shakespeare and Milton for consummate adjectives, and to invent a piece of fustian to illustrate the misuse of the verb?

Moreover — and it is here, perhaps, that one most feels the frivolity of the comment — the champion of adjectives has not seen that the fundamental dis-

tion is not between adjective and verb, but between substantive-idea and verb-idea. It is a distinction that I think no "rhetorician," in uttering the quoted caution, would fail to point out as the real one. The adjective, like the noun, generalizes about the thing discussed. The verb and its adverb satellites particularize an aspect thereof. The noun names for you one definite thing; the *pure* adjective gives you of that thing one essential attribute. The verb and its attendant adverbs give you one incidental feat performed by the object named in the noun; there are a hundred verbs to the life of one noun, each selecting, separating, distinguishing, its moment from other moments. It is to be conscienceless again, as the rhetorician may not be, to refuse to see half our adjectives as verbal in derivation and idea; or even to consider, in this sense, a participle an adjective at all.

Of the authentic quotations made, let me take the only one really long enough to be considered in the nature of proof, — that from Walter Pater's *Leonardo da Vinci*. Let me requote it, italicizing, for the nonce, the words that are one form or another of the verb: —

"In him first *appears* the taste for what is bizarre or *recherché* in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, *ridged* reefs of trap-rock which *cut* the water into quaint sheets of light; all the solemn effects of *moving* water; you may *follow* it *springing* from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the Madonna of The Balances, *passing* as a little fall into the treacherous calm of the Madonna of The Lake, next, as a goodly river, below the cliffs of the Madonna of The Rocks, *washing* the white walls of its distant villages, *stealing* out in a network of *divided* streams in La Gioconda to the seashore of Saint Anne — that delicate place, where the wind *passes* like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the *untorn* shells are *lying* thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never *rise*, are green with grass *grown* fine as hair."

I will ask any reader to tell whether the italicized words, rather than the adjectives, are not, on the whole, the words that give the picture. "Examine the works of the writers who move you," the "sophisticated *literati*" are accused of saying; "you will find that they write in words of motion, in verbs." Does the critic, then, seriously not consider that the effect which Pater has here produced, he has produced rather by his reefs that "cut" the water, by the way in which he makes one "follow" the "moving" water, "springing," "passing," "washing," "stealing," "divided," than by his "bituminous" rocks, the "distant" source, the "little" fall, the "treacherous" calm? "Those adjectives," he exclaims, "cannot have been left there by mistake." Agreed: but they seem at the least as fortuitous as the verbs. One half wonders if the critic, moved by the passage in question, did not assume, quite without analysis, that his pleasure in it was induced by the adjectives it contains. It is certain that if I had been recommending the passage to a student of style, I should, in all innocence, have noted especially for him Pater's use of verbs.

To retort to Shakespeare with Shakespeare is, in any cause, only too easy. But listen to Keats, who surely cannot be said to have any grudge against adjectives: —

Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-
eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells."

Does it appear that this quintessentially "descriptive" poet undervalues the descriptive power of the verb?

I could almost wish that I had under my hand, and might insert here, any piece of "creative" literature from the pen of almost any clever undergraduate. It would instantly be made evident that the advice against adjectives is founded on necessity. The history of each human vocabulary begins with the noun: the object pointed at, and correctly denomin-

ated, by the precocious infant, to the wonder and applause of parents. Then come the verbs-of-all-work, — "is," "seems," "becomes," "grows," — with such variety alone as mood and tense can give. The youth first begins to "write" seriously on the day when he discovers the adjective. Second-rate literature is full of good adjectives; third-rate literature, of bad ones. But the verbs-of-all-work are kept. I should like to offer my own exercise in satire — but it would inherit too richly from generations of actual manuscripts. A mere shred of example, I might give. Mr. Kipling may be called one of those modern writers who are "our true models in technique" (as the critic says), because "we never doubt that they, like us, are men — men whom we may try to equal, not without hope of success." He is undoubtedly more imitable than Shakespeare. I chance to remember, at this moment, two sentences of his in *The Naulahka*, which illustrate the way in which the adjective-intoxicated amateur does *not* write: —

"The thing lay on the boy's shoulders, a yoke of flame. It outshone the silent Indian stars above, turned the tossing torches to smears of dull yellow, and sucked the glitter from the cloth of gold on which it lay."

There can be no doubt that under the pen of the average undergraduate, male or female, the impression would have been recorded thus: —

"The thing was like a yoke of flame on the boy's shoulders. It was brighter even than the silent Indian stars above; it made the tossing torches look like smears of dull yellow, and the cloth of gold, on which it lay, seem less glittering." And I have done the hypothetical student the preposterous grace of leaving him Mr. Kipling's own adjectives.

The critic says, finally, "It is well to advise the schoolboy to use fewer adjectives (for he generally dumps them on his page by the barrow-load); it is well to tell him to use more verbs (for that is where he is sure to be weak)." It is the conces-

sion of a diplomat; and almost leads us to think, for a moment, that we are quarreling about nothing. But we are not quarreling about nothing; and if the critic had had only such things to say as no one could disagree with, he would not have taken the trouble to write his interesting little article at all. If it were all a question of mere verbal temperance, both of us would have, for reason's sake, to be at one. No one takes the trouble to prove an axiom. The point is that, even though we grant the two parts of speech to be equally important, — and frankly, I do not; and obviously, he does not, — there can be no question as to where help is most needed. The adjective already has the unwavering allegiance of millions.

Still, we must remember that it is not merely a question of practical advice — not even of the ultimate psychology of style; least of all, of individual preferences and conceptions in the vexed matter of words. In a more important battle than any of these, the defender of adjectives and the defender of verbs are fighting on the same side. Ours is not unlike the secret free-masonry of alchemists, who might, none the less, passionately differ as to the composition of the great elixir. So, against the vast hordes for whom language exists only as a cheap signal-service between demand and supply, we are at one. Those have never exclaimed, —

Créer: sentir les mots palpiter sur la page,
Les entendre frémir d'amour, pleurer de rage,
Et moi-même avec eux souffrir, vibrer, crier;
Etre en eux comme Dieu dans le monde —
créer!

Those might believe with the apocryphal prophet Enoch concerning the damnation of the angel Pênêmnê, of whom he says,

"He instructed mankind in writing with ink and paper, and thereby many sinned from eternity to eternity and until this day. For it was not intended, when man was created, that he should give confirmation to his good faith with pen and ink in such wise."

As against them, I may hope, we are heart and soul together.

INTENDED GREATNESS

I HAVE a friend who annoys me because he is so evidently bound to become great. Not that he says so — that would spoil the surprise; but I can see it in the glitter of his eye, in the set of his jaw, and in the way he scratches his head. When his consummation will take place I cannot predict, but, like rain in dry weather, it is sure to come. It cannot help coming. It has made up its mind to come, and nothing can hinder it. Greatness has this murderous quality — it will out.

Ordinarily I like completed great people, — chiefly because they never appear ostentatious near to. They have a universal quality in them which embraces even atomic me in friendly fashion. In the case of people about to become great, however, there is no hospitality unless you happen to be a means to an end. If you are that, you may escort incipient greatness to the path which leads to the front door of the Hall, but there, unless you too are to become great, you must part. Truly has it been remarked that greatness is solitary.

This particular friend who annoys me cannot now avoid the consequences of his actions even if he should try to — it is too late. The train is laid, and the match lit. He may think that he has forgotten that the explosion is due, and will pretend to be as surprised as the rest of the world (except me), when he wakes up to the roar of his own private salute. Then the reporters will interview him and ask him how he did it. He will consider thoughtfully, and suddenly, recalling that when but ten years old he had decided to become great, he will repeat this news to the astonished scribes, who will disseminate it to the principal cities of Christendom. All will then say (except me), "How easy it is to become great! He did it thus, why not we?"

Hence another infinitude of restless blind strivings, and more trouble for the biographers.

At this point a very small voice — usu-

ally still, but with a familiar ring when it does speak up — remarks, "Ha! ha! You are jealous; you know that you will never be as he is to be. You are very jealous."

To this accusation I make response, "No, I am not that which I was — namely, jealous. There is no good being jealous unless it impels you to do something. Jealousy is the electric button of ambition. Having no ambition, that is, being happy, the green eye is not upon me. Go to."

No. I am but amused and a bit distressed at my friend's hobby. I think he is making a mistake, and he will not listen to me. He is trying too hard to become great. He ought to let it grow naturally, like a beard or a first mustache, instead of pinching it. If it won't sprout of itself, he should try a rotation of crops, to change the figure. Perhaps — dare I say it? — perhaps he is not meant to be great. What, after all, is the use of being great? Why not be little, and be sure of holding your job? As I understand it, thrones and pedestals perpetually totter in an extremely terrifying fashion. Won't you sit with us on the Park benches, sir? 'Tis more comfortable, we consider.

Perhaps the worst attribute of one about to become great is the rigor and stress of his Life — the capital seems called for. He never "has time" to be interested in what you are interested in, for he has been so deeply immersed lately in a task that he had to get out of the way ("Something great?" you almost ask). Also, he has to weigh accurately the measure of use he can get from a thing before he will attempt it. When, on a hot summer evening, such considerations are rampant, deliver me from the society of the would-be great!

He, my poor friend, and his tribe somehow compel attention. Thus it is that greatness fosters greatness. B, let us say, desires to become great. He tells C his wish. C then says privately to A, who is already great, "A, I know a man who would be even as you are!" A, thus flattered, meets B at a party and shines upon

him. Others in the alphabet, namely D, E, F, and G, observe the illumination of B's face, and say among themselves, "Behold B, he has something in him. Perhaps he too will be great! Let us be good to him!"

So B, like my friend, is now about to grow great. With care and pruning he should be ready by Christmas time.

The born great are admirable. I like to be shaken by their hand. Those thrust into the state usually rise nobly to the occasion, like the tramp in the play who, on receipt of an unexpected fortune, enters philanthropy at once. But those who achieve it, — let them be kept elsewhere than we are till their goal is reached! They know no speed laws, and they drive as Jehu did; for it was he who said, "What hast thou to do with peace? Turn thee behind me." Greatness is ever so.

A THEORY OF THE UNATTAINABLE

CHARLES LAMB's lively denunciation of the folly of early rising has never entirely convinced me. Somehow, I cannot quite believe that the happiest dreamer, even though he appreciate to the full the joy of thoroughly "digesting his dreams," ever quite approves of himself for lying in bed. I think it is the early bird, on the contrary, who, under all his self-importance, looks with something akin to admiration upon a prodigal waster of hours, "chewing the cud of his foregone vision," while the sluggard, habitually late for breakfast, anathematizes himself as he makes his toilet, and, though he lies abed, might almost be said to *love* early rising.

I may be wrong about this, but I have brooded many days upon the subject, and by dint of great reflection I have arrived at a theory which, for want of a better title, I call that of Unattainable Virtues (or Vices, as the case may be). Since its adoption, I have been able in some degree to understand the variance of my friends' habits of life as compared with their confessed preferences, and to

explain away a few of the discrepancies between endowment and desire. Put sharply, the hypothesis might be set forth thus: Not only the qualities and attributes, but the actual accomplishments we admire in others, and the ones we are moved occasionally to extol in public, are those which we ourselves are destined never to attain. Reasoning so, I am able to comprehend why the orderly, methodical housewife, whose days are passed apart from the frivolities of books and writers, secretly marvels at, and sighs for, and wonders why she cannot gain, that facile something, which she in her simplicity calls "being literary." On the other hand, I no longer exclaim when those who devote themselves to literary pursuits rise up to murmur jocosely against the hazards and disappointments of their trade, and envy loudly the followers of other crafts, and even the followers of no craft whatever. If it be true that the unacquired vice or virtue hath indeed its singular charm, then the most prolific magazine contributor may sigh in moments of weakness for the ability to refrain from utterance, just as the sluggard envies his brother's ability to get up early.

Delving among old volumes of the *Atlantic* the other day, I chanced upon a Contribution to the Club which bore for its title "The Ballad of Refrain," the refrain of the ballad being to the effect that if most of the people who make out to write books would relinquish their desire for self-expression, the world would be a freer and more desirable dwelling-place. The writer's complaint, like so many similar ones, is quite justifiable. I am sure that the best of us often long to "slip the leash and escape from the traditional bondage to books."

When moribund novelists still rehearse
Their themes extinct and their passions dead ;
When our shelves are weighted by recent verse
And our tables groan with their books unread ;
When a mob is waiting to snatch the thread,
As it spins away from the whirring brain,
Before the ink from the pen is shed —
Then hey! for the hero who can refrain!

Nevertheless, if I had not had on hand

just then my theory as to the charm of the unattainable, I might have encountered in my own mind the insistent insulting, and yet quite pertinent, inquiry, "Why did not *he* refrain?" He tells us, this clever poet, what we presumably know already — namely, that there are too many printed words in the world, that we are swamped with unnecessary literature, that his own table is overloaded with unread books, and, doubtless we may add, unread magazines. He makes use for the expression of his resentment, of a coveted corner in a most coveted field. Through the length of two columns, — for which we may assume he received a stated sum of that lamentable gold, and a moiety of that fame, both of which he so deplures as stimulants to literary effort, — he asserts lyrically that there are too many people writing. This author extols some one else's gift of silence; he would fain keep silent himself, perhaps, — yet how improbable is the inference that he ever will! To refrain from utterance, to keep tightly lidded within his own brain those eager, seething thoughts which bubble up, defiant of repression, voluntarily to hold himself aloof — absurd, incredible sacrifice! He admires, he tells us, the hero who refrains, and so in truth, do I: yet he keeps on writing, and I keep on trying to write, and so shall all the rest of us continue to do, so long as we are able to manipulate the keys of a typewriter. Avaunt, thou unattainable gift of repression!

Stevenson, more than any other writer, grows confidential with his readers over the secrets of his own art. He makes out gayly enough to inform us how little it is worth, and how much better a man were employed learning to carry a pack-saddle, or to be "happy thinking." And again, he maintains that an author is not at all a genial person to marry. Yet if we turn the page, we find him describing his own untiring labors to gain "that proficiency of the writer," and the many weary years he "practiced to acquire it."

Just here, as I flutter familiar, well-

loved pages, lingering with ever new delight over passages I already know by heart, a thought comes to me, imbecile enough of itself, yet of such poignant suggestiveness that I seize the book I have been reading and hold it close through a moment of swift apprehension — if Stevenson had refrained!

Ah, no. Permit us to go on making the books of which there is no end. They all serve their small purpose for a day, and then, if they are destined not to endure, they may, like Mr. Keith Rickman's book of verses, be just the right size to make cigar-lighters for a veteran author. While we may condemn the attitude of our friend Lamb, who remarked quite frankly, "I cannot think. Books think for me," still, we have not attained to that age or degree of experience when we can be "happy thinking." And so, are we to be harshly judged, if, lured by some ephemeral success, we venture rashly to suppose — how rashly, only authors know — that we may be happy writing?

THE REAL DOMESTIC PROBLEM

THERE once was a young writer who coddled himself with the notion that he had a mission. This mission consisted in the celebration of a section of society which he, curiously enough, knew a great deal about, because he had lived in it and belonged to it. The section had nothing to distinguish it except that it was genuine, and was as far away as possible from the Frozen North and the Woolly West. In fact it consisted of a quiet, normal, domestic people, who, the reader will know at once, do not exist in literary America. But in the young writer's opinion this very normality, besides being picturesque enough for the purposes of fiction, was doubly significant in that it was typical of society at large. For he had n't read much in the magazines, and at this early period had a naïve trust in the evidence of his senses.

Now, the writer had many personal friends, — for he had n't been writing

long, — and it was the advice served out by these that made him begin to doubt. They kept an eye on the mails, and when a thick envelope came, addressed to him in his own handwriting, they commended his editors, and urged him to cut loose from his false ideals.

Said one, "You never see that kind of stuff in the magazines. What you want to do is to go to New York or Chicago, and study the life in saloons, and tenements, and the tenderloin district. Study the great factories, live in a settlement, and attack the foreigner. You'll get a taste of real life there. That's what the magazines want. Look through them and see."

The writer did as he was bidden. He could not detect a note of serene home-life, — except, perhaps, as a prelude to disaster. He was still unconvinced, for it seemed to him that his whole life had been spent in the study of that very thing. But the words of an idealist are vain when rejected manuscripts have found a tongue of denial and reproach. Another friend came in, accepted a dose of the poor writer's cheap tobacco, and then, in revenge for what he really owed to his own indiscretion, he delivered the findings of pure reason.

"I'm afraid you have no imagination," he said. "Your people never die with their boots on. You ought to take an ocean voyage, or at least read a steamship circular, so that you'll know the position of the deck and the penal yardarm, — and then try a storm or a battle at sea, or a whaling voyage, with some ice-locked experiences in the Arctic. Go into a primitive forest, climb a mountain, thread the intricacies of a coal mine. That's where you find life, real life, and that's what the people want to read.

"Lonely mountain in the north land,
Misty sweat bath 'neath the line,

you remember, and

"I see de track of hees botte san-vage
On many a hill an' long portage,
Far far away from hees own vill-age
An' soun' of de parish bell.

There's just a tip for you. Use it right and you'll escape the auctioneer and live to a good old age. Take your reader away from home, and you win his heart in the first paragraph."

He whipped out a periodical of fiction, as the cowboy of myth and fable would draw his revolver, and presented it straight at the writer's head. The latter glanced it over, and surrendered, conditionally. But when yet another friend had glorified the tragedy of war, and one the delirium of high society, and one had gone out offended because the young writer would not explain his use of the patent-medical sounding name, Penates, the victim of all this advice sat down seriously to think.

Is there no taste at all for the pastoral and the home-life? Must a man have slain his lion and his bear in order to be anointed king, and is there no virtue in being a simple shepherd? Are we so barbarous? Is there no interest in the *Private History of Tom Jones*, or in the genial domesticity of the good Vicar of Wakefield? Is there really no longer any humble happiness by

The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill?

In other words, are there no more mothers who act as genius of the bath, the patch, and the stubbed toe; or no fathers who wield the disciplinary rod, and buy school-books, and sit by the fire at night to "smoake and reade"? Is there not one young man who stays from Klondike to live with his mother and sisters; or one young woman who performs the duties of daughter and sister, instead of going abroad for brave adventure? Have we, in short, no families who sit comfortably at home, all together, eat fried bacon and eggs, drink package coffee, and talk about their neighbors, as a normal, healthy family should? Or has domestic life indeed vanished from the face of the earth? Surely, in a land so broad, said the writer, there must be one or more families who

live respectably and serenely, as those I have pictured in fancy.

But, after searching far and wide in magazines and late books, the poor writer concluded that he had been mistaken. There was no such life. Then he listened to the promptings of his ambition, and made a bid for posthumous fame. If he could preserve his manuscripts from fire and weather until the antiquarian should exhume them as a product of this age, so unlike would they be to any other contemporary writings that they would be styled the most grotesque and fanciful, or the most fundamental and searching work of genius the world has ever seen. Perhaps the writer had heard the story of Thoreau's library of seven hundred volumes, "written by himself." Thus he died, — for the probabilities are he did die early, — illustrating the old old story of the man who was disappointed, and so became a philosopher.

A CORRECTION

January 10, 1909.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC.

Gentlemen: —

May I impose upon you for space to correct an injustice?

In my article on "Competition" in the October number, occurs the following passage: —

"I know very directly of a capable and prosperous man in Pennsylvania who was driven out of business by the Standard Oil Company, and touching whom one of the Oil magnates remarked, 'Oh, he was easy game.' And this case is said to be one of many."

I have since learned to my surprise that the circumstance alluded to occurred some twenty-five years ago, and that between its occurrence and my informant's apprehension of it, and his statement of it to me, and my apprehension of it, and my statement of it in the *Atlantic*, some of the facts not unnaturally became distorted.

It appears now that the man in question was not, in the ordinary sense, "in business," but was a "promoter," and that instead of being driven out of business by the Standard Oil Company, he was for many years interested with them in business, and to the satisfaction of all concerned, as one of the directors of the Standard Oil Company assures me. Therefore, so far as my statements in October are contradicted by the facts I have just recounted, I of course wish to withdraw those statements, and to express my regret at having unwittingly fallen into making them.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY HOLT.